

### We have added to our line of HANDKERCHIEF EXTRACTS,

For Sale by the Ounce, the following odors:

Trailing Arbutus,  
Ocean Spray,  
Mignonette,

Eglantine,  
Est. Boquet,  
Wood Violet,

Queen of Scots,  
Kellag Boquet,  
Mary Stuart.

—WE HAVE ALSO,—

Egyptian Lotus,  
White Rose,  
Patchouly,  
Hellebore,  
White Lilac,  
Lily of the Valley,  
Arcadian Pink.

Cashmere Boquet,  
Stephanotis,  
Violet,  
Floralina,  
Marechal,  
Persian Boquet.

These goods are culled from the stock of the following manufacturers:—LEROY, LARRELL, MARSH & GARDNER, SOLON PALMER, ROBINSON & CO., and ALFRED WRIGHT. And with our assortment we can suit the most fastidious taste.

WILLIAM W. HILL,

WOBURN.

### Florist.

**S. W. Twombly & Sons,  
FLORISTS.**  
And dealers in  
**ANTIQUE POTTERY,**  
161 Tremont Street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

### Professional Cards.

**J. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,**  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.  
Woburn, - - - - - MASS.

**JOHN G. MCGUIRE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, - - - - - MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**George H. Conn,  
INSURANCE AGENT,**  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, - - - - - MASS.

**CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,**  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.  
Office: 1st Boston, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.  
Hours: At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

**GEO. W. NORRIS,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.**  
OFFICES—53 State Street, Boston, and at Resi-  
dence, Corner of Pleasant and Court Sts., Woburn.

**A. B. COLE,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW**  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 Scho. Street.

**DR. O. P. ROGERS,  
DENTIST,**  
139½ Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.

**CHESTER W. CLARK,  
Counsellor at Law,**  
"No. 61 COURT STREET,"  
Room 2, - - - - - BOSTON.  
RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON.

**J. R. CARTER & Co.,  
Auctioneers, and  
Brokers in Real Estate.**  
Mortgages negotiated. Care of Property. Col-  
lection of rents. Dwellings and Stores Leased.  
J. R. CARTER, 111 CHAS. K. CONN.

**HENRY HILLER, M. D.,  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS**  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 5. Residence, WILMINGTON.

**Auctioneers.**  
**WILLIAM WINN,  
AUCTIONEER,**  
BURLINGTON, - - - - - MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-  
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to. 13

**E. PRIOR,  
AUCTIONEER,**  
Office, 89 Court Street, - - - - - Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
Street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention. 14

**Musical.**  
**Miss A. J. Campbell,**  
desires a few pupils on the  
**PIANO FORTE,**  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to  
all the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

**CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,**  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, 10 Proprietor

**J. ELLIS & Co.,  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.**  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.

**E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,**  
Church Street, - - - - - Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practical  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom. 53

### Business Cards.

**STEPHEN H. CUTTER,  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.**  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 159 Main street,  
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill  
Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

**A. BUCKMAN,  
Dealer in  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**  
160 Main Street, Woburn.  
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on  
hand.

**Photograph Gallery,**  
1607 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.  
Club Pictures to schools and families, 12 tickets  
for \$10. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates by  
**H. S. DUNN, - - - - - Artist.**

**R. C. HAYWARD,  
Dealer in  
GROCERIES.**  
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.  
103 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn.

**Carpenters.**  
**E. K. WILLOUGHBY,  
House and Job Carpenter,**  
WALNUT ST., NEAR MAIN, WOBURN.  
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly at-  
tended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

**J. Horace Dean & Co.,  
Carpenters and Builders,**  
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.  
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-  
tended to.

**Machinists.**  
**ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,**  
And Manufacturers of  
**Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.**  
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting,  
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Curing Shops.  
97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership  
formed January 1st, 1877.

**PORTER & YOUNG,  
(Successors to James Buel & Co.)  
MACHINISTS,  
Steam and Gas Fitters.**  
25 MANUFACTURERS OF  
**STEAM ENGINES.**  
Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting,  
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Curing Shops.

**Bakers.**  
**W. F. ESTABROOK,  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Bread, Cake, Pastry,  
AND  
FANCY CRACKERS**  
OF ALL KINDS.  
219 Main Street, Woburn.

**CARRIAGES, HARNESS, &c.**  
Thoroughly built, finely finished, in all the latest  
styles. We make a specialty of the  
**WILSON'S SIDE BAR.**  
The finest road wagon in the world. We have also a  
large assortment of Second-Hand Carriages.  
Prices to suit the times.

**INGALLS, WYER & Co.,  
147 to 153 Friend St., 94 to 99 Canal St., BOSTON.**

**ICE CREAM  
NEW SALOON.**  
We shall REMOVE our Ice Cream Saloon, on  
Saturday, June 1, 1878, to  
No. 111 MAIN STREET,  
(Formerly occupied by Thompson & Mann), where  
we shall be pleased to serve the public with the best  
ice cream in all flavors, and in any quantity from the  
single glass to the hundred gallons. We shall run  
an Ice Cream Wagon through the town the same as  
last season. Ice Cream packed in freezers, delivered in  
any part of the town, free of charge.

The store has been recently and furnished especially  
for our business, and our friends will find in it all the  
convenience of the best Ice Cream saloons.  
In addition to the above we shall keep  
**Bread, Cake, Pastry, Candy, Fruit & Nuts.**  
25 S. H. PATTEN.

**BILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter  
Press, and every variety of printing neatly and  
promptly executed at this office.**

### Poetical Selection.

Oh, for a Swing in the Old Elm Tree.

Oh, for a swing in the old elm tree,  
And a breath from the clover fields;  
I'd give the state of a palace hall  
And the spices that India yields.

To see again in the old-time way,  
The meadows and pastures I knew,  
The hill and valleys, the rocks and the trees,  
And the woods where the wild flowers grew.

To lie once more in the thick, soft grass,  
With the sweet winds brushing by,  
The world outside and a heart at peace,  
And above the summer sky.

To watch the clouds in their shifting light,  
And the mist on the distant hills,  
And dream to the music of rustling leaves  
And the voices of dancing rills.

To wade once more in the cooling stream,  
That wound by the roadside below,  
Where the laurel bloomed, and the eglantine  
And the maiden hair used to grow.

To kneel again in the little church,  
Where I prayed with a childish trust  
Ere the haunting doubts of a later time  
Had touched it with moth and rust.

To sleep once more 'neath the moss-grown roof;  
My spirit would find again  
The long-lost chord of that happy time,  
And take up the glad refrain.

My heart grows sick and my eyes are dim  
For a sight of familiar things;  
The grassy nook and the old elm tree  
Would be more than the throne of king.

Ah, me, how the years have stretched between!  
What changes and changes they've wrought!  
What gains and what losses, what hopes and what  
fears,  
How little of promise they've brought.

—Christian Union.

### Original Story.

Written for the Journal.

### That Church Entertainment.

BY VIOLET SOMERBY.

CHAPTER I.

There were some of Mrs. Osborne's neighbors who wondered how she could spend so much time outside her home, and doubtless some were meted out to her without stint. Not knowing anything about it, she continued just the same to practice with the children at the church every night, for the coming entertainment on the first of May. Mrs. Dalton was associated with her in the preparations, and together they worked at the costumes to be worn by those who represented the "May Queen," a piece that would occupy half the evening, the other half to be filled up with music, vocal and instrumental. But this "May Queen" piece was the trial of patience to them in many ways. First, here were the characters to select. Who should be the May Queen? If the ladies selected, her companions might not be pleased, so finally it was thought best to select the number of young ladies requisite to sustain the parts, and allow them to choose their Queen from among their numbers. This was done, the parts copied, and the work of committal fairly commenced. The children were by now nymphs and fairies were drilling finely in their marching and singing, and notwithstanding the opposition that a few of the other members of the church offered along so far, we had issued the posters, with a prepared programme, and thought in another week we would be well over with it, for we were tired out.

Monday evening the platform in the audience room was enlarged and carpeted, and the practice was nearly perfect, if we except the chewing of gum by the children, and we insisted that they should leave their cuds at home on Wednesday night, and allow that interesting accomplishment to be indulged in by the audience, as was customary in this western city of De Horn. [Fact!] We have counted a dozen chews in our immediate vicinity, at a concert, and they were not children, but young ladies and gentlemen. (?) This Monday evening Mrs. Osborne was at the church with her face bound up, for she was suffering with neuralgia, and the weather being foggy, she added to her cold, and next morning was carrying more check than ever before. She was meditating sending a note to Mrs. Dalton, when a boy arrived with one from that lady, and opening it, she read:

"I cannot help you to-day, for sister has twin girls; all doing finely. Will be at the church this evening, if possible."

"If possible!" It won't be possible, and I know it," exclaimed Mrs. Osborne, making her way back to the sitting-room stove, and bending over it, for an extra twinge reminded her of the neuralgia. House-cleaning time was delayed, consequently the stove was yet in its place, and much needed during the foggy wet weather of April. Now neuralgia and twins were serious things to happen just before our entertainment.

Of course Mrs. Osborne was walking the floor when night settled down, dashing the contents of several bottles in rapid succession on the swollen face, while ginger plasters, salt and hot bags were steaming on the stove ready to follow the bottles. Down at the other house, Mrs. Grey lay in an unconscious stupor all night, while Louise, up stairs with the twins, was practicing, but not for the entertainment.

Wednesday morning, the day for the entertainment. But that was not possible, for Mrs. Osborne was pale and weak, and Mrs. Grey lay dying. So her cousin said when she came to tell Mrs. Osborne, and have notices prepared, postponing the entertainment.

"We do not think she can live till noon. Oh, it's a terrible house down there."

How terrible we will not try to describe, for at mid-day Mrs. Grey was gone, and two motherless ones were waiting for their natural protector.

"Mrs. Grey dead! I cannot realize it," said Mrs. Osborne to her husband at noon. "Why, I was there Monday, and she was assisting us with our arrangements for a throne at the church. She was laughing at some of the hateful things that are being said about the wickedness of this entertainment, and saying that those who were finding fault were the ones who were doing other things much worse. I believe there are some who will think this is a judgment sent upon us."

"Why, May, how foolish," said her husband across the dinner table; "no one will think that."

"We'll see," was her answer, and immediately her thoughts marshalled a few who she was sure would think so. Old Mrs. Good, who never went anywhere but to prayer-meeting, and said she did not enjoy anything else; in such a way she always said it, looking over her glasses at you, that you knew she wondered how any Christian could either.

That afternoon the girls came to Mrs. Osborne to know what was to be done, and after telling them they must wait and see, and perhaps it would be given in a few weeks, they set out for the church. Removing such of the decorations as they could, and procuring the assistance of some gentlemen to remove the extra platform, they finally left everything in order for the funeral on the morrow.

While they were at work, Mrs. Deacupe came rushing into Mrs. Osborne's house. Knocking at the door, but not waiting to be ushered in, she strode through the hall and into the sitting room, where Mrs. Osborne sat with her face paling her fearfully. Lute Ferrill, who was to have been the Queen, was with her; they both had been crying.

"Here's your tickets what I haven't sold; and here's the money for those I have," were the words that startled Lute, and looking up from her handkerchief, she saw Mrs. Deacupe throw the tickets into Mrs. Osborne's lap, and pause in her talk long enough to take the quarters from her pocket-book, and crash they went too.

To Mrs. Osborne's invitation to be seated, there was no notice taken, as the woman walked the room, arms swinging, shawl tossing, and a volley of pent-up emotion issuing through the frothing lips. The woman looked half crazy, as she said,

"This is the last time I'll have anything to do with any doings in the church—the very last time!" with a stamp of the foot. "If you haven't got an answer now whether it was right or wrong to hold that entertainment in the church. It won't be, will it?"

"No; it won't be," Mrs. Osborne managed to say, ere she proceeded—  
"If ever I prayed in my life, I did last night, that I might have an answer as to the right of this thing; and the Lord has given me an answer, and I'm done."

She was going into the hall as she said these words, but Mrs. Osborne called—  
"Mrs. Deacupe," and she returned as far as the door, and leaning against the casing with her arms folded, waited for some one to speak.

"Did you pray last night that if this entertainment was wrong, Mrs. Grey might die? And do you believe that God would answer any such prayer, and afflict that family, that you might be satisfied on this question?"

Mrs. Osborne was excited now, as she sat with one hand to her face, looking at the woman who had entered the room again, and replied—  
"Yes; I do believe it; and I tell you this place is shaken to-day. There are others who believe it too."

"Then I say they are an ignorant, superstitious class of people, who know nothing outside of De Horn."

"Have I said too much, Lute?" asked Mrs. Osborne, turning to the girl, who had opened her mouth several times to say something; but nothing further than a gasp was heard, until the slam of the gate told them she was gone.

"I could not get a word in edge-ways, Mrs. Osborne. She almost took my breath away. Why, how could she talk to you so when you are sick!"

At these words of sympathy the suffering woman broke down, and the tears trickled through the locked fingers that were pressed to her aching head.

"You've worked so hard, and just made yourself sick, and then to have her come in and talk so," said Lute.

"Oh, I do not mind the work, and I should not cry now, if I were not worn out with this pain. Do you suppose that she thought I would go on with the entertainment with that dear little woman lying dead?" Mrs. Grey has been so friendly to me, and we were becoming better acquainted every day. She was so, nice, always cheerful—I cannot realize it."

There was a pause in which both were thinking of the sad occurrence; then Mrs. Osborne spoke again.

"You remember I could not go to the church to give directions about the platform, and Mrs. Deacupe offered to go, and did. This is the first I knew that she thought it was wrong."

She had worked hard all these weeks, laying aside Spring sewing, and devoting all the time after her house-work was done, to practice with the children, and running here and there, making arrangements incidental to such affairs. Now to be upbraided by one of the members of the church to be benefited, was very trying, to say the least. These unpleasant thoughts occupied her mind only a short time, for sadder ones came back, and all else was forgotten save memories of her who had so suddenly gone away.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Deacupe was a character. A Christian woman, notwithstanding her actions that afternoon. They were wholly owing to her excited nature that had been worked upon by the pro and con people, expressing their opinion of the entertainment, and the sudden death in the community. She was a good Samaritan, going about among the sick, and caring for them with tenderness, whether rich or poor, wherever she could gain admittance. She was well known in that part of the city where she resided, on account of her readiness to answer all calls of suffering. Was there an accident on the railroad? She would be first to do something for the sufferers. She was constantly engaged in some direction for good, and yet people called her queer. She was honest in her convictions of right and wrong, and free in expressing them (being a great talker), and not caring for the opinions of people concerning her.

Mrs. Osborne's scathing remark about the community as a class being ignorant, could not apply to her as touching Bible lore, for in that Book of books she was well versed. Her Sunday School class, though composed of giddy young ladies, and worse young men, were held by her practical applications of Scripture.

The commotion in De Horn just now was caused by the fact that something new was being introduced, and some of the people turned from it, and called it a wicked thing, because they did not understand it. The public had been accustomed to church entertainments, consisting of charades, which introduced characters of low origin, with slang in their mouths, or festivals, or "doings," as they were commonly called; and these latter were the most profitable, as the people could scarcely give a quarter without something to eat as an equivalent. "I want to get my money's worth," was the thought, and in no other way could that be accomplished but "stuffed."

Louise Dalton and Mrs. Osborne talked this state of affairs over, and resolved to do something entirely different, while the specific object was to raise money towards the preacher's salary. They planned to give the people a taste of an altogether different kind of food, even though they were blissfully ignorant of its want.

There were church members whose children sought their only amusement in the ball-room, who knew this entertainment must be wrong, the while Mrs. Osborne was saying to Mrs. Dalton—"If we could once get the young people interested in literary matters, it would furnish amusement for them that would draw them away from the ball-room."

Accordingly great care was used in the selection of readings and music, that nothing but the purest sentiments might find utterance in choicest language. Louise Dalton was an artist, and everything she touched received an artist's impress; while Mrs. Osborne was impulsive and quick to put in operation a suggested plan, Louise Dalton was calmly looking at all sides of the matter, and not immediately convinced of its practicability. These two ladies grew congenial by the fact of their opposite natures, and assimilated their differences beautifully.

Mrs. Osborne would frequently come home cast down by some unfavorable remark upon this project, and would resort to prayer, and gain new energy to go on.

It was two weeks after the death of Mrs. Grey that Lute Ferrill came into Mrs. Osborne's Sunday School class just before the session, to ask if anything was to be done about that entertainment.

"The children in my class are asking me and I do not know how to answer them," she said.

"We will ask advice of our pastor after school has closed, and if he thinks it will be best, we will have a notice given at the evening service," said Mrs. Osborne.

Lute went to her class as the Superintendent's bell rang.

The school was a small one, as was also the church. The times had been hard, for the saw-mills ceased to run the first of the summer, for want of logs, the river being too low to bring them down from the Pineires, and the people had been unable to raise their pastor's salary. When Mrs. Osborne spoke with him about the entertainment, he said, "Go right on, and in a fortnight give it, though I shall be obliged to go to Chicago, and am sorry."

That evening there was a notice given from the pulpit for "all the young people who had been in practice to meet at the church Monday evening, to make further arrangements for an entertainment to be held in this place one week from next Wednesday."

Louise Dalton said to Mrs. Osborne,—"You must go on just the same; but I cannot help you now, and am sorry on your account, for it will leave so much for you to do alone. I will come to the church in the evening, and help take care of the children."

Monday evening nearly all interested gathered at the church, and it seemed like a re-union, so many things had happened.

Some of the young ladies were sitting on the platform apart from the others, engaged in quite an animated conversation, when Mrs. Osborne arrived. They called to her as she came up the aisle that they could not side the fire, feeling tired and discouraged.

"Why not?" she asked, tossing her shawl into one of the pews, and joining the group. They all looked at each other as though they knew, but waited for some one to answer.

"Are there any serious reasons?" again asked Mrs. Osborne. "But," looking round—"where are the other girls?"

"That's just it. They say they will not take their parts, and think they will break it all up," said Allie Roberts.

"I suppose the Grey girls are the only ones who will not take their parts; but we can find others to take their places," said Mrs. Osborne, quietly.

"Oh, no; they have influenced two others, and that leaves us only two of the original number," said Lute Ferrill.

"When did you see the Grey girls, Lute?" asked Mrs. Osborne.

"This afternoon," she replied.

"Then you know their reasons for deserting us at this late hour," said Mrs. Osborne to the girls.

"They said it would not look right for them to take part so soon after their cousin's death; but that was just a made-up excuse. The real reason was because we laughed Sunday when one of them said—'Of course it could not go on without us, for if we dropped it, who would you get? There are only a few young ladies in this part of the city, who are capable of sustaining a part before an audience;' and with a comical pucker of her mouth, Lute resumed her seat."

"Law me," said the minister's daughter, when Lute ceased to speak. "I guess we'll show them that we can find others who will do even better than they, because some of the affection will be left out."

"Girls!" Mrs. Osborne spoke in her quick way, and as they instantly turned to look at her, they saw she was not pleased. "While all you have said is true, do not entertain unkind feelings towards your companions, but rise above the same spirit by attending to the work we now have to do. I saw the Grey girls this morning, and they are foolishly excited over what I am sure was not meant to hurt them, as there was only a look and smile passed between two of you girls at their remark on Sunday. I own I was almost discouraged myself, when they asked me what I could do; and I said, 'I am tired out, and do not feel like hunting up news ones to take your places.' There was our conversation, which it would do no good to repeat, but which decided me, with sister Hattie's encouragement, to go on and triumph over every difficulty."

"Yes, you know you would have given it up, if I had not come in soon after they left, and talked to you. The girls know all about it, and know they expect to break up the entertainment."

"Why, I just laugh whenever I think about it," said the minister's daughter. "It seems like little girl's play."

"Oh, we don't care about it now; we shall go on just the same as though nothing had happened," said the other girls.

"Well, girls, I took the liberty to supply two places this afternoon, and asked the Holloway girls; we can ask Minnie Peterson and Georgie Smith, if you are all agreed," quipped Mrs. Osborne.

"We are agreed to anything," laughingly said one of the girls, "and they are all nice girls, and will sustain their parts well, I know."

In a week's time the new set of girls prepared their parts and rehearsed them till they were perfect.

Wednesday dawned, the finest day for weeks, and the ladies were busy at the church all day decorating. The throne was erected in the recess where the cabinet organ usually stood. The trees of the mimic wood were filled with stuffed birds, loaned by a gentleman who was a fine taxidermist, his wife arranging them. Bright orioles, and brown thrushes, black birds with red top-knots, woodpeckers, so often seen in these Western woods, carrying three colors on their feathers—black, white and red, and several large birds, were not acquainted with.

Then we hung cages of canary birds, and made two mossy seats at the foot of the throne, and when the flowers were pinned upon bush and tree, the whole effect was truly fairy-like. The Queen clapped her hands, saying, "it will be no make-believe work to call this enchanted ground."

All were very weary when the leaves and twigs had been removed from the carpet. Then hurrying home to tea, and back again to the church to receive the children as they came in their pure white dresses. Mrs. Osborne kissed and praised them till their faces were all dimples and smiles. There were their wreaths to place upon their brows, their stockings to change for others trimmed with flower slippers. The effect was beyond expectation. The nymphs looked fresh from the woods, and the dear little fairies, in their silver slippers, their gauze wings and silver crowns, were "too sweet for anything," one lady said.

The band took position in front of the Church and played for a quarter of an hour, then entered the Church and opened the Entertainment with a medley of "Moody and Sankey" hymns. The church was filled to overflowing and the girls behind the curtain thought the audience did not appear as though they thought anything very wicked was about to be done.

"Still they come," said Mr. Osborne, coming round from the front of the Church to the Vestry, "and we cannot seat any more."

Some of those who opposed the entertainment, were in the front seats, others stayed away, as was proper for them to do. One woman directly in front of the platform administered to the wants of her infantile offspring, with a serene countenance, while

other children of different tribes, crowded and squealed, as their own sweet will moved them, without adding to the music of the evening much as it did to the annoyance of the singers.

The readings and music were rendered without a mistake, and then the curtain was removed, exposing the before hidden forest with its Fairy Throne. A buzz of delight came from the audience, some of whom jumped up and stood in the pews. From between the trees that concealed the entrance door on to the platform, emerged the Seasons who took positions facing each other on the platform, just as the Goddess Flora, "let us hide behind these generous branches and watch them as they pass." The nymphs and fairies circled in marching order around the seasons singing as they went. Then, and not until then did the ladies who had arranged the piece feel that their work was done. "I can do no more," said Mrs. Osborne to herself as she left the vestry and entered the church at the front entrance, to watch the audience as the piece progressed.

The dear little Fairies of three and four years looked like veritable ones, flitting in and out about the trees. The scene of the coronation, where the Seasons held their hands over the Queen's head as the nymphs bowed before her, aroused the enthusiasm of the audience, and where one of the Fairies refused to kneel and the earnest efforts of Fairy Dot became conspicuous, their merit became audible; this was soon changed as the song ceased and the Queen was led to her throne. Now she is making her address to her subjects, now to the audience. Mrs. Osborne turned to leave the Church and saw for the first time, Mrs. Deacupe seated upon one of the box-stoves near the door, her face just as radiant with happiness; hurrying to the vestry she laughed heartily at the extremes: this night's happiness to the woman who had on another occasion declared it to be so wicked.

Mrs. Osborne's attention was attracted to some women who had, by placing boards against the church and ground and climbing upon them to the windows enjoyed the whole evening's entertainment free by simply turning the slats in the shutters.

Hush, don't laugh, only another Western heathenism.

Who, ever wants to know about the afterwards. The confusion of getting away for the night, the utter hopelessness of ever bringing order out of the chaos the morning reveals. And finally—the result—there was fifty dollars for the ministers pocket who was as surprised as he was delighted, considering the mountains of difficulty that had been climbed.

And the people who went, said to the people



## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 10 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

## INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Page	Col.	No.
Lyceum Star Course,	2	1
Mortgage Sale,	2	1
Miss S. M. Clough,	2	2
Festival,	2	2
Cushing & Buck,	3	4
J. P. Fernald,	3	4
Vegetables,	4	4
Wicks & Patten,	4	4
Jameson & Co.,	5	2
Vegetables,	5	2
Councilor Convention,	5	3
Senatorial Convention,	5	3
A. Cummings,	5	3
G. S. Dodge,	5	3

## BARK MONEY.

Once upon a time a company of emigrants, sailing over the sea, landed on a certain desolate island. Deciding to settle down there, they made clearings in the forest, put up log cabins, and ploughed and planted. Having no money with them, at first, exchanged productions. Mr. Last the shoe-maker, could make a pair of shoes in a day. Mr. Saw the carpenter could build up a very fair log cabin in ten days. So naturally enough, one cabin home came to represent ten pairs of shoes. The two men would exchange in that way and both would be satisfied. But pretty soon the governor, Mr. Roole, said that as he was governor, he would make money, it was so convenient a thing to have. The colonists had had their crops injured by locusts, they had been sick and out of work, and all felt miserably poor, so this plan of the governor's was thought to be just the thing which would give them good crops, good health, fine houses and an abundance of everything; for it would make them all rich and everything could be done with money. So Gov. Roole went to his wood pile and got a great quantity of birch bark. He hired a large number of men to help and provided each with a pair of shears and an awl. They cut the bark into triangular pieces and bored a hole in each corner. That was to give it the governor's mark and make it look as if it was something although it was really nothing but birch bark. They cut and bored until every man was surrounded by money, knee deep. Then the governor said that in order to put this money into the hands of the people they should all come and build him a great house. So they went to work and the governor paid such high wages, in his desire to make them all prosperous, that he almost measured the bark out by the peck; every man became rich and satisfied. Now that money had become so plentiful every one expected more and was willing to give more for whatever was bought and sold; so prices rose. Sometimes traders from another country stopped there, but they would not touch the bark money for they said they could get that anywhere without paying for it and they could not do anything with it. They said when they sold a pair of shoes they wanted something in return which was as hard to get as a pair of shoes. They might use some tons of oak bark for tanning, but they had no other use for bark. When the strangers had gone the colonists said that the bark was good enough for them and it was no matter what outsiders thought of it. Once in a while the governor had a drinking spell when he would assume himself with making more money. But the governor had one sensible trait, besides his benevolence. A man by the name of Justice, the oldest and wisest in the colony, was his more or less esteemed friend, and the governor consulted him on all hard questions of government. The old fellow's infallibility was never questioned and whatever he said they all accepted as truth. Well, the people began to suspect this bark money when they so often saw the governor go to his woodpile after bark, and then, with his great shears and awls make in five minutes, as much money as they would get for five days work. They grumbled because he didn't work for his money as they did. They insisted that if the money was of some material which could not be obtained without a corresponding amount of labor they would not have such a flood of it. So they went to old Justice who spent his time smoking and thinking between the whiffs. "Well," said he, the Governor hadn't any right to use such stuff for money. When he came over here he agreed to use only the gold and silver which you could dig in the island, for money, and you bound him to it. That three-cornered bark isn't money any more than stones or cornstalks are, and if the gov'n'r says it is, he lies!" That killed the money. Distrust of it spread quickly through the colony. No one would take the outlawed money except for much less than its pretended value and every one was glad to be rid of what he had for whatever it would bring. The same money which would buy two pairs of shoes one day, would very likely buy only one pair the next, so no business could be done with it. But the old governor soon came to his senses under the advice of Justice and promised to give them all gold for their bark so as to make up their losses. That promise, followed by the actual payment of gold to any who applied, made the old bark money rise immediately. They knew they could get gold money for it any time and that was all they wanted. A fair amount of the redeemable bark remained in circulation and was found to be both convenient and reliable.

Mr. B. B. Johnson, of Waltham, took occasion to impeach Mr. Cummings' Republicanism, on the ground that he was voted for on the Democratic ticket for Senator in 1862. But Mr. Johnson voted for Greeley against Grant in 1872, and for Banks against Copeland, the regular nominee for Senator in 1873, and for Banks against Gooch, the regular nominee for Congress in 1874. A Republican of only two years standing should be more modest in his criticisms of one whose record is eight times as long.

Remember that the sale of tickets to the Star Course opens next Thursday. T. M. Parker will have charge of the plan.

## FIFTH DISTRICT.

GREENBACK CONVENTION.—The delegates to the Fifth Congressional District Greenback Convention assembled at Friendly Hall, Charlestown District, last evening and nominated Nathan Clark of Lynn by acclamation, his name being the only one brought before the convention. The proceedings, which were quite wearisome, were opened at eight o'clock by Mr. A. F. Davol, who, after calling the convention to order, read the call, and called for nominations for temporary officers. Dr. E. Page of Charlestown was chosen President and D. Waldo Dyer Secretary. The credentials of the delegates were examined by a committee, who found that out of upwards of one hundred delegates all were duly qualified except one, who was given leave to withdraw. Permanent officers were then chosen as follows:—President, E. W. Parsons of Malden; Secretaries, Joseph E. Shaw of Lynn and Dr. W. E. Page of Charlestown. On motion of Mr. J. C. Maguire of Waltham Mr. Nathan Clark of Lynn was nominated as candidate for Congress from the Fifth District. The motion was carried without a dissenting voice, and was followed with cheers for Mr. Clark and General Butler. A committee, consisting of Messrs. C. Waldo Dyer, J. M. Devine, J. C. Maguire and H. Gallagher, was appointed to wait upon Mr. Clark and inform him of his nomination. A District Committee was selected as follows:—Lynn—George A. Vincent, George F. Ames, Isaac Newhall, A. G. Robinson, Chas. A. Wentworth, Levi Pierce, E. N. Wentworth, J. E. Wiggins, James Lannan, E. A. Bird, B. F. Croscup, Malden—George W. Badger, Chas. E. Thompson, Somerville—Wm. Flaherty, J. H. Rouse, J. Lockery, T. M. Brady, Woburn—David Cronin, Wm. H. Henchey, Everett—L. E. Lewis, A. D. Bullock, Saugus—W. S. Cogswell, Winchelsea—John Price, Stoneham—Wm. Cowdry, Charlestown—Edgar B. Moore, Alexander Campbell, A. F. Davol, Andrew Byrns, Waltham—F. F. Gibbs, N. J. Boland, E. D. Moore. The convention then dissolved. The committee subsequently organized with choice of A. C. Robinson of Lynn, Chairman, and C. A. Wentworth, Secretary.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—The Republican Congressional Convention met at Monument Hall, Charlestown, on Thursday, and nominated Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman of Somerville, on the 15th ballot. The convention was called to order at 11 o'clock, by Gen. S. C. Lawrence, of Medford, chairman of the District Committee. The anti-Banks men had held a caucus, and agreed to support Mayor Bruce, of Somerville, for temporary and permanent president. John L. Parker, of Woburn, moved that Hon. Geo. A. Bruce, of Somerville, be the temporary chairman. B. B. Johnson, of Waltham, said the Banks men would concede the permanent chairman, if they could have the temporary, and moved to substitute the name of Gen. Lawrence. The yeas and nays were taken on this motion, and the Banks men carried it by the aid of the two Lexington delegates, who had not been to the caucus. A motion to make A. Ames, Jr., temporary secretary, was opposed, on the ground that he was not a member of the convention; but it was finally agreed that John H. Hardy, of Arlington, and Dr. Ames should be the secretaries.

On motion of Mr. A. B. Coffin, of Winchelsea, a committee on credentials was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Coffin, E. L. Norton, of Charlestown, J. S. Bartlett, of Lynn, J. A. Cummings, of Somerville, Daniel Williams, of Charlestown, E. E. Emerson, of Wakefield, and J. W. Fairbanks, of Waltham. A committee to report a list of permanent officers was appointed as follows: B. B. Johnson, of Waltham, D. A. Gleason, of Medford, Edwin Earp, of Lynn, F. H. Raymond, of Somerville, and N. J. Simonds, of Woburn.

The committee on credentials reported that 16 towns and three cities were represented by 101 delegates. The report was accepted. The committee appointed to report a list of permanent officers of the convention, presented the following list:—President—Geo. A. Bruce, of Somerville. Vice Presidents—J. W. Blancy, of Lynn, A. B. Coffin, of Winchelsea. Secretary—J. H. Hardy.

On motion of W. S. Greenough, of Wakefield, the list was accepted and adopted. Hon. Mr. Bruce was conducted to the chair by Messrs. Johnson, Dwinell and Raymond, and in accepting the office he returned his thanks to the Convention, promising to perform the duties of the position not as a Bowman man, a Banks man or a Cummings man, but as a Republican. He hoped that the Convention would transact its business in a quiet, orderly and respectable manner, as becomes a Republican Convention; that a spirit of harmony might prevail, so that whoever is nominated, the members shall go forth, resolved to see that man elected. In that matter "success is a duty." The Chair appointed as committee to nominate a District Committee, Messrs. J. A. Cummings, of Somerville, D. A. Gleason, of Medford, T. C. Johnson, of Lynn, E. F. Weyer, of Woburn, and H. Cabot Lodge, of Nahant.

On motion of W. S. Greenough, the Convention proceeded to an informal ballot for a candidate for member of Congress, and Messrs. I. S. Palmer, J. W. Fairbanks, and Edward Glines, were appointed tellers.

After the informal ballot, the convention proceeded to a regular ballot, and after nine had been taken with no choice, the convention at 2:45 took a recess until four o'clock. During the recess, the anti-Banks men met in Congress Hall. It was there stated that of the 14 Bowman men, S. K. Abbott, of Malden, would adhere to Mr. Bowman, and vote for no other man. That six Bowman men from Somerville and three from Charlestown, were willing to go to the support of Mr. Cummings at any time, but that George A. Bruce, F. H. Raymond, W. H. Brine and George C. Skilton, would go to Banks when their associates went to Cummings. It was voted to try five more ballots, and if at the end of five time Cummings did not show 42 votes, the entire Cummings delegation would go to Bowman, the Cummings men declaring that their first purpose was to elect Cummings, and their second to defeat Banks, and if they couldn't carry two points, one would be better than nothing. Returning to the hall, the voting proceeded for five

ballots, during which one Cummings man changed his vote to Banks, and then returned. On the fifteenth ballot, the Cummings men quietly passed the tellers, and deposited Bowman votes. The result was a complete surprise to the Banks men. They had expected something of the kind on the first ballot after the recess, but the five ballots without change, threw them off their guard, and they were confident of victory up to the moment when their defeat was announced.

The following is the record of the ballots:—

Ballots	No. choice	Banks	Cum. Bow.
First	101	48	39
Second	101	51	48
Third	101	51	48
Fourth	101	51	48
Fifth	101	51	48
Sixth	101	51	48
Seventh	101	51	48
Eighth	101	51	48
Ninth	101	51	48
Tenth	101	51	48
Eleventh	101	51	48
Twelfth	101	51	48
Thirteenth	101	51	48
Fourteenth	101	51	48
Fifteenth	101	51	48

The result was received with deafening cheers, and it was a long time before order could be restored. Finally Messrs. Greenough, Lawrence and I. S. Palmer were appointed to notify Mr. Bowman of his nomination. Upon the committee reporting that Mr. Bowman was absent from the city, the officers of the Convention were instructed to inform Mr. Bowman of his nomination.

On motion of G. W. Copeland, of Malden, who was acting as substitute, the thanks of the Convention were tendered to Hon. Geo. A. Bruce for the able and impartial manner in which he presided over its deliberations. Thanks were also voted to John H. Hardy, Esq., for his services as secretary.

A district committee was appointed as follows:—James M. Shute, of Somerville, N. M. Hawkes, of Lynn, John L. Parker, of Woburn, James R. Magee, of Malden, Joseph H. Cotton, of Charlestown, M. J. Fernald, of Stoneham, and F. M. Stone, of Waltham. The committee were empowered to fill vacancies, after which the convention dissolved.

The result arrived at by the Convention is entirely satisfactory to Mr. Cummings and his friends, and they will do all in their power to secure the election of Mr. Bowman by a large majority.

Mr. Bowman was born in Charlestown, May 11, 1840, and graduated at Harvard University in 1860. Studying law and entering upon its practice he became, in 1872 City Solicitor of Somerville, being re-elected to that office in 1873. In 1871, '72, '75, he was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and served in the Senate in 1876 and '77, being a leading candidate for the Presidency of that body in the latter year. He was very active in connection with the Hoosac Tunnel bill. Since his retirement from the Legislature he has done considerable law practice before Legislative committees.

The following is a full list of the delegates:—

Arlington.—Charles O. Gage, Dr. R. L. Hodgdon, John H. Hardy.  
Belmont.—G. W. Ware, Jr., J. Henry Fletcher.  
Boston, Ward 3.—E. L. Norton, Daniel Williams, P. J. Stone, E. N. Coburn, E. J. Clark.

Boston, Ward 4.—Joseph H. Cotton, John Linscott, Joseph H. Gleason, Angel Hart, Edwin L. Pillsbury.  
Boston, Ward 5.—Horatio P. Dunnels, S. S. Willson, Cyrus Flinders, Jonathan Oldham, P. O'Riordan.  
Burlington.—John Winn.

Everett.—Samuel Freeman, 2d, S. J. Cox, Charles W. Johnson.  
Lexington.—John J. Raynor, George H. Cutter.  
Lynn, Ward 1.—James P. Bacheller.  
Lynn, Ward 2.—George C. Prescott, Elbridge Staples.

Lynn, Ward 3.—James M. Kelly, Amos F. Chase, George H. Rich, William A. Kelley.  
Lynn, Ward 4.—John S. Bartlett, Edwin Earp, Thomas C. Johnson, S. C. Tozzer.

Lynn, Ward 5.—John Wales, John W. Blancy, A. J. Hoyt, Melville S. Nichols.  
Lynn, Ward 6.—John T. Moulton, S. B. Valpey, William N. Learned, J. R. Guindon.  
Lynn, Ward 7.—Alonso Penney.

Malden.—George D. Allen, Augustus L. Lovejoy, Dana Holden, F. H. Odierno, A. H. Davenport, S. K. Abbott.  
Medford.—D. A. Gleason, S. C. Lawrence, W. C. Haskins, E. Boynton, B. C. Leonard.

Melrose.—Alfred Hocking, E. W. Burdette, Charles Porter.  
Nahant.—Henry C. Lodge.  
Saugus.—John Roach, Lewis P. Hawkes.

Somerville, Ward 1.—W. H. Farber, H. C. White, Thomas J. Buffum, George W. Perkins.  
Somerville, Ward 2.—George A. Bruce, James M. Shute, Jr., F. H. Raymond, W. H. Brine.

Somerville, Ward 3.—W. H. Hodgkins, Edward Glines, George C. Skilton.  
Somerville, Ward 4.—John Harrington, John A. Cummings, William M. Carr.  
Stoneham.—Henry Tidd, George W. Crockett, W. F. Walker, J. W. Osgood.

Swampscott.—John P. Palmer, Merritt E. Porter.  
Wakefield.—W. S. Greenough, E. E. Emerson, S. W. Abbott, A. S. Atherton.  
Waltham.—J. W. Fairbanks, Ephraim Stearns, B. B. Johnson, H. C. Hall, C. H. Bill, Zenas Parmenter.

Winchelsea.—Arthur E. Whitney, Abraham B. Coffin, Irving S. Palmer.  
Woburn.—J. G. Pollard, E. F. Weyer, N. J. Simonds, Benjamin Hinckley, John L. Parker.

SELECTMEN.—The first regular meeting was on Thursday last, Messrs. Grammer and Cummings absent. The revision of voting lists, and registration of voters were referred to the assessors. It was voted to confer with the Selectmen of Stoneham and others in a petition for the maintenance of a flagman at the Fulton Street crossing. The usual monthly bills were approved.

JANITOR APPOINTED.—At a meeting of the Library Committee on Thursday, Mr. John W. Francis was appointed Janitor of the New Library.

LYCEUM STAR COURSE.—In another column will be found a complete list of Concerts, Readings and Entertainments to be given at Lyceum Hall, beginning Wednesday evening, Oct. 23. It is hardly necessary to say that the list is a remarkable one. Every entertainment seems to us to be a gem in itself, and it would be hard to single out any as superior to the rest. While we congratulate our citizens that the opportunity is offered them to enjoy such a series of brilliant entertainments, we know the manager will receive the reward of a ready sale of tickets and a hearty recognition of the merit of his engagements. Such artists as Canilla Uro, J. F. Radolphson, Myron W. Whitney, Fanny Kellogg, the Temple Quartette, Adelaide Phillips, A. J. Knight, the Mendelssohn Quintette, the Germania Orchestra and the others, are rarely heard in one course any where, and it is easy to predict a series of brilliant audiences for each of the entertainments announced. Tickets to the course, either with or without a secured seat, have been placed very low, and may be procured on and after Thursday next at T. M. Parker, at A. E. Thompson's store.

A TELEPHONE CONCERT.—A small but appreciative audience assembled at Mr. Fred. Buel's on Main street, Monday evening, to observe the curious workings of the telephone which Messrs. Fred Buel and James Kimball have constructed and run between their respective houses. The line is, of course, several thousand feet long. Very sweet singing and playing was telephoned from Mr. Kimball's and the applause was so hearty as to be heard by the performers who in turn became listeners to some clear-toned soprano solos—"Nancy Lee," &c. The cornet playing was especially distinct while the blasts of a tin horn were almost startling to the unwary listener. The curious experiment was tried of passing the current through five or six persons who joined hands. The effect was nearly the same as when continuous wire was used. It speaks well for the business future of young men that they choose the solution of such difficult mechanical problems for their amusement in spare hours.

MEETING OF SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—At the meeting of the School Committee on Monday evening, Mr. Tappan presented a plan of Industrial Drawing, such as is usually practiced in towns and cities of over 1,000 inhabitants. He illustrated the system by samples of drawings, &c. Miss Hattie Thompson was appointed teacher of the new Grammar School opened in the Central Grammar building, Room 4. The matter of re-opening the Highland Street school was laid upon the table. Messrs. Johnson and Thompson were chosen as a committee to attend to the alterations needed for conducting the water from the roof of the Johnson school-house away from the building. The pistol affair at the Cummings school results in the expulsion of the Miles boy, and the placing of Carney under proper discipline.

MILLINERY OPENINGS.—A. Cummings, 150 Main Street, advertises an extensive opening of French Millinery, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10 and 11.

Jameson & Co., 175 Main Street, will be prepared to show, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9 and 10, a large and elegant assortment of trimmed bonnets.

At John P. Fernald's, 185 Main street, on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11 and 12, will be displayed new styles of trimmed hats and bonnets.

BURGLARY.—Dr. Clough, who has charge of Mr. Benjamin Champney's house on Winn Street, during the latter's absence from town, found, on going into the house on Saturday morning, that burglars had been at work there. Empty jewelry boxes lay scattered about. Mr. Champney was informed by letter and he sent answer that jewelry had been left in those boxes. A watch, some gold chains and two silk jackets are missing. No arrests have been made as yet.

SEVERE ACCIDENT.—On Sunday afternoon Fred Forsaith went upon the roof of his house to get a cat which had been chased by a dog. Forsaith slipped and fell to the ground striking on the back of his head. The blow made him violently insane and he has not yet recovered the use of his faculties.

REQUEST.—A former member of Dr. March's church in Philadelphia, Miss Catherine M. Linnard, has recently died, leaving among other bequests, \$3,000, to the American Board. This will nearly cancel the small indebtedness still resting on the Board.

ACCIDENT.—Joseph Sexton, while working at Russell's factory, on Beacon Street, last Monday, was hit on the head by a box which fell from an upper story. The wound was not serious, and he has since resumed work.

JAMMED.—Edward Carney, a freight brakeman on the New York and New England Railroad, caught his right hand between the bunters while shacking cars at Roadville last Saturday. No bones were broken but the flesh was badly torn and jammed.

Y. M. A.—This association elected officers on Monday evening as follows:—President, Henry W. Wood; Vice President, Samuel B. Mitchell; Secretary, Scott Ward; Treasurer, Benjamin Trull; Directors, F. S. Burgess, Charles Hayes, James A. Brown.

CHOICE GRADES OF COAL now on hand at J. I. Munroe & Co.'s. Please give them a trial before purchasing. Also, all kinds of builders' materials in stock.

BLACKSMITHING.—The advertisement of Mr. F. W. Wells will be found in our columns. He is prepared to do all work in his line in the best manner.

LECTURE.—Mrs. Spalding gave her postponed lecture on "Temperance," to an audience of about 200, last Sunday afternoon.

VISITATION.—D. D. G. M. John Vial, of Somerville, made his annual visitation to Mount Horeb Lodge, on Wednesday evening.

Who killed Boy Bobbin?  
Well, this is a "Star Course".

## Reception of the 22d Regiment.

The arrangements for the reception of the 22d Regiment and 3d Battery are nearly completed and if the day is pleasant the affair cannot fail to be successful. The survivors of the regiment residing in Woburn will meet in Grand Army Hall at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. Post 33 will assemble at the same time and place, and escort the 22d men to the depot where they will receive the visitors at 10:40. The Woburn Brass Band will furnish music. On the arrival of the train a salute will be fired, consisting of 22 guns for the regiment, and 3 for the battery. The line of march will be taken up, and the procession march through Main, Common and Pleasant streets to Warren street; countermarch through Pleasant and Main streets to Kilby street; countermarch down Main to Grand Army Hall, where the annual meeting of the association will be held. At one o'clock the invited guests and the Association will be escorted to Lyceum Hall, where dinner will be served by Mr. Lee Hammond, of the Central House. After dinner there will be addresses by the members and guests. Among the distinguished visitors will be Hon. A. W. Beard, Collector of the port of Boston, Hon. Henry B. Peirce, Secretary of State, Col. Isaac F. Kingsbury, Assistant Adjutant General, Gen. W. S. Tilton, of Togus Me., Gen. A. P. Martin, commander of the Ancient and Honorable, Gen. Thos. Sherwin, of Boston, Middlesex C. A. Gove, of the U. S. Ship Wahash, the town authorities and others. Col. Beals has engagements to decorate a number of the buildings on the route of the procession. Col. Gove's picture, which is the property of the Association, has been on exhibition at Gage & Co.'s store for several days. It will adorn the hall on the occasion of the dinner, as will also the portraits of Captain Thompson and Sergt. Merriam, which are the property of the town.

IRISH REPUBLICANS.—This club met Monday Evening, Sept. 30, and the following preamble was read and adopted. But some of the men left the Hall because it was too much Republican for them, notwithstanding that it is the broadest principle of an American freeman. One objected to the rights, "for," said he, "I am a Democrat." Another denied the rights of the press, and a third did not believe in the rights of conscience, for the reason that his own was sometimes a trouble to him.

PREAMBLE.—This Club shall be known as the Irish Republicans of Woburn. The object of the members is to diffuse knowledge in National, State and local affairs, for the welfare of all men, Merchants, Mechanics and Laborers. We lament the limited platform of the Irish Democratic club (so called), the selfish ideas which prompted them to band together for the self of the few, to the injury of the many. We therefore come together to convince them of their faults that their platform is unwise, and degrading to the workmen, and to show the people that a better form of management can be obtained. Now that peace is re-established throughout the land and that moral suasion is the order of the day we claim and hold the right and fundamental principles of this government, namely, the right to express our opinions, the right of the press and above all the right of consciences, that is to adore our God in the best form we know how.

Rules for the management of the club were also adopted.

THE YOUNG REPUBLICANS.—This club met on Monday evening, and elected the following officers:—President, Charles D. Adams; Vice Presidents, E. D. Hayden, J. W. Johnson, George H. Conn, Francis A. Buckman, A. A. Thompson, J. W. Ellard, Wm. F. Davis, Elmore A. Pierce, E. W. Gray, H. Porter; Secretary, R. A. Davis; Treasurer, F. S. Burgess. The club then adjourned until Thursday evening.

At the meeting Thursday evening, Messrs John W. Johnson, Huntington Porter and H. E. Strout were elected as Executive Committee. The President and Secretary are also ex-officio members of this committee. R. A. Davis resigned the position of secretary, and H. L. Andrews was elected to fill the vacancy. A constitution and by-laws was adopted and the meeting adjourned to next Monday evening.

A FORMER PASTOR.—Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Granville, exchanged with Dr. March last Sabbath. Thirty years ago Mr. Edwards was ordained as pastor of the Congregational church of Woburn, this being his first pastorate. In his evening address, last Sabbath, he recalled, with evident affection, the old scenes and the old faces. He spoke in terms of high praise of the late Deacon and Mrs. John P. Kimball. Deacon Kimball was a valued worker in the church meetings of thirty years ago.

CLOTHING.—Cushing & Buck come out strong with their fall and winter display. They have been having a big trade, and they seem determined to deserve it. If you discover any signs of coolness, step in their store and they will warn you up.

POLICE COURT.—John Connell and Edward McElhany, drunk, \$3 and costs. D. W. Cox, drunk, committed for non-payment. Chas. Jackson, for keeping an unlicensed dog, \$15 and costs.

PEARS.—We have received a basket of mammoth pears—we do not know their true name—from R. S. Spaulding. The tree which bore them is beyond compare.

FESTIVAL.—A fruit and coffee festival will be held in the vestry of the Methodist Church, on Wednesday and Thursday Evening, Oct. 9 and 10.

ROLAND A. DAVIS has sold out his box making business to Mr. John Honey of Boston. Mr. D. intends entering a medical school in New York to study medicine.

CRUSHED.—John Fay crushed a finger of the left hand at Simonds shop on Thursday.

Kearney, the famous agitator, will hold forth from the band stand on Tuesday evening next.

Who killed Boy Bobbin?  
Well, this is a "Star Course".

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SINGER'S CLASS BOOK. By W. O. Perkins. Published by G. D. Russell & Co., 125 Tremont St., Boston.

There seems to be a demand for smaller and cheaper books for singing schools than the common church music book, much of which is entirely useless to a class of beginners. This book meets well such a demand. It contains 160 pages, the first 37 of which are devoted to rudimentary definitions and easy exercises, progressively arranged in the various keys; 80 pages, one half of the book, all devoted to easy glee and part songs of bright and attractive character, just such as Mr. Perkins knows how to write, and singing classes will like. The remainder of the book contains a pleasing variety of hymn tunes, gospel and Sunday School pieces, anthems and chants. Altogether this appears to be one of the best books of its kind. Price 75 cents, \$6.00 per dozen.

FATAL SHOOTING.—At Pembroke, Mass., a son of Mr. John Foster and nephew of Mr. Jarius Foster of this town, accidentally shot himself while returning from a gunning excursion, on Monday afternoon. He and another boy had just landed in their boat, and as young Foster stepped out, he reached into the boat to take the gun when to his sad misfortune the hammer struck the ear and the gun went off, sending the full charge through the right temple to the skull in the back of his head, on striking the skull the charge took the curvature for its course and passed downward. His mother was quite near when the accident occurred and heard the report of the gun and saw his hat in the air, but thought it to be some game the boys had shot; then she heard a loud cry and ran for the spot, where she found that her young son, of 14 years, was dead. He was always very careful with firearms which is another lesson for us, that we cannot be too cautious with these dangerous weapons.

Read Miss Clough's notice on the 3d page.

North Woburn.—BURGLARY.—The clothing store of Mr. James P. Tyler, in North Woburn, was robbed on Sunday, at 7:15 A. M. The attempt was made by boring around the bolt of the door and through the sill, to get a good leverage; but the burglar hit the bolt. By removing the door shaft they succeeded in entering. Only about \$7 cash, and some articles of clothing were taken. A bit and bit stock and other tools were found in the yard of Eaton's tannery. Mr. Tyler has had the patronage of such customers repeatedly.

Wilmington.—SHOOTING ACCIDENT.—As Miss Georgia Wyman, daughter of Horace Wyman, of Wilmington, was returning from school on Wednesday afternoon, she met Daniel Boynton, who had a gun over his shoulder. Just then the gun fell backward, struck on the ground between Boynton's feet, and was discharged, hitting Miss Wyman in the ankle. M. V. Harris, of Wilmington was standing near by, and exonerates Boynton from any blame. Miss Wyman was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital on Thursday afternoon. The report that Miss Wyman's foot was amputated, is incorrect.

Winchelsea.—REGATTA.—There will be a regatta on Wedge Pond, next Tuesday.

ACCIDENT.—Last Monday Simonds' large wagon with a load of stufifings ran against a stone post in Winchelsea, and broke a perch.

CONCERT.—The annual Harvest Concert will be held at the Unitarian church, tomorrow (Sunday) evening, at 6½ o'clock.

HIGHLAND AVENUE.—A project is on foot to change the lines of Highland avenue, which will be a great improvement.

A BIG CAUCUS.—Probably the largest caucus ever held in Winchelsea was convened in Lyceum Hall, Winchelsea, last Monday evening, the cause of the excitement being the choice of delegates to the Congressional Convention. Circulars had been freely circulated, and the town had been pretty thoroughly canvassed, and it is safe to say that hardly a Republican in town, but what had been solicited by one side or the other. The meeting was called to order by Irving S. Palmer, chairman of the Republican Town Committee, and organized by the choice of Salem Wilder as chairman, and Henry F. Johnson as secretary. It was voted to use the check list, and the following motion was passed:—

Voted, That all voters who voted the Republican ticket last year, and all who intend to vote the Republican ticket this year, be invited to act in this caucus.

A committee consisting of L. S. Quimby and C. F. Lunt, friends of Mr. Cummings, and S. C. Small and N. A. Richardson, friends of Gen. Banks, was appointed to superintend the voting. The Town Clerk, Warren H. Foster, was appointed to supervise the balloting, and the Republican Town Committee was constituted a committee to receive, assort and count the votes.

The meeting proceeded to ballot for three delegates to the Fifth Congressional District Convention. During the balloting several were challenged, among them S. C. Small and K. W. Baker, prominent Banks men, and also until now opponents of the party, usually acting with the Prohibitionists. Fourteen of the challenged had hearings before the committee, and all were finally allowed to vote; there were 7 Cummings and 7 Banks men. The balloting resulted as follows:—

James F. Dwinell,	205
Abraham B. Coffin,	205
Irving S. Palmer,	205



Capitalists are laboring men. We must get rid of untaxable property. In Nehemiah, 5th chapter, is described a similar state of things to what exists now—"Leave off this usury; restore the vine and oil,"—we have mortgaged our lands, vineyards and houses, &c.—yet for all this required not 1 the bread of the governor, because the bondage was heavy upon the people." Those were hard times. [Applause.] I assume that the average increase of property in Woburn is not 5 per cent. Your tax is 16, one-third of 50, leaving out the water tax. Nehemiah thought the one-hundredth part too great. The assessors take every third part, and look with longing eyes on the old sows. [Laughter and applause.] The State government is wrong, that is, in point. Endicott, who answered my letter, is not State Treasurer as Whitney called him. He is a dry goods man in Milk street. All State taxes in 1859 amounted to \$928,000; in 1877 to \$6,882,000, an increase of 682 per cent., while the population increased 34 per cent. The amount of taxes has increased 12 times in 20 years. The State debt in 1860 was \$7,000,000. In 1878 it was \$33,000,000, an increase of 376 per cent. Taking out the war debt, \$22,000,000 is left. What has become of the money? The property of the State government has also increased greatly. Our State bonds are made too profitable, more so than the national. The State credit is too good. The annual government expenses have increased \$8,000,000 since 1859. The General quoted some of the government expenses, such as in 1876, \$300 for carriage hire for the governor at muster. He said that he himself always paid his own carriage hire because he didn't know any better. [Laughter.] The governor charged his centennial expenses to the State, when he ought to have paid his own fare. In 1859 the salaries of the Governor amounted to \$15,000 per year, in 77 to \$32,000. The charges for pen-knives and hair brushes, &c., for the governor and council, were mentioned—\$39 for a dozen pen-knives for eleven old gentlemen, what because of the old knifery. In 1870 the charge for brushes and combs for these gentlemen was \$32.50. These executive charges are nicely scattered about and hid away under various headings. The General referred to the great amounts eaten and drunk under the head of Troy and Greenfield railroad bonds. When the Governor went to inspect the Hoosac Tunnel he need not have taken his staff, a military body. The expenses of the three days trip were very great. All these evils grow by custom if they are not looked into. Let the Governor, and his staff and council also, go on these trips, but pay expenses out of their own pockets [great applause.] We are all economizing. Our wives are making over their old dresses.

The General referred to the State commissions, which are a fruitful source of expense. The Marquette Indians had 2,000 acres of land, and wished it sold and themselves taken care of by the town. The sensible way would have been to send some civil engineers there, and give them \$500 for surveying the property. They could have done it all in a few months. But a commission was appointed, which consumed five years in the work, and charged the State over \$15,000 for it. The same House at Worcester cost from 1875 to 1878, \$150,000. The trustees had said they wanted nothing for their services, yet they brought in a bill for several thousand dollars apiece. There was no law or right in it. The General referred to his own economical management of the National Asylum for invalid soldiers, which would hold many more than the Danvers Hospital, and yet cost less to run it. \$11.50 a year supplied every comfort to every man. But the Lancaster Reformatory for girls costs \$240 per inmate a year, as much as it would take to keep her at the best boarding school. The 238 boys of the Western Reformatory cost as much as the 5,000 soldiers of the National Asylum. We have hundreds of useless State officers. 1050 officers draw sustenance from the State, yet the Republican Convention said the State was well governed. President Hayes rendered the party powerless to go on in the right direction, so now let us attend to the State. The same State Ring has kept control of things. At Worcester convention there were 110 delegates—11 Congressmen, 2 Senators, and custom-house officers enough to stock a convention. They tried to vote out the bad custom-house officers, but without success. I can get on very well I can go West. But will business men allow their business to be crippled, wages to be cut down to starvation rates, while the rich rider with his trunk full of untaxable bonds, rides over the same road on which you have to go afoot? Forget party ties. Vote for yourselves and the people. Give up all prejudices.

### Special Notices.

**Sixth Councillor District Republican Convention.**  
The Republicans of the several cities and towns comprising the Sixth Councillor District are invited to send delegates to a convention to be held in Jackson hall, in Lowell, at 10 o'clock A. M., on Wednesday, October 9, 1878.

**Chairman Sixth District Committee.**  
Wm. R. SPALDING, Secretary.  
Lowell, Sept. 25th, 1878.

**North Woburn Street Railroad Company.**  
The Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Company, will be held at Thompson's Hall, in North Woburn, on Tuesday Evening, Oct. 8, 1878, at half past seven o'clock, for the choice of Directors, and the transaction of any other business that may come before them. Per order,  
JOHN E. RUSSELL, Clerk.  
North Woburn, Sept. 27, 1878.

**DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.**  
The grocery business heretofore carried on at Central Square under the firm name of Parker & Clark, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. T. M. Parker is authorized to collect and pay all bills of said firm. F. H. CLARIDGE.  
WOBURN, Sept. 20, 1878.

**For Sale and To Let.**  
TO LET—A house, with stable and garden, on Pleasant St., Woburn, 11 rooms; gas and Horn Pond Water. Inquire of WILLIAM WINN, 127

**Married.**  
In Stoneham, Oct. 1, by Rev. William J. Barr, Mr. Walter M. Bart, of Woburn, and Miss Addie B. Hook, of Stoneham.  
In Woburn, Oct. 2, by Chaplain G. A. Crawford, U. S. Navy, Mr. Joseph Patten, of Boston, and Miss Isabel Moulton, of Woburn.  
In Woburn, Oct. 24, by Rev. Wm. S. Barnes, John L. Corlies, Jr., and Dollie M. E. Gage, both of Woburn.  
In Pittsfield, Oct. 24, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., daughter of March, Jr., M. D., of Pittsfield, Pa., son of the officiating clergyman, to Miss Ellen L. Stevenson, daughter of Wm. M. Stevenson, of Cambridge, N. Y. No cards.

**GIANT SOAPS.**  
An entirely new line of Toilet Soaps, very large and economical, and very nice. Elder Flower, Outmeal, Glycerine, Bath.  
**GIANT SOAPS.** 84  
Only at Dodge's Drug Store,  
165 Main Street, near Bank Block.

**Died.**  
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.  
In Woburn, Sept. 27th, Joseph, son of Lawrence and Mary Kirten, aged 4 years, 4 months and 4 days.  
In Woburn, Sept. 27th, Mary, daughter of Michael and Mary Galloway, aged 4 days.  
In Woburn, Sept. 27th, daughter of Patrick and Bridget Hickey, aged 1 year and 23 days.  
In Woburn, Oct. 2d, Margaret, daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth Moss, aged 7 years, 9 months and 3 days.  
In Winchester, Oct. 2d, Henry W. Perry, aged 4 months and 10 days.  
In Boston, Oct. 2d, at the Mass. Gen. Hospital, Miss Mary A. Kelley, of Woburn.

## LYCEUM STAR COURSE —AT— Lyceum Hall, - Woburn. 1878. FRANK HERVEY, - Manager.

**OPENING NIGHT.  
Wednesday Eve'g, Oct. 23d.**

**CAMILLA URSO  
Grand Concert Company.**

**MISS IVY WANDERFORD,  
MR. W. C. TOWER,  
MR. W. F. RIDGEBY,  
MR. W. F. RIDGEBY.**

**Madame Camilla Urso.**  
Her Basso Scherch, Pianist.  
Frederick Luer, Director.  
The finest Concert Company in the country.

**OCTOBER 30th.  
The Myron W. Whitney  
Concert Party.**

**Miss Fanny Kellogg, Soprano,  
Miss Abby Clark, Contralto,  
Mr. W. H. Fossenden, Tenor,  
Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Bass.**

These eminent artists will appear in a particularly fine programme of great variety and merit.

**NOVEMBER 6th.  
The Success of the Platform,  
MR. A. J. KNIGHT,**

**Historical Costume Impersonations.**  
The beauties of the Legitimate Drama in Complete and Elegant Costume with Recitations, Humorous, Burlesque and Pathetic.

**NOVEMBER 13th.  
CONCERT BY THE FAMOUS  
Temple Quartette.**

**MR. D. F. FITZ, First Tenor,  
MR. W. H. FOSSENDEN, Second Tenor,  
MR. H. A. ALLEN, Bass,  
MR. A. C. RYDER, Bass.**

Assisted by Miss DOUGLAS WILLEY, late Prima Donna of the Boston Opera Company.

**NOVEMBER 20th.  
Music! and Literary Entertainment.**

**MRS. E. HUMPHREY-ALLEN, Vocalist,  
MR. FRANK HERVEY, Violonist,  
MR. N. N. ALLEN, Violonist,  
MR. HENRY STRAUSS, Pianist.**

**DECEMBER 4th.  
A STAR NIGHT!  
GRAND CONCERT BY  
The Germania Orchestra,**

(of Boston), Carl Eichler, Conductor, with  
**Miss Adelaide Phillips,**  
America's great Prima Donna Contralto.

**DECEMBER 11th.  
CLOSING CONCERT.  
THE MENDELSSOHN  
QUINTET CLUB.**

**S. E. JACOBSON, Violin,  
GUSTAV DANNEBERGER, Violin,  
THOMAS EVAN, Clarinet and Viola,  
EDWARD HENRIE, Flute and Viola,  
RUDOLPH HENNING, Violoncello,  
LUDWIG E. MANOLY, Violoncello**

and Double Bass.  
Assisted by Miss MATTIE F. M. COLBY.

**Tickets admitting to the Course, \$2.00  
Tickets with Reserved Seat, \$1.00 extra.**

**Evening Tickets, 50 Cents.**  
For sale on and after Thursday, Oct. 10th, by Mr. T. M. Parker, at the store of A. E. Thompson, where a plan of the hall may be seen.

**Republican Senatorial Convention.**  
SIXTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.  
The Republicans of the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District are requested to send delegates to a convention to be held in Grand Army Hall, at Woburn, on Thursday, Oct. 10th, 1878, at 3 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Senator, and also to elect a member of the State Central Committee, and transact such other business as may properly come before it. Representation as follows: Bedford 2, Billerica 2, Burlington 1, Melrose 3, North Reading 2, Reading 3, Stoneham 4, Tewksbury 2, Wakefield 4, Wilmington 2, Winchester 3, Woburn 2.

**J. R. SIMONDS, District Committee.  
L. S. QUIMBY, District Committee.  
S. P. BREED, District Committee.**

October 1st, 1878.

**Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.**  
BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by John C. Trafton, of Reading, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and Sarah J. Trafton, wife of said John C., in her own right, to the Reading Savings Bank, dated May 8th, A. D. 1874, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1290, Folio 84, and for breach of the condition thereof, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises, on Tuesday, October 29th, 1878, at 10 o'clock P. M., all and singular the premises conveyed in and by said mortgage deed, and described as follows, viz:—A certain lot of land situated in the northeasterly part of Woburn, in said County and Commonwealth, containing about fifteen acres, and bounded northeasterly by Middle street; northwesterly and westerly by land of Hild J. Nelson; southerly and westerly by land of John Richardson, and heirs of Persen B. Richardson, and easterly by Washington street; being the lot of land described in a deed from I. Henry Trafton to said Sarah J. Trafton, dated November 17th, A. D. 1870, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1127, Page 22.

**READING SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.**  
By NATHAN P. PRATT, Treas.

**Jameson & Co's,**  
175  
Main Street,  
Administrator's Sale.

**PURSUANT** to a license from the Probate Court, held in Lowell, within and for the County of Middlesex, on the seventeenth day of September, A. D. 1878, will be sold at public auction, on Monday the 21st day of October next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the parcels of land hereinafter described belonging to the estate of Henry T. Lord, late of Woburn, in said County deceased. First, A certain parcel of land with 2-story dwelling-house and stable standing thereon, situated on Green street, called, in said Woburn, and bounded northerly by No. 28 as shown on Plan of House Lots near Woburn Centre, drawn by C. Thompson, July 12, 1865, ninety-two and five tenths (92.5) feet; easterly by lot No. 39 as shown on said plan, and two (2) feet; southerly by Green street, ninety-five (95) feet; and westerly by lot No. 37 on said plan, ninety-five (95) feet, containing 3,629 square feet. Said premises are subject to a mortgage to secure the payment of \$1,200 and accrued interest, also subject to taxes for the current year. For said Lord's title see Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1067, Fol. 139. The second parcel comprising 4,088 square feet and being lot number thirty-seven on said plan, is bounded southerly on Green street, so called, about 95 feet; easterly on lot numbered thirty-eight on said plan, about ninety-five feet; northerly on land of Sarah M. Lord, about ninety-two and one-half feet; westerly one hundred feet on land now or formerly of Geo. W. Allen. Said parcel is subject to a mortgage given by said Lord to secure the payment of two hundred dollars, and also subject to accrued interest and taxes for current year. For said Lord's title see Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1,118, Fol. 339.

**WILHELM H. COCHRAN, Adm'r.**  
Woburn, Sept. 27, 1878.

**It seems as if I should cough my head off** is sometimes the impatient exclamation of a sufferer from severe Cough. Quell the paroxysms with *Hale's Honey of Marshmallows and Tar*. The relief is immediate and the cure certain. Sold by all Druggists. *Hale's* Tonsorial Drops cure in 1 minute. 7c

**PHILADELPHIA, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter Heads, and all variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at this office**

**FRUIT & COFFEE FESTIVAL.**  
There will be a Fruit and Coffee Festival at the Vestry of the  
**M. E. CHURCH & SOCIETY,**  
WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY,  
OCTOBER 9th and 10th.

To which the public are invited. There will be the usual attractions presented, consisting of  
**FRUITS, ICE CREAM, COFFEE, OYSTERS,**  
And Fancy Table, &c., &c.  
Admission Only - 10 Cents.

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

**Men's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING**  
296 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON

## Millinery French and American Millinery, OPENING.

WE SHALL EXHIBIT CORRECT STYLES IN

**French and American Millinery,**  
Thursday and Friday October 10 and 11,

**Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.**

To which we call the attention of all who take pleasure in examining elegant goods in this department of our business. We shall display on this, our twenty-second exhibition, a fine assortment of

**Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.**

And we confidently expect to merit additional approbation with many new friends.

**A. CUMMINGS,**  
150 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn.

**New Winter Clothing**  
NEW AND STYLISH HATS.

**New Furnishing Goods, Cardigan Jackets, Underclothing, Hosiery, SUSPENDERS, &C.**

Having just received a new line of goods and marked them at low prices, we are sure of giving good satisfaction to our customers. Give us a call. We are Agents for the celebrated

**TROY LAUNDRY.**  
CUSHING & BUCK,  
8 Wade Block. - - 174 Main Street, opposite Bank Block.

**CLOTHING,**  
Hats and Caps, New and Nobby Styles  
**FURNISHING GOODS.**

Having just returned from among the manufacturers of New York and other places, where I have ordered a fine stock of

**Men's and Boy's Clothing, Hats, & Furnishing Goods.**  
which we shall be desirous of showing the trade. Not only contains a good assortment of nice goods, but some of the very cheapest in the market, which will be marked at the very bottom prices for cash. While we have in stock many of the thirty dollars, we have obtained some Suits that will do good service, which we shall sell for seven to ten dollars. Remember these are Men's Suits; we have Boy's at very much lower prices. We have obtained one special lot of

**GENS. LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS,**  
which we shall sell at ten and fifteen cents each; would be cheap at twenty and twenty-five cents.

**Undergarments from 25 cts. to \$3 each. Hats & Caps, from 10 cts. to \$8.**  
While we have the largest stock of goods in this town, we shall make a special effort to obtain such goods as are used in this market, at prices to suit the times. We are also Agents for the

**Chelsea Laundry and Dye House.**  
**J. W. HAMMOND,**  
LYCEUM BUILDING,  
181 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**1878. FALL! 1878.**  
New Dress Goods!  
Stylish Dress Goods!  
Cheap Dress Goods!

**OPENING DAILY.**  
**C. A. SMITH & SON,**  
177 JULY STREET, - - - - - WOBURN.

**NEW GOODS**  
FOR  
**FALL AND WINTER WEAR,**  
JUST RECEIVED BY  
**G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,**  
171 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn, Mass.

**RE-OPENED.**  
**KELLEY'S**  
Boot and Shoe Store,  
209 Main Street,  
WOBURN.

Opens again with a large and well assorted stock

**WOMEN'S, MISSES, & CHILDREN'S GOODS.**  
The New Bedford Stock,  
Composed of Ladies' Misses' and Children's French Kid Side Lace and Button, and French Goat Button Boots, are

**Specialties**  
of this establishment, which will be found well worthy of inspection.

There is also on hand a large assortment of  
**Men's, Boy's and Youth's Goods.**  
New and of the latest styles. Also a large supply of  
**RUBBER GOODS.** All of which will be  
**Sold CHEAP FOR CASH.**

REPAIRING done with the usual promptness and neatness. 146

**The wants of the People supplied.**  
**ALL DAILY, WEEKLY**  
**SEMI-WEEKLY PAPERS.**  
**MONTHLY AND QUARTERLY MAGAZINES**  
Delivered at your residence  
**MORNING AND EVENING,**  
BY CARRIER,  
Within a reasonable distance. Orders left at the News Store of  
**E. COOPER,**  
156 Main Street, - Woburn,  
or sent by mail, will receive prompt attention. P. O. Box 794. A News Boy will be at the Morning Times to supply customers. 99

**Grey Waterproof**  
KID GLOVES For \$1.00.  
In Brown and Drab Shades.  
These goods have been selling in Boston for \$1.50 per pair.

**Misses Undervests**  
from 124 cents to 50 cents.

**AGENTS FOR LEWANDO'S FRENCH DYE HOUSE.**  
**F. S. BURGESS.**

**Black Cashmere,**  
75 CENTS.  
The greatest bargain we ever offered in these goods.

**All Wool Camels Hair**  
**DRESS GOODS.**  
In Brown and Grey Mixtures, for 25 cents, worth 37 1/2.

**Cloaks! Cloaks!**  
For MISSES from 4 to 12 years of age, in Seal Brown and Navy Blue.  
**PRICES FROM \$3 to \$5.**

**Black Cashmere,**  
75 CENTS.  
The greatest bargain we ever offered in these goods.

**All Wool Camels Hair**  
**DRESS GOODS.**  
In Brown and Grey Mixtures, for 25 cents, worth 37 1/2.

**Cloaks! Cloaks!**  
For MISSES from 4 to 12 years of age, in Seal Brown and Navy Blue.  
**PRICES FROM \$3 to \$5.**

**Black Cashmere,**  
75 CENTS.  
The greatest bargain we ever offered in these goods.

**All Wool Camels Hair**  
**DRESS GOODS.**  
In Brown and Grey Mixtures, for 25 cents, worth 37 1/2.

**Cloaks! Cloaks!**  
For MISSES from 4 to 12 years of age, in Seal Brown and Navy Blue.  
**PRICES FROM \$3 to \$5.**

**Black Cashmere,**  
75 CENTS.  
The greatest bargain we ever offered in these goods.

**All Wool Camels Hair**  
**DRESS GOODS.**  
In Brown and Grey Mixtures, for 25 cents, worth 37 1/2.

**Cloaks! Cloaks!**  
For MISSES from 4 to 12 years of age, in Seal Brown and Navy Blue.  
**PRICES FROM \$3 to \$5.**

**Black Cashmere,**  
75 CENTS.  
The greatest bargain we ever offered in these goods.

**All Wool Camels Hair**  
**DRESS GOODS.**  
In Brown and Grey Mixtures, for 25 cents, worth 37 1/2.

**Cloaks! Cloaks!**  
For MISSES from 4 to 12 years of age, in Seal Brown and Navy Blue.  
**PRICES FROM \$3 to \$5.**

**Black Cashmere,**  
75 CENTS.  
The greatest bargain we ever offered in these goods.

**All Wool Camels Hair**  
**DRESS GOODS.**  
In Brown and Grey Mixtures, for 25 cents, worth 37 1/2.

**Cloaks! Cloaks!**  
For MISSES from 4 to 12 years of age, in Seal Brown and Navy Blue.  
**PRICES FROM \$3 to \$5.**

## French Millinery 1851. 1878.

**THE**  
**Woburn**  
**JOURNAL.**

The Woburn Journal is now in its  
**28th VOLUME.**

For more than a quarter of a century it has been a welcome visitor to the homes of Woburn, and of those in other places to whom the memory of the old town is dear. It has in the past taken a lively interest in all

and will in the future keep up with the times, by urging and encouraging progress in every direction that will add to the wealth, importance or influence of the town.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

**LOCAL AFFAIRS,**  
which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

**ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,**  
THE STORIES

**JOHN L. PARKER, PUBLISHER,**  
204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

We have just received and are prepared to sell the following named

**COALS**  
AT AS  
LOW PRICES  
AS THE MARKET WILL WARRANT AS  
REGARDS SIZE AND QUALITY.

**Excelsior,**  
Draper,  
Lackawanna,  
Wilkes-Barre,  
Cumberland,  
AND  
KALMIA, Lykens Valley.

**Wood Sawn by Steam Power**  
Lumber of all kinds.

Frames Sawn to order at  
Short Notice.  
We would specially call attention to our Stock of  
**Michigan Pine SHINGLES,**  
For sale **LOW FOR CASH.**

**JOSEPH B. McDONALD,**  
DEALER IN  
Coal, Wood, Lime, Cement, Plaster.  
111 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

**Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.**  
To Adeline Seaver, now or late of Woburn, Mass., widow, and any and all other persons having or claiming any interest in and to the heretofore described premises.

**PURSUANT** to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by said Adeline Seaver to Helen E. Little, of Acton, Middlesex County, Mass., widow, March 26th, A. D. 1872, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., Lib. 1297, fol. 428, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said mortgage, on Tuesday, the 22nd day of October, A. D. 1878, at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the building thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, on the easterly side of Beacon street, late a private way or street, leading southerly out of Pleasant street to Horn Pond, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises described in the said mortgage, and now of Jacob Brown, thence the line runs westerly by land of E. W. Hudson, one hundred and seven feet and eight inches to a stake; thence north about forty-five degrees west by land of said Hudson, twenty-eight feet and eight inches to a stake; said twenty-eight feet and eight inches to the north about about east of Pleasant street, and by said E. W. Hudson, thence southerly to land of heirs of Charles P. Carline; thence easterly by land last named, to land now or late of heirs of Abijah Thompson; thence southerly, by land last named to the point of beginning, being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said Adeline Seaver, her heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

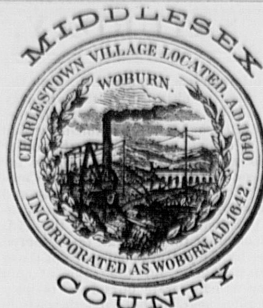
Terms made known at the time and place of sale.  
**HELEN E. LITTLE, Mortgagee.**  
106 Wm. WINS, Auctioneer.  
Woburn, Mass., September 28, 1878.

**PAULDING'S**  
**SPANISH CHOLERA REMEDY.**  
Woburn, Mass.









## We have added to our line of HANDKERCHIEF EXTRACTS,

For sale by the Ounce, the following odors:

Trailing Arbutus, Ocean Spray, Mignonnette,	Eglantine, Eas. Bouquet, Wood Violet,	Queen of Scots, Kellag Bouquet, Mary Stuart.
---	---	--

—WE HAVE ALSO,—

Egyptian Lotus, White Rose, Patchouly, Heliotrope, White Lilac, Lily of the Valley, Acanth Pink,	Jockey Club, Tuberose, West End, New Mown Hay, Tea Rose, Musk, Jasmin,	Cashmere Bouquet, Stephanotis, Violet, Floralina, Marchale, Persian Bouquet.
--	--	---

These goods are culled from the stock of the following manufacturers:—LUNN, LAZELL, MARSH & GARDNER; SOLOAN PALMER; ROBINSON & Co., and ALFRED WRIGHT. And with our assortment we can suit the most fastidious taste.

WILLIAM W. HILL,

WOBURN.

### Florist.

**S. W. Tremont & Sons,  
FLORISTS,**  
And dealers in  
**ANTIQUE POTTERY.**  
161 Tremont street,  
BOSTON.

### Professional Cards.

**J. P. WOODMAN, M.D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.,  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.

**JOHN C. JAGGIE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**George H. Conn,**  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

**CHARLES D. ADAMS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.  
Office: At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.  
Hours: At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 7, and 9 to 10 P. M.

**GEO. W. NORRIS,**  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
OFFICES—55 State Street, Boston, and at Residence,  
Corner of Pleasant and Court Sts., Woburn.

**A. B. COFFIN,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 Scho. Street.

**DR. O. P. ROGERS,**  
DENTIST,  
139 1/2 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.

**CHESTER W. CLARK,**  
Counsellor at Law,  
No. 61 COURT STREET,  
Room 2, BOSTON.  
4th RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON.

**J. R. CARTER & Co.,**  
Woburn.  
Auctioneers, and  
Brokers in Real Estate.  
Mortgages negotiated. Care of Property. Col-  
lection of rents. Dwellings and Stores Leased.  
J. R. CARTER. CHAS. R. CONN.

**HENRY HILLER, M.D.,**  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

**Auctioneers.**  
**WILLIAM WINN,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-  
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

**E. PRIOR,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention. 14

**Musical.**  
**Miss A. J. Campbell,**  
desires a few pupils on the  
**PIANO FORTE,**  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to  
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
**STABLE,**  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, Proprietor

**M. ELLIS & Co.,**  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.,  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.

**E. C. COLOMB,**  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practical  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

### Business Cards.

**STEPHEN H. CUTTER,**  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main street,  
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill  
boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

**A. BUCKMAN,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**  
160 Main Street, Woburn.  
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on  
hand.

**Photograph Gallery,**  
1607 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.  
Club Pictures to schools and families, 12 tickets  
for \$10. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates by

**H. S. DUNSHIE, Jr., Artist.**  
**R. C. HAYWARD,**  
Dealer in  
**GROCERIES,**  
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.  
103 Main Street, - Woburn.

**Carpenters.**  
**E. K. WILLOUGHBY,**  
House and Job Carpenter,  
WALNUT ST., NEAR MAIN, WOBURN.  
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly at-  
tended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

**J. Horace Dean & Co.,**  
Carpenters and Builders,  
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.  
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-  
tended to.

**Machinists.**  
**ESTABLISHED 1865**  
**Parks & Freeman,**  
MACHINISTS,  
And Manufacturers of  
**Leather Machinery,**  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.  
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting,  
Pulley, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Curing Shops.

**97, 99, and 101 Main Street,**  
WOBURN, MASS.  
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-  
tended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

**PORTER & YOUNG,**  
(Successors to James Buel & Co.)  
**MACHINISTS,**  
Steam and Gas Fitters.  
25 MANUFACTURERS OF  
**STEAM ENGINES.**  
Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting,  
Pulley, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Curing Shops.

**Bakers.**  
**W. F. ESTABROOK,**  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
**Bread, Cake, Pastry,**  
AND  
**FANCY CRACKERS**  
OF ALL KINDS.  
26  
219 Main Street, Woburn.

**CARRIAGES, HARNESS, &c.,**  
Thoroughly built, finely finished, in all the latest  
styles. We make a specialty of the  
**WHEATY SIDE BAR,**  
The finest road wagon in the world. We have also a  
large assortment of Second-Hand Carriages.  
Prices to suit the times.

**INGALLS, WYER & Co.,**  
147 to 153 Friend St., 54 to 60 Canal St., BOSTON.

**ICE CREAM.**  
**NEW SALOON.**  
We shall REMOVE our Ice Cream Saloon, on  
Saturday, June 1, 1878, to  
**No. 141 MAIN STREET,**  
(Formerly occupied by Thompson & Mann), where  
we shall be pleased to serve the public with the best  
ice cream in all the city, and in any quantity from the  
single glass to the hundred gallons. We shall run  
an Ice Cream Wagon through the town the same as  
last season. Ice Cream packed in freezers, delivered  
in any part of the town, free of charge.

The store has been refitted and furnished especially  
for our business, and our friends will find in it all the  
convenience of the best Ice Cream saloons.  
In addition to the above we shall keep  
**Bread, Cake, Pastry, Candy, Fruit & Nuts.**  
25 S. H. PATTER.

**BILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter**  
Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and  
promptly executed at this office

## Poetical Selection.

### AUTUMN.

The summer flowers have bloomed and gone  
The autumn days have come,  
The gathered sheaves on field and lawn  
Proclaim the harvest home.

The plains, of late so gayly dressed  
In all that joy may bring,  
Now bare and brown, and cold, will rest  
Till comes reviving spring.

How pass the hastening hours away,  
The time of toil how soon;  
How gentle is the close of day,  
How fair the rising moon.

The lowing herd, from vales remote  
Are gathered at the gate;  
The insect pipes his plaintive note,  
Impatient for his mate.

Sweet autumn-time!—the golden mean,  
With milder airs and showers,  
All nature, in a mood serene,  
Smiles through the peaceful hours.

O soul! how rich thine ample share  
In all that Love has given,  
The harvest of a Father's care  
With autumn sheaves in Heaven.

### Selected Story.

#### Two Important Papers.

"I don't know what I shall do with that  
"ere boy," said Farmer Long to his wife, as  
they sat by the fire that winter morning.

"He's more harum-scarum than that State's  
Reform School boy was."

"Well, father, have patience with him for  
the sake of his folks. I think there's some-  
thing in Jim, that will surprise you, one of  
these days."

"I dunno whether he'll surprise me enny  
more'n he has er not. Last spring he made  
b'lieve he knowed all 'bout bilin' down sap,  
'nd surprised me by burnin' the bottom up  
the sap-pan out, 'n settin' the sap house on  
fire. Last summer in hayin' time he broke  
more tools than all the rest us us put to-  
gether. And dear me! Yee'd orter seen  
him dig potatoes last fall! I'll venture he  
cut every third one in two—struck at 'em ez  
if he was splittin' rock maple logs. 'Nd  
neow he's broke my best three-lined pitch-  
fork, some way, a-feedin' the cattle. He  
only sixteen year old. Ef he does this in  
the green tree, what in natur'll he dew in the  
dry?"

After these remarks about the boy he had  
taken to keep until he was of age, the farmer  
started for the barn. He was bending over  
the great meal chest, just inside the  
barn door, as a tandem team was turning  
around the corner of the barn. This team  
consisted of a wild yearling steer and the  
boy, Jim Fowler. The "team" was on the  
dead run. The youth had hold of the  
steer's tail with his left hand, and held aloft  
a milking stool in his right.

Mr. Long was unaware of danger, and  
when something struck him, and immediately  
he found himself on his back in the meal-  
chest, his first thought was of an earthquake  
or a tornado or other dread outbreak of  
forces. He emerged from the meal chest  
just in time to see his lime-baked steer pass  
on into the stable, and Jim Fowler arise half  
stunned from the floor.

"Yeou young scamp!" he thundered.  
"Yeou'll murder somebody yet—er—er—I  
shall—ef yeou don't stop yeour dumb  
work."

The boy did not laugh at the miller-like  
appearance of the man. His own face was  
quite as white as the farmer's as he said—  
"I'm awful sorry, Mr. Long."

"Dunno whether yer be or not," replied  
the latter. "But I'll tell ye neow 'nd here,  
Jim Fowler, what's what. When yer father  
died, yeou hadn't a relative left—"

"No, sir; they want none left," broke in  
the youth, and the tears filled his eyes.

"I promised him a little after he died, I'd  
take care on ye until yeou was old enough  
er take care on ye yeouf; 'nd dew well by ye  
—give ye a good common school education  
'nd so on. 'Nd I mean ter dew it of yer  
conduct don't become onabable. But yeou  
must be more stiddy 'nd man-like, 'nd not  
plague me ter death by yer recklessness.  
'Dye hear?"

"Yis sur'n, I'm goin' ter try, Mr. Long."

"That's the sorter talk. I want yer tew  
go ter school 'nd git ter be ez smart ez Jen-  
nie is ef yer can. Yeou er tew years old-  
er, 'nd 'nd yain't nowhere side uv her."

"I know it. I ain't nowhere side uv her."

Jennie, the farmer's daughter, was a  
bright girl, and as pretty as a pink. Jim did  
not wonder that her father and mother were  
proud of her; nor that they felt there was a  
vast difference between him and her. He  
thought there was himself, and he believed  
she did, for one day of the last summer,  
when he stumbled on to her flower-bed, she  
spoke sharply at him, and if he had not mis-  
understood her, called him a "beggar."

He was careless and stupid; if she had  
said as much, he would have thought it jus-  
tifiable under the circumstances. But for  
her to speak in that way—as if his misfor-  
tune was his fault—made him almost hate  
her. He did not answer back, but the look  
he gave her kept her from ever repeating  
that taunt, and also from forgetting that she  
had once made it.

Yet he continued to be the same careless  
"Jim" up to that winter morning. But when  
Mr. Long had administered his re-  
proof, and returned to the house to brush  
the meal from his clothes, the youth fell into  
a profound meditation, out of which he came  
with this ejaculation:

"I'll do it."

When the next term of school began,  
there were two scholars from Farmer Long's.  
Jennie and Jim.

They went together, but separated when  
they got there, for Jennie was in a higher

department than Jim could enter. This was  
the first term the latter had ever begun with  
a determination to learn. That he was now  
so determined was proved by the answer he  
gave to his teacher on the first day of school,  
when she asked him among other things,  
what he wanted to do, it was this: "I want  
ter git ter know ez much ez Jennie Long  
does."

How did he come out? Well, he went to  
school every term for three years. He stud-  
ied evenings, and all the time when not at  
work during vacations. By incessant devo-  
tion to books through these three years, he  
was able to master all the text books used in  
that institution. For the last two terms of  
the course he was a member of Jennie's  
classes. He graduated when she did, and in  
most of their joint studies, was marked sev-  
eral points above her.

How did Jim think when he came out?  
Going home with Jennie that last day, after  
school had closed, he repeated the words  
Mr. Long had spoken three years before—  
"Yain't nowhere's side uv her," and thought  
they were truer now than ever.

Had the "want ter git ter know" with  
which he began, given place to a "want"  
less likely to be satisfied?

If Jennie had been aware that her own  
views concerning the result of their rivalry  
—if it were such—coincided with Jim's, she  
probably would not have expressed herself  
as she did to her mother that evening, when  
they were alone.

"I suppose," said she, "he thinks he's  
done a wonderful thing, but I don't. If I  
had studied and studied and studied as he  
has, I should have been far ahead of the  
great—great—giant. But of course I don't  
care a fig about it, mamma."

Whether Jennie's remarks indicated a  
happy frame of mind or not, might be a ques-  
tion. But without question she used a very  
happy word when she spoke of Jim as a giant,  
for he really was a mighty youth. Jen-  
nie was really petite. She knew it; but it  
did not trouble her that those girls who were  
familiar with her, called her "Little Jennie  
Long."

Jim knew that he was of great stature for  
his age, and was a little sensitive on that  
point. I don't think he fancied being called  
"Big Jim." And it may have been his av-  
ersion to that name that accounted partly for  
his blushing so deeply one morning of his  
last term, when he had taken his seat at the  
opening of school. Some mischievous youth  
had written a stanza on the blackboard—  
which was on the wall that faced the seats—  
and written it in such a large hand that ev-  
ery scholar could read it from where he sat.  
This is a copy of the lofty verse, which the  
teacher hastened to erase, as soon as she  
discovered what the scholars were laughing at:

"But one dares write—what every one knows—  
That several little fellows fret  
Because a chance they never get  
To walk and talk with Jennie Long.  
Who hinders them? Big Jim—the strong;  
He comes with her, and with her goes,  
And thinks she wants him, I suppose."

When Jim's eyes caught that, his face  
turned very red, as red as Jennie's.

The youth who wrote that poem "dared"  
to write it; but he did not dare to make him-  
self known.

Of course it was nothing but "boy's play,"  
but Jim felt that he was near enough to be-  
ing a man to look at it from a man's stand-  
point. And looking at it in that light, he  
thought it proper to tell Jennie that night  
when they went home that he was very sorry  
that some mean fellow had annoyed her in  
such a way, and that he would find out the  
puppy who wrote the stuff, and give him a  
sound thrashing.

But Jennie, to the surprise of Jim, could  
not see wherein she had been injured to an  
extent that demanded any such course as he  
proposed to take. And she dissuaded him from  
his sanguinary purpose. Not easily,  
however, but by arguments made in an ear-  
nest manner, and urged more and more  
strongly until he was conquered.

Without meaning it, perhaps, Jennie said  
some things, before they reached her father's  
door, that were calculated to mislead Jim as  
to the place he occupied in her thoughts. It  
was nothing positively encouraging, but  
something that came near to being that than  
anything she had ever before said to him.

Of course it must have been unintentional,  
for nothing in that line was repeated during  
their walks to and from school the remain-  
der of the term. And when the term closed,  
as was said before, Jim felt that she was far-  
ther from him than ever. He saw with the  
clearness of vision that is characteristic of  
young men in his state of mind, the hope-  
lessness of any attempt to make himself her  
equal in any respect, and then acted as a  
youth in his circumstances usually does. He  
intended to remain with Mr. Long until he  
was of age, for he knew he could be of great  
service to the farmer in the two years that  
intervened between the present and that  
time. And he wished to pay the latter for  
his kindness to him.

For the first few months of those two years  
he was apparently quite self-possessed in his  
association with Jennie. But that is all that  
can be said to his credit. He broke down,  
utterly succumbed—before six months had  
passed, proposed; he told Jennie he did not  
baste her for not caring for him, and hoped  
he would forgive him for offering such a poor  
creature as himself to one like her! that he  
could not help it; that he felt he must know  
what he was to her, and now he did know.

Jim had discovered Jennie, the evening  
when he asked that question, sitting on the  
bench under the great maple back of the  
house. There she left him and went into the  
house and there for a long time he remained  
after she had gone, sitting in her place, with  
a sensation at his heart, unlike anything he  
had ever before experienced. Not contented  
to let "well enough" alone, he had gone

from the negative conjunctive comfort of con-  
jecture into the positive pain of certainty.

The next morning he entered upon his la-  
bors with less encouragement than Jacob  
did upon his, after Laban's second promise.  
Less by as much as a refusal is less than a  
promise.

And Jennie? If her night's sleep had been  
less sweet and refreshing, she showed no  
signs of it. She appeared to be merrier than  
she had been for some time. Early in the  
day, when she and her mother were en-  
gaged in the labors of the household, she  
surprised the latter very much by a "season"  
of laughing—a season of very violent laugh-  
ing.

"Jennie!" exclaimed Mrs. Long, at last,  
dropping into a chair, "what does all you?"

"Why, mamma, ain't the funniest thing—  
I've been proposed to! By whom?"

"By Jim."

"By our Jim, Jennie?"

"Our Jim, mamma."

"The foolish boy! Of course you told  
him kindly that you were both too young to  
think of marriage. Your father was twenty-  
six and it was twenty-two when we were  
married. What did you tell him, Jennie?"

"I told him—no!"

"That was right; only I hope you did not  
hurt his feelings any more than was neces-  
sary. I trust he will soon forget all about it."

"What, mamma?"

"I mean, Jennie, that I hope he will see  
how foolish he has been, and forget all about  
you before he goes away."

"Oh, certainly, I—I hope he will—will—  
forget, and—see how it is,—before then.  
He's poor, you know—very poor. I—I told  
him so. I wanted to—help—him for—  
get, as you say, and so I said in case I mar-  
ried, in the course of twenty or twenty-five  
years, I should probably wed a very rich  
man, and then I shouldn't be any trouble to  
my husband, but that I shouldn't do  
for a poor man at all."

"Well, Jennie, I do sincerely hope that  
he may soon care as little for you as you do  
for him."

As the months passed by, Mrs. Long,  
watching Jim, concluded he had not suffered  
much by the rejection he had received. The  
kind-hearted woman was glad to think that  
he was so. Considering all things, the less at-  
tention her daughter had for the young fel-  
low, the better.

Jennie, also, hoping, as we may suppose,  
that Jim, for the sake of his peace of mind,  
would outgrow his affection for her, after a  
little while, decided that he had. She was  
very glad of it. And yet there was a tinge  
of melancholy in the discovery. She was  
glad for his sake, because he had suffered so  
—but it was, abstractly considered, a very  
solemn thought that so strong an attachment  
should be so short-lived. Not that she  
would have had it last longer in this particu-  
lar case—O no; but there might come a  
time when she should want to know that the  
one who had so great a regard for her was  
to have it forever. But what was she to ex-  
pect? Was Jim a fair sample of mankind in  
this respect?

If Farmer Long had been an observing  
man all these days, he would have seen com-  
ing into Jim's face, something that could not  
have failed to remind him of the days when  
the youth's mother and Mrs. Long were  
girls, and the best looking ones in the vil-  
lage. The father's strength had come into  
Jim's body and limbs; but he was getting  
his mother's face by installments. These  
were to be his possessions when he was of  
age.

As his twenty-first year drew toward its  
close, he could not tell whether to be glad or  
sorry for it. His reason told him to go and  
forget—he had not forgotten, you see—in  
the excitement of business somewhere, his  
disappointment. But that heart of his kept  
forever answering,—"Stay another year."

He was in this state of mind the day he  
was twenty-one. After dinner that day he went  
toward the barn under the great maple.  
He went there that he might be alone to de-  
cide whether he should follow the dictates  
of his reason, or give way to the longings of  
his heart. Reason at last carried the day.  
He arose from his seat, and said aloud and  
decisively,—"I shall go!"

He had told the family all along that he  
should go away when he became of age. He  
was glad they knew it, and had become re-  
conciled (perhaps wished) it. He was set  
upon looking straight ahead now, and deter-  
mined not to look back.

And he did look straight ahead. Look?—  
he stared for a second or two, and then went  
ahead, straight and fast. Up the slightly-  
ascending meadow, Jennie was running to-  
ward the house, and not far behind her was  
the four-year-old line-bag pursuing. It was  
fortunate for Jennie Long then that Jim  
was near, and that he was "big" and strong  
and brave. Jim was bent on getting be-  
tween Jennie and the mad brute, and he  
could not stop to find weapons. He rushed  
past her, and at that moment her strength  
gave way and she fell. If Jim had made a  
mis-move—but he did not. With great dex-  
terity, he seized the animal by the horns as  
it came up, and putting forth all his strength,  
drew its head with such force and sudden-  
ness to one side as to throw it down. Then  
springing to where Jennie had arisen, and  
stood unable to move from fright, he caught  
her in his arms, and bore her to a place of  
safety over the wall.

When Jennie could speak, she turned  
to Jim and asked:—"What if you had been  
killed?"

"Oh, there would have been a beggar  
less, that's all," he said, and walked away.

An hour later, Jim, in a deep reverie, was  
sitting under the old maple. He heard the  
rustling of a dress, the sound of approach-  
ing footsteps, and then Jennie's gentle call—  
"Jim?"

He arose and looked at her.

"Jim—do you hate me?"

"No; worse than that—for me."

"Worse? Then you—don't—feel towards  
me as—as you did once?"

"No; for I love you more."

"Truly, Jim?"

"Truly."

"Well, then you may read what I have  
written on this paper, but don't open it till I  
get a long way off."

She handed him the paper and turned and  
walked in the direction of the house. Jim  
was not long in opening that note and read-  
ing,—

"DEAR JIM:  
Don't go away, JENNIE."

Nor did the writer get a "long way off" be-  
fore he overtook her.

When Jim and Jennie entered the house a  
little later, together, Farmer Long looked at  
them sharply for a moment, and then, as if  
what he saw warranted him, he arose and  
also handed Jim a paper, saying, as he did  
so:—

"I should like ter hev yeou look this ere  
dockment over'n see ef it's kerrect. I don't  
want no mistake 'bout it. The place that  
Jines mine was fur sale'n I've bought it.  
That ere's the deed on't."



Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in ad-

The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

The committee appointed to take some action toward procuring a bust of Hon. Henry Wilson, the first colored officer of the regiment, to be placed in Doric Hall, reported through Gen. Sherwin, that a bust of Mr. Wilson had been presented to the State in 1873 by Mr. Whiting, and had been placed in the State Library. That during the last winter the committee had petitioned the Legislature to have it removed to the niche in the gallery of the State House, and that the


lavishly for the Revolutionary contest, but especially because she gave us the first company for our Regiment, Company F. I give all the credit for our achievements to the rank and file. I could have been no General—we could have had no country, without the rank and file. They had the

for you. God grant that we never cease to do honor to you. Massachusetts was the first among her equals to send her sons to the field. It is good that her children should keep alive in their hearts the story of those days. But we want patriotism which can

ve liberty and human rights; so long as  
ne nation preserves a record of the struggle  
at of which she came, grand and triumph-  
ant, yet, mourning like a Rachel for her  
children, may the memory of both be kept  
green.

lifers yet. Co. B was made up of good men, and it had its full share of fighting. It was soon transferred to the command of Co. A. Lieut. Parker was promoted to the Brigadier staff, and one after another was detailed, until it seemed as if Co. B was obliged to furnish the staff of the entire division.

TALBOT AND LONG.—The friends of these gentlemen propose to organize for business this Saturday evening, at 161 Main street.

 Tickets for the Star Course for sale.  
by T. M. Parker.



**ELECTION.**—The Ladies' Social Benevolent Society connected with the First Congregational Church, held their eighth annual election of officers in the church parlor last Thursday evening. President, Miss Susan E. Edgell; Vice President, Mrs. J. K. Murdoch; Secretary, Miss Lillie Thompson; Treasurer, Miss Gertrude L. Thompson. The object of the society, in addition to its benevolent work, is to cultivate a more social acquaintance among the members of the church and congregation, and to promote this object, pleasant musical and literary entertainments are given at each monthly meeting, the second Thursday evening of each month. All are welcome.

**ACCIDENT.**—At Crane's currying shop, on Cross Street last Friday afternoon, Patrick Hickey fell from the garret room to the ground floor. He was leaning forward to the gangway, and giving a push to a pile of splits, when the endless rope beneath the splits broke; the splits went, and, of course, Hickey also. His fall was broken by the leather, so that he is at work again, with only a little lameness left.

**ACCIDENTS.**—A son of John Larkins, of North Warren street, fell from Chestnut tree last Saturday, fracturing the left forearm.

A boy by the name of Rooney, living on Middlesex street, broke his left arm near the elbow, by falling from an apple tree, on Saturday.

A son of Thomas Harney fell down stairs Monday, and broke his elbow.

**BURGLARY.**—The market of W. S. Bennett, at 145 Main Street, was entered on Wednesday night about 10 o'clock, by some one who gained entrance through the opening over the front door. Some four or five dollars, mostly in coppers, were taken from the money drawer, and the papers and other contents of the office were thoroughly mixed.

**RECEPTION.**—Doctor and Mrs. Daniel March, of Pittsburg, Pa., were given a reception at the house of Rev. Dr. March, last Monday evening. The young Dr. graduated at the Woburn High School, and has many friends here. A silver tea service was presented to the bride party during the evening.

**NEW FISH MARKET.**—Messrs. E. D. West & Co., have fitted up the rooms at 198 Main Street, for a fish market, and will open on Thursday, Oct. 17, with a full stock of everything wanted in their line. These gentlemen are well known in town, and will doubtless merit a liberal patronage.

**FESTIVAL.**—The ladies of Trinity Episcopal church will hold a festival in Grand Army Hall, next Monday evening. The admission is put at the low price of 10 cents. The attractions will be numerous, and the prices reasonable.

**LOOK OUT FOR THE GYPSIES.**—A party of Gypsies that went through town last week attempted to kidnap a little daughter of C. W. Nute. They took her into one of their wagons, but the little girl, watching her opportunity jumped out and escaped.

**POLICE COURT.**—D. F. Donovan and Henry Cass, drunk; \$3 and costs, Joseph Evans drunk, committed for non-payment; A. J. Brown and A. J. Mower for assault on Dennis Kearney, \$5 and costs each.

**PORTRAIT.**—The ladies of the Unitarian Society have procured a life-size crayon portrait of Mr. Barnes, and placed it in the church parlor. The picture was made by Mr. Albert Thompson.

**DIRECTORS.**—The North Woburn Street Railroad Company last Tuesday evening, chose the following directors:—E. E. Thompson, Dexter Carter, H. E. Carter, J. R. Carter, J. M. Eaton.

**RUNAWAYS.**—Two boys named Herbert Dennis and Edward Towner, started out for themselves, the other day, and after several days tramping were escorted home by the police.

**SELECTMEN.**—At a special meeting Thursday evening, it was voted to request the Mystic Valley R. R. to complete their bridge on Kilby Street as soon as possible.

**SAVINGS BANK.**—The Bank stock owned by the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, has increased in value \$11,000 since the last report.

**RUNAWAY.**—Friday morning an ice team runaway on Fowle street, smashed a fish cart and seriously injured a horse.

**DEDICATION.**—St. John's institute will be dedicated on the 22d inst. The public are invited.

**Burlington.**—On Monday of this week, Oct. 7th, Mr. Edmund Skelton of Bedford picked a cluster of blossoms from one of his apple-trees. This is only to be rivalled by the genial proprietor of "Pine Hill Cottage," who gave us, a few weeks ago a bouquet of strawberry blossoms and ripe and green berries.

**CONCERT.**—There will be a Harvest Concert at the church, next Sunday evening at seven o'clock.

**Winchester.**—Mr. Walter H. Safford, reporter for the Saturday Evening Express is reported as having broken his leg at the accident on the Old Colony.

**BOAT RACES.**—There were interesting boat races on Wedge Pond, on Tuesday and Thursday of this week. On Tuesday there were five races. The first race was a single scull, with Whitehall boats. Charles A. Prince took the first prize, going over the course in 5 minutes, 10 seconds. F. A. Patterson was but little behind, making the time in five minutes, 25 seconds, and taking the second prize. In the next race the boats were like the Southern Confederacy in its last days—mere shells. In this shell, or single scull out-rigger race, Gordon Prince went through in 9 minutes, 30 seconds, taking the first prize, and Geo. H. Thynk took the second prize. The next contest was between the double sculls with Whitehall boats. M. H. Prince and Chas. A. Prince took the first prize—time, 7 minutes, 24 seconds. The second prize was given to Frank Wellington and John Fowler, whose time was 7 minutes, 42 seconds. In the pair-oared race with

Whitehall boats, F. A. Patterson and Geo. Law, took the first prize—time, 7 minutes, 35 seconds. The second prize was given to C. A. Prince and W. D. Sanborn. The third prize to John Spicer and Chas. Whitton. The judges were Dr. Geo. P. Brown, N. Frank Marble, Charles L. Harrington, Leone S. Quimby, Charles Juddins. The Woburn Brass Band assisted with its fine music, and the attendance was large.

The sailing races on Thursday afternoon were not started until 4.56. The course to be sailed over was about seven-eighths of a mile around, and marked by flags and stationary boats. The contestants were to go around four times. At the start the wind was very fresh from the west, but it was afterward interrupted by calm. At sunset the wind freshened up from the northeast, which sent in the last boats at a flying pace just after dark. Owing to the lateness of the hour when the third run was in progress the judges decided to omit the fourth run. Paul Windsor came in as winner of the first prize, a silver pickle jar, at 124 minutes past six, having made the three runs in 1 hour 16 minutes, 30 seconds, Patterson came in for the second prize, 2 minutes and 10 seconds behind Windsor, making his time one hour, eighteen minutes, forty seconds. The winner of the third prize was Frank Wellington, whose time was 1 hour 23 minutes, 30 seconds. Geo. Riley took the fourth prize. The order in which the remaining contestants came in, was: 5th, C. A. Juddins; 6th, Geo. Shattuck; 7th, Henry Plummer; 8th, Geo. Law. The Judges were the same as for Tuesday.

"It seems as if I should cough my head off" is sometimes the impatient exclamation of a sufferer from Cough. Quell the coughs with *Honey of Horehound and Tar*. The relief is immediate and the cure certain. Sold by all Druggists. Price: Twelve Drops each in 1 bottle.

## Special Notices.

**A CARD.**  
The undersigned, former members of the 22d Reg. Mass. Vol., now residing in Woburn, desire to express our thanks to the people of Woburn who extended such a generous welcome to our comrades of the 22d Regiment and 3d Light Battery Association, on the occasion of their visit to town. We shall especially remember the gentlemen who served on the Committee of Arrangements; the Selectmen, for the use of their rooms and Lyceum Hall; Post 23, for their escort and the use of their hall; the ladies who contributed flowers; the citizens who decorated their buildings; the friends who furnished material aid; and all others who contributed in any way to the success of the occasion.

J. T. NEWCOMB, Co. F, W. B. SMITH, Co. F,  
J. L. PARKER, " J. SHEPARD, "  
C. H. DAY, " K. L. FLINT, "  
O. M. WADE, " L. MAXFIELD, "  
R. B. PENNEY, " P. McGOFF, "  
C. CROWLEY, " S. R. MONTGOMERY, "  
M. MURPHY, " J. H. SYMONDS, Co. D,  
Woburn, October 6, 1878.

**DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.**  
The grocery business heretofore carried on at Central Square under the firm name of Parker & Clark, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. T. M. Parker is authorized to collect and pay all bills of said firm.  
T. M. PARKER,  
F. H. CLARRIDGE.

**For Sale and To Let.**  
**TO LET.**—A house, with stable and garden, on Pleasant St., Woburn, 11 rooms, gas and Horns Pond Water. Inquire of WILLIAM WINN. 56

**Married.**  
In Woburn, Oct. 10, by Rev. Wm. S. Barnes, Mr. Robert W. Phinney, of Boston, and Miss Lillie M. Clough, of Woburn. No cards.

In Woburn, Oct. 10, by Rev. Wm. S. Barnes, Mr. Charles H. Snell and Miss Ida L. Blaisdell, both of North Woburn.

**STATIONERY.**  
A great variety of Stationery in boxes and in bulk, plain or fancy.  
At DODGE'S DRUG STORE,  
105 Main Street, near Bank Block.

**Died.**  
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.  
In Woburn, Oct. 5, Gilbert Tapley, aged 81 years.  
In Woburn, Oct. 7, Sarah T. Butters, aged 75 yrs., 7 months.

In Winchester, Oct. 2, Joseph, son of Michael and Mary McGee, aged 12 months, 7 days.  
In East Candia, N. H., Sept. 27, Frank Lee, son of C. W. and C. E. Philbrook, aged 6 months.

**BOARDS WANTED.**  
A few boarders can be accommodated with good board and pleasant rooms, with furnace heat, at  
GILMAN'S,  
Corner of Montvale and Eastern Avenues, Woburn.

**NEW FISH MARKET.**  
The undersigned would call the attention of the public to the **NEW FISH MARKET** which has been fitted up in first-class manner at  
NO 198 MAIN STREET,  
Opposite the Post Office, and which will be opened for business  
On Thursday, October 17.

They propose to keep on hand all kinds of  
**FISH, OYSTERS, CLAMS, &c.,**  
In their season.

Customers supplied at their houses, anywhere in town; oysters kept fresh every day at the market. We are determined to merit the public favor, and hope to receive a fair share of patronage.  
**E. D. WEST & Co.,**  
Woburn, Oct. 10, 1878.

**Report of the Condition of**  
**The First National Bank of Woburn,**  
at Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business, Oct. 1, 1878.

**RESOURCES.**  
Loans and discounts, \$211,629 15  
U. S. Bonds on hand, 300,000 00  
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages, 140,000 00  
Due from approved reserve agents, 35,531 70  
Due from banks and other institutions, 25,851 91  
Current expenses and taxes paid, 40 50  
Checks and other cash items, 161 63  
Bills of other banks, 2,675 90  
Specie (including gold Treasury certificates), 2,427 50  
Legal-tender notes, 6,294 00  
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, 13,500 00  
(5 per cent of circulation)  
Total, \$746,568 39

**LIABILITIES.**  
Capital stock paid in, \$300,000 00  
Surplus fund, 75,000 00  
Undivided profits, 1,132 58  
National Bank Notes outstanding, 250,000 00  
Dividends unpaid, 7,084 00  
Individual deposits subject to check, 109,553 67  
Demand certificates of deposit, 696 14  
Total, \$746,568 39

**STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS—COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.**  
J. R. Green, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of Oct. 1878.  
JOHN W. JOHNSON, Justice of the Peace.

**CORRECT—Attest:**  
E. D. HAYDEN,  
JOHN JOHNSON, } Directors.  
E. N. BLAKE,

## GRAND REPUBLICAN Ratification MEETING

—AT—  
**LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,**  
—ON—  
**TUESDAY, October 15th,**  
At 7.45 o'clock, P. M.

Hon. JOHN CUMMINGS  
Will preside. Speaking by  
**Hon. GEO. F. HOAR,**  
OF WORCESTER, and  
**Hon. S. Z. BOWMAN,**  
OF SOMERVILLE.

Gallery reserved for Ladies until 7.30 P. M.

**TALBOT and LONG.**  
ALL VOTERS OF WOBURN,  
In favor of the election of the above candidates, are invited to meet at the  
**CLUB ROOM, 161 Main St.,**  
**SATURDAY EVE'G, OCTOBER 12,**  
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

For the purpose of forming a Talbot & Long club, and transacting any other business that may properly come before the meeting.  
Per order of Republican Town Committee.  
Woburn, Oct. 9, 1878.

**Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.**  
To Adeline Seaver, now or late of Woburn, Mass., widow, and to any and all other persons having or claiming any interest in and to the heretofore described premises.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by said Adeline Seaver to Helen E. Little, of Acton, Middlesex County, Mass., widow, May 10, A. D. 1872, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., Lib. 1201, fol. 428, which said mortgage, on Tuesday, the 22d day of October, A. D. 1878, at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said county of Middlesex, on the easterly side of Beacon street, late a private way or street, leading southerly out of Beacon street to Horn Pond, and bounded as follows, viz:—beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, at land formerly of D. B. Osgood, but now of Jacob Brown, thence the line runs westerly by land of E. W. Hudson, one hundred and seven feet and eight inches, to a stake; thence north about forty-five degrees west by land of said Hudson, twenty-eight feet and eight inches to a stake at said Beacon street; thence northerly on and by said Beacon street, to land of heirs of Charles F. Carline; thence easterly by land last named, to land now or formerly of Adeline Seaver, thence southerly by land last named to the point of beginning, being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said Adeline Seaver, her heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.  
HELEN E. LITTLE, Mortgagee.  
Woburn, Mass., September 28, 1878.

**Wilmot's**  
Gentlemen's Pantaloons,  
—READY-MADE—  
\$1.25 / \$1.75 / 2.00,  
\$2.50 / 2.50 / 2.75 / 3.00,  
\$3.50 / 4.00 / 4.50 / 5.00.

**Gentlemen's Winter Overcoats.**  
—READY-MADE—  
\$5 / 6 / 7 / 8 / 9 / 10,  
\$11 / 12 / 13 / 14 / 15,  
\$16 / 17 / 18 / 19 / 20.

**Boys' Overcoats.**  
AGE 3 to 18 YEARS,  
\$2.50 / 3 / 3.50 / 4 / 4.50 / 5,  
\$5.50 / 6 / 6.50 / 7 / 7.50,  
\$8 / 8.50 / 9 / 9.50 / 10.

**GENTLEMEN'S**  
**CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.**  
Garments made from measure, good work, good trimmings and a perfect fitting guaranteed.

**ALL WOOL SUITS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL OVERCOATS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL PANTALOONS, \$1!**  
Buy your clothing of the manufacturer and save TWO or THREE middlemen's profits.

**WILMOT'S**  
—203—  
747, 749 and 751  
Washington St., Boston.

**NEW BOOK** IN PRESS  
**AGENTS WANTED!**  
**THE INDUSTRIAL**  
**HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES**

Being a complete history of all the important industries of America, including Agricultural, Mechanical, Manufacturing, Mining, Commercial and other Enterprises, 300 Fine Engravings. No work like it ever published. Will sell at eight. Agents, this is the book for you to introduce. Address Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn.

**MISS CLOUGH**  
Will receive a few more pupils in  
**VOCAL CULTURE**  
At her residence on Bennett street.  
Woburn, Oct. 6th, 1878.

**WILMOT'S**  
Gentlemen's Pantaloons,  
—READY-MADE—  
\$1.25 / \$1.75 / 2.00,  
\$2.50 / 2.50 / 2.75 / 3.00,  
\$3.50 / 4.00 / 4.50 / 5.00.

**Gentlemen's Winter Overcoats.**  
—READY-MADE—  
\$5 / 6 / 7 / 8 / 9 / 10,  
\$11 / 12 / 13 / 14 / 15,  
\$16 / 17 / 18 / 19 / 20.

**Boys' Overcoats.**  
AGE 3 to 18 YEARS,  
\$2.50 / 3 / 3.50 / 4 / 4.50 / 5,  
\$5.50 / 6 / 6.50 / 7 / 7.50,  
\$8 / 8.50 / 9 / 9.50 / 10.

**GENTLEMEN'S**  
**CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.**  
Garments made from measure, good work, good trimmings and a perfect fitting guaranteed.

**ALL WOOL SUITS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL OVERCOATS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL PANTALOONS, \$1!**  
Buy your clothing of the manufacturer and save TWO or THREE middlemen's profits.

**WILMOT'S**  
—203—  
747, 749 and 751  
Washington St., Boston.

**NEW BOOK** IN PRESS  
**AGENTS WANTED!**  
**THE INDUSTRIAL**  
**HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES**

Being a complete history of all the important industries of America, including Agricultural, Mechanical, Manufacturing, Mining, Commercial and other Enterprises, 300 Fine Engravings. No work like it ever published. Will sell at eight. Agents, this is the book for you to introduce. Address Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn.

**MISS CLOUGH**  
Will receive a few more pupils in  
**VOCAL CULTURE**  
At her residence on Bennett street.  
Woburn, Oct. 6th, 1878.

**WILMOT'S**  
Gentlemen's Pantaloons,  
—READY-MADE—  
\$1.25 / \$1.75 / 2.00,  
\$2.50 / 2.50 / 2.75 / 3.00,  
\$3.50 / 4.00 / 4.50 / 5.00.

**Gentlemen's Winter Overcoats.**  
—READY-MADE—  
\$5 / 6 / 7 / 8 / 9 / 10,  
\$11 / 12 / 13 / 14 / 15,  
\$16 / 17 / 18 / 19 / 20.

**Boys' Overcoats.**  
AGE 3 to 18 YEARS,  
\$2.50 / 3 / 3.50 / 4 / 4.50 / 5,  
\$5.50 / 6 / 6.50 / 7 / 7.50,  
\$8 / 8.50 / 9 / 9.50 / 10.

**GENTLEMEN'S**  
**CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.**  
Garments made from measure, good work, good trimmings and a perfect fitting guaranteed.

**ALL WOOL SUITS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL OVERCOATS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL PANTALOONS, \$1!**  
Buy your clothing of the manufacturer and save TWO or THREE middlemen's profits.

## Millinery OPENING

—AT—  
**John P. Fernald's.**  
We shall have the pleasure of displaying our Fall and Winter Styles of  
**Trimmed Hats and Bonnets,**  
**FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,**  
**October 11th & 12th,**  
to which we call the attention of our friends and customers.

We would remind our friends, also, that as our practice last season, customers who purchase Hats and Trimmings at our counter, will have them trimmed  
**Free of Expense.**

We guarantee, also, that the work shall be done by experienced and competent Milliners, and in first-class shape. As indicative of this, we invite attention to the different styles we shall exhibit at our Opening, and we hope to receive a reasonable share of patronage.

**JOHN P. FERNALD,**  
WOBURN, MASS.  
185 Main St. (Lyceum Hall Building).

**RE-OPENED.**  
**KELLEY'S**  
**Boot and Shoe Store,**  
209 Main Street,  
WOBURN.

Opens again with a large and well assorted stock  
—OF—  
**WOMEN'S, MISSES', & CHILDREN'S**  
**GOODS.**

**The New Bedford Stock,**  
Composed of Ladies', Misses' and Children's French Kid Side Lace and Button, and French Gout Button Boots, are

**Specialties**  
of this establishment, which will be found well worthy of inspection.

There is also on hand a large assortment of  
**Men's, Boys' and Youth's**  
**Goods,**  
New and of the latest styles. Also a large supply of  
**RUBBER GOODS.** All of which will be  
**Sold CHEAP for CASH.**

REPAIRING done with the usual promptness and neatness.  
**WILMOT'S**  
**CLOTHING HOUSE**

**Gentlemen's Pantaloons,**  
—READY-MADE—  
\$1.25 / \$1.75 / 2.00,  
\$2.50 / 2.50 / 2.75 / 3.00,  
\$3.50 / 4.00 / 4.50 / 5.00.

**Gentlemen's Winter Overcoats.**  
—READY-MADE—  
\$5 / 6 / 7 / 8 / 9 / 10,  
\$11 / 12 / 13 / 14 / 15,  
\$16 / 17 / 18 / 19 / 20.

**Boys' Overcoats.**  
AGE 3 to 18 YEARS,  
\$2.50 / 3 / 3.50 / 4 / 4.50 / 5,  
\$5.50 / 6 / 6.50 / 7 / 7.50,  
\$8 / 8.50 / 9 / 9.50 / 10.

**GENTLEMEN'S**  
**CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.**  
Garments made from measure, good work, good trimmings and a perfect fitting guaranteed.

**ALL WOOL SUITS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL OVERCOATS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL PANTALOONS, \$1!**  
Buy your clothing of the manufacturer and save TWO or THREE middlemen's profits.

**WILMOT'S**  
—203—  
747, 749 and 751  
Washington St., Boston.

**NEW BOOK** IN PRESS  
**AGENTS WANTED!**  
**THE INDUSTRIAL**  
**HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES**

Being a complete history of all the important industries of America, including Agricultural, Mechanical, Manufacturing, Mining, Commercial and other Enterprises, 300 Fine Engravings. No work like it ever published. Will sell at eight. Agents, this is the book for you to introduce. Address Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn.

**MISS CLOUGH**  
Will receive a few more pupils in  
**VOCAL CULTURE**  
At her residence on Bennett street.  
Woburn, Oct. 6th, 1878.

**WILMOT'S**  
Gentlemen's Pantaloons,  
—READY-MADE—  
\$1.25 / \$1.75 / 2.00,  
\$2.50 / 2.50 / 2.75 / 3.00,  
\$3.50 / 4.00 / 4.50 / 5.00.

**Gentlemen's Winter Overcoats.**  
—READY-MADE—  
\$5 / 6 / 7 / 8 / 9 / 10,  
\$11 / 12 / 13 / 14 / 15,  
\$16 / 17 / 18 / 19 / 20.

**Boys' Overcoats.**  
AGE 3 to 18 YEARS,  
\$2.50 / 3 / 3.50 / 4 / 4.50 / 5,  
\$5.50 / 6 / 6.50 / 7 / 7.50,  
\$8 / 8.50 / 9 / 9.50 / 10.

**GENTLEMEN'S**  
**CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.**  
Garments made from measure, good work, good trimmings and a perfect fitting guaranteed.

**ALL WOOL SUITS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL OVERCOATS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL PANTALOONS, \$1!**  
Buy your clothing of the manufacturer and save TWO or THREE middlemen's profits.

**WILMOT'S**  
—203—  
747, 749 and 751  
Washington St., Boston.

**NEW BOOK** IN PRESS  
**AGENTS WANTED!**  
**THE INDUSTRIAL**  
**HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES**

Being a complete history of all the important industries of America, including Agricultural, Mechanical, Manufacturing, Mining, Commercial and other Enterprises, 300 Fine Engravings. No work like it ever published. Will sell at eight. Agents, this is the book for you to introduce. Address Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn.

**MISS CLOUGH**  
Will receive a few more pupils in  
**VOCAL CULTURE**  
At her residence on Bennett street.  
Woburn, Oct. 6th, 1878.

**WILMOT'S**  
Gentlemen's Pantaloons,  
—READY-MADE—  
\$1.25 / \$1.75 / 2.00,  
\$2.50 / 2.50 / 2.75 / 3.00,  
\$3.50 / 4.00 / 4.50 / 5.00.

**Gentlemen's Winter Overcoats.**  
—READY-MADE—  
\$5 / 6 / 7 / 8 / 9 / 10,  
\$11 / 12 / 13 / 14 / 15,  
\$16 / 17 / 18 / 19 / 20.

**Boys' Overcoats.**  
AGE 3 to 18 YEARS,  
\$2.50 / 3 / 3.50 / 4 / 4.50 / 5,  
\$5.50 / 6 / 6.50 / 7 / 7.50,  
\$8 / 8.50 / 9 / 9.50 / 10.

**GENTLEMEN'S**  
**CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.**  
Garments made from measure, good work, good trimmings and a perfect fitting guaranteed.

**ALL WOOL SUITS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL OVERCOATS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL PANTALOONS, \$1!**  
Buy your clothing of the manufacturer and save TWO or THREE middlemen's profits.

## New Winter Clothing

**NEW AND STYLISH HATS.**  
**New Furnishing Goods, Cardigan Jackets, Underclothing, Hosiery, SUSPENDERS, &c.**

Having just received a new line of goods and marked them at low prices, we are sure of giving good satisfaction to our customers. Give us a call. We are Agents for the celebrated  
**TROY LAUNDRY.**  
**CUSHING & BUCK,**  
8 Wade Block. - - 174 Main Street, opposite Bank Block.

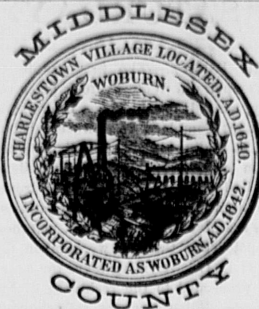
**CLOTHING,**  
**Hats and Caps, New and Nobby Styles**  
**FURNISHING GOODS.**

Having just returned from among the manufacturers of New York and other places, where I have ordered a fine stock of  
**Men's and Boy's Clothing, Hats, & Furnishing Goods,**  
which we shall be desirous of showing the trade. Not only contains a good assortment of nice goods, but some goods of the very cheapest in the market, which will be marked at the very bottom prices for cash. While we have in stock nice Suits from twenty to thirty dollars, we have obtained some Suits that will do good service, which we shall sell for seven to ten dollars. Remember these are Men's Suits; we have Boys' at very much lower prices. We have









VOL. XXVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1878.

NO. 42

### Handkerchief Extracts.

For Sale by the Ounce, the following odors:

Trailing Arbutus, Ocean Spray, Mignonette,	Eglantine, Eos Boquet, Wood Violet,	Queen of Scots, Kellogg Boquet, Mary Stuart,
—WE HAVE ALSO,—		
Egyptian Lotus, White Rose, Patchouly, Hellebore, White Lilac, Lily of the Valley, Arcadian Pink,	Jockey Club, Tuberose, West End, New Mown Hay, Tea Rose, Musk, Jasmin,	Cashmere Boquet, Stephanotis, Violet, Floralina, Marechale, Persian Boquet,

These goods are culled from the stock of the following manufacturers:—LUBIN; LAZELL, MARSH & GARDNER; SOLOS PALMER; ROBINSON & Co., and ALFRED WRIGHT. And with our assortment we can suit the most fastidious taste.

**WILLIAM W. HILL, WOBURN.**

### Florist.

**S. W. Twombly & Sons,  
FLORISTS,  
And Dealers in  
ANTIQUE POTTERY,  
101 Tremont street,  
BOSTON.**

### Professional Cards.

**A. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.,  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 5 P. M.**

**JOHN G. MAGUIRE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.**  
Office Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**George H. Conn,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 150 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.**

**CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston,  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.**

**GEO. W. NORRIS,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
OFFICES—53 State Street, Boston, and at Resi-  
dence, Corner of Pleasant and Court Sts., Woburn.**

**A. B. COFFIN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 Scho. Street.**

**DR. O. P. ROGERS,  
DENTIST,  
139½ Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.**

**CHESTER W. CLARK,  
Counsellor at Law,  
No. 61 COURT STREET,  
Room 2, BOSTON.**

**J. R. CARTER & Co.,  
168 Main Street, Woburn.  
Auctioneers, and  
Brokers in Real Estate.**

**HENRY HILLER, M. D.,  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.**

**Auctioneers.  
WILLIAM WINN,  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, MASS.**

**E. PRIOR,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, Boston.**

**Musical.  
Miss A. J. Campbell,  
desires a few pupils on the  
PIANO FORTE,  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable  
and the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.**

**CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, Proprietor**

**M. ELLIS & Co.,  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.**

**E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practice  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.**

### Business Cards.

**STEPHEN H. CUTTER,  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,  
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill  
Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.**

**A. BUCKMAN,  
Dealer in  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.  
160 Main Street, Woburn.**

**Photograph Gallery,  
1607 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.  
Club Pictures for schools and families, 12 tickets  
for \$10. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates by  
H. S. DUNSHIE, Artist.**

**R. C. HAYWARD,  
Dealer in  
GROCERIES,  
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.  
103 Main Street, - Woburn.**

**Carpenters.  
E. K. WILLOUGHBY,  
House and Job Carpenter,  
WALNUT ST., NEAR MAIN, WOBURN.**

**J. Horace Dean & Co.,  
Carpenters and Builders,  
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.  
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly  
attended to.**

**Machinists.  
ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,  
And Manufacturers of  
Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.**

**PORTER & YOUNG,  
(Successors to James Buel & Co.)  
MACHINISTS,  
Steam and Gas Fitters.  
25 MANUFACTURERS OF  
STEAM ENGINES.**

**Bakers.  
W. F. ESTABROOK,  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Bread, Cake, Pastry,  
AND  
FANCY CRACKERS  
OF ALL KINDS.**

**219 Main Street, Woburn.**

**CARRIAGES, HARNESES, &c.,  
Thoroughly built, finely finished, in all the latest  
styles. We make a specialty of the  
WHITNEY SIDE BAR.  
The finest road wagon in the world. We have also a  
large assortment of Second-Hand Carriages.  
Prices to suit the times.**

**INGALLS, WYER & Co.,  
147 to 153 Friend St., 54 to 60 Canal St., BOSTON.**

**ICE CREAM  
NEW SALOON.  
We shall REMOVE our Ice Cream Saloon, on  
Saturday, June 1, 1879, to  
No. 144 MAIN STREET,  
(Formerly occupied by Thompson & Mann), where  
we shall be pleased to serve the public with the best  
Ice Creams in all flavors, and in any quantity from the  
single glass to the hundred gallons. We shall run  
an Ice Cream Wagon through the town the same as  
last season. Ice Cream packed in freezers, delivered  
in any part of the town, free of charge.  
The store has been refitted and furnished especially  
for our business, and our friends will find in it all the  
convenience of the best Ice Cream saloon.  
In addition to the above we shall keep  
Bread, Cake, Pastry, Candy, Fruit & Nuts.  
S. H. PATTER.**

**ILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter  
Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and  
promptly executed at this office**

### Poetical Selection.

#### MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

Girl me with the strength of Thy steadfast hills!  
The speed of Thy streams give me!  
In the spirit that calms with the life that thrills,  
I would stand or run for Thee.  
Let me be Thy voice, or Thy silent power,—  
As the cataract or the peak,—  
An eternal thought in my earthly hour,  
Or the living God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose-tints of Thy skies  
Upon morning summits laid;  
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies  
Thy shuttle of light and shade;  
Let me rise and rejoice in Thy smile aright,  
As mountains and forests do;  
Let me welcome Thy twilight and Thy night,  
And wait for Thy dawn anew!

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung  
Under clank of its icy chain!  
Give me of the patience that hides among  
Thy hill-tops in mist and rain!  
Lift me up from the clod; let me breathe Thy breath;  
Thy beauty and strength give me!  
Let me lose both the name and the meaning of death  
In the life that I share with Thee!

—Sunday Afternoon for Oct.

### Selected Story.

#### A WIFE'S STORY.

When Mark Kerrison and I were married  
he held a good position in a prominent ship-  
ping house.

Mark was one of those unfortunate beings  
who, possessing the soul of a true artist, are  
yet denied the power which makes an artist  
successful. He thought that he was a gen-  
ius. He thought that if he painted pictures  
he should become rich and famous. When  
his mind became unsettled, he grew to hate  
the routine of the office, the plodding indus-  
try of his daily life. So he threw it all up  
one unlucky day and set up a studio.

Mark worshipped the beautiful in nature  
and art, and his brain was ever teeming with  
grand and glorious conceptions; but when  
he sought to give them life, and form, and  
coloring, he so failed that often the object of  
his labor for weeks, perhaps months, was de-  
stroyed in a desperate moment of haste, im-  
motivation, and self-decision. His easels  
rarely held a finished picture, though it was  
never empty of one in some stage of advanc-  
ment, exquisite in design, but imperfect in  
execution. His table was strewn with  
sketches, beautiful and full of promise, but,  
like the pictures, incomplete. He had even  
made some attempts at statuary, but in this  
also, he failed to shadow forth the visions of  
glory that shone in his soul.

For weeks this state of affairs existed, and  
as we must live, our house had been given  
up, and its contents sold piecemeal, as we  
wanted money.

"Never mind, Helen," he would say, "I  
shall have bags of gold some time."  
These days—when a fresh painting was  
begun—were joyful days to Mark. This new  
subject was yet more ambitious than the  
other, and doomed, I knew, to earlier failure.  
It put me out of spirits. The wonder was  
that he could not see it himself.

There was nothing but bread and butter  
that evening; but Mark heeded it not. His  
face brightened as he sat opposite the open  
window, through which the glory of the open-  
ing day streamed, and he chatted gaily. I  
knew by the flush on his face, that he had  
been planning some great, grand achieve-  
ment, and that he was already reaping, in  
imagination, the fruits of labor not yet per-  
formed.

When the meal was over, I seated myself  
at the western window on which the rosy  
hues of sunset were softly falling, and took  
up the embroidery upon which I had been  
busy all the afternoon. It was a fresh piece  
—a baby's robe, to be elaborately worked.

"Always pre-occupied, always at work,"  
he said. "I might as well be this little ant  
creeping upon the hem of your sleeve—see  
Helen, how small it is," taking off a small  
insect. "I might as well be that for all the  
heed you take of me and my hopes."

"Dear Mark! How fanciful you are!  
Why, I am thinking all the time what a de-  
lightful thing it is to have you so near. I  
can work faster when you talk pleasant  
things to me."

"Work faster!" he repeated. "As if this  
world were nothing but a workshop. And  
how can I talk to you when you never couch-  
safe me more than a flying glance, and when  
I cannot touch your hand but you snatch it  
hastily away, to push that bit of sharp steel  
through a patch of muslin."

I laughed.  
"You do not want my hand, Mark. Staid  
old married people don't care to hold each  
other's hands, as if they were young lovers  
whispering in the moonlight."

He pulled the cambric from me.  
"Don't, Mark," I pleaded. "This is in  
a hurry."

"What is it?"  
"The christening robe for Mrs. Cal-  
thorpe's baby."

Mark started up in a passion.  
"Helen! How often have I told you I  
would not have you lower yourself to work  
for people. Thirsty, vulgar Mrs. Cal-  
thorpe! Why, she's not fit to tie your shoe  
strings!"

"But she is rich, Mark. She pays liber-  
ally."

"I don't like you to do it, Helen. Just  
as if you were a common seamstress! Make  
me some fresh wrappings, if you must  
work."

Mark quite angered me. He often did.  
A child would have had more sense; and yet  
in most matters he had plenty of it.  
"It is that I don't like my wife to do this,  
Helen. Surely we can manage without it."

"We must have bread, Mark. We are  
not earthly enough yet to live without it."

"Bread! Is the money all gone that Had-  
ley paid me for that little picture?"

"Why, yes, Mark! Two-thirds of it went  
in things you wanted for your painting-  
room."

"I could not get on without them," re-  
sented Mark.

"Just so. But Mark, dear, we cannot get  
on without food, and it seems to me that I  
must find it."

Mark sat pulling at his whiskers and gaz-  
ing at me. I knew how much he hated these  
domestic details. His tone became gentle—  
his eyes moist.

"When the picture I am contemplating is  
painted—which I have begun to-day—when  
that gets into the exhibition and purchased,  
then I shall repay you for all these sacri-  
fices, Helen."

"You will never get a picture into the ex-  
hibition, Mark."

"How discouragingly you speak. It had  
not used to be so, Helen. Time was when  
you were interested in my plans, and cheered  
me on with hopeful and approving words."

"Till I found you were pursuing an 'ig-  
nitis fatuus,'" I said; "till I found you were  
cherishing a vain delusion, listening to a  
phantom voice in your soul, which was lur-  
ing you away from all that could make your  
life a true and useful one. I saw with your  
eyes, then, Mark. I was as sanguine as  
you, and had not learned experience. What  
have you accomplished in all these  
later years?"

He did not answer me. His face was full  
of sadness.

"Oh, Mark, believe me! If in my secret  
heart I could acknowledge that Heaven had  
bestowed on you a talent to cultivate, no  
words that I could speak would be too strong  
to encourage you, and no sacrifice that I  
could make in the cause of your advance-  
ment, would be too great. But think of the  
years—precious legacy of time—frittered  
away in idle dreams and useless toils. What  
have you accomplished? Has any good been  
gained? Has any one been benefited by  
your labors? Have any great and noble  
thoughts been disseminated through your  
devotion to this same art? Upon whose shrine  
you are daily sacrificing yourself?"

Still Mark did not answer. He walked  
away to the window, and stood gazing ab-  
stractedly at the fast gathering shades of twi-  
light.

"Won't you speak to me, Mark?"  
"I have nothing to say."

"Oh, Mark!" I cried; "do not be angry  
with me. Hear me this once, and I will  
never allude to the subject again if you can-  
not be brought to see it as I do. You are  
mistaking a fervent love and a warm appre-  
ciation of the grand and the beautiful for  
gift and creative power of genius. Indeed,  
that is the simple truth, Mark. Listen, I en-  
treat you, to the dictates of reason, before it  
be too late."

"What would you call reason?"  
"This. Rouse yourself from these delu-  
sive dreams. Throw them off. Turn to  
some manly and useful employment, which  
will benefit yourself, and make the world  
better for you and for me."

"What shall I turn to?" he asked, with  
some derision in his tone. "Raymond told  
me yesterday his head gardener was going to  
leave. Shall I apply for the post?"

"Better than what you are doing now—  
frittering away your life uselessly. You  
must know, you must have learned that you  
will never do any good at painting. And,  
oh, Mark, dear husband, think of the dread  
day that must surely come, when you will  
have to render up an account of your doings  
on earth."

No reply. We sat a few minutes in si-  
lence. I went on with my work again.  
Presently Mark came across, kissed my fore-  
head without speaking, and shut himself in  
his studio.

The days went on. Mark shut himself up  
more than ever, and I tried to do well all I  
had to do, spite of my weary heart.

Mark began to look haggard and feverish.  
There was a wild, restless light in his eye  
that pained and alarmed me. He was silent  
and gloomy. I do not think I once saw a  
smile upon his face. Even at meals he did  
not speak, and he ate nothing. He was not  
unkind; rather, gentle, sad. I sewed on  
and wept in secret.

At last there came a break in this dread-  
ful monotony. It was toward the close of a  
beautiful day in June—that sweetest of  
months. Alas! it had not been sweet to me.  
I was standing at the door, plucking the yel-  
low leaves from the honeysuckle that twined  
about the trellis work, wondering whether I  
might venture to see after Mark, for he had  
not been down since early morning, when I  
heard his step behind me. Turning, I met  
his blazing eyes, and felt the clasp of his  
burning hand, as it took mine.

"Will you come to the studio, Helen?"  
He pulled me almost fiercely after him,  
threw open the door and drew me in.

"See, Helen, I have completed a picture.  
Your bitter words have wrought much good!"

But as Mark spoke, he reeled with a sud-  
den faintness, and caught at the back of a  
chair. Stealing himself, he added, half  
petulantly—  
"Why are you looking with such a face at  
me? Look at the picture. I shall never  
paint another."

So I turned to the picture, not yet dry  
from the finishing strokes. The centre fig-  
ure was a wild-eyed, eager-looking youth,  
stretching out his arms imploringly toward  
a beautiful phantom—a phantom whose be-  
wildering face rose like an alluring star from  
a mass of clouds, which rolled over to the  
feet of the madly-pursuing worshipper. At  
the right, and all unheeded, stood a form less  
fair and ethereal than the face in the clouds,  
but calm, lofty, dignified, with the imple-  
ments of industry and labor scattered about

her, and her earnest eyes looking car-  
nestly and fearlessly into the misty distance.  
In the background stood another figure,—a  
woman, with more of the mortal about her  
than distinguished the others, watching the  
deluded youth, and seeming to reason and  
placid with him.

"Is it a true picture, Helen?"  
"Yes," I said, drawing a deep breath,—  
"it is a true picture."

"And what of the execution?"  
"Ah! I doubted there. But I praised it.  
How could I do else, seeing him as he was  
now?"

"You look weary and sick, dear Mark,  
and you have tasted nothing to-day. Come  
down now. I have something all ready and  
waiting for you."

"No," he replied; "I want nothing but  
rest. My head feels strangely. Only rest.  
Let me rest."

He staggered to our little bed-room, and  
lay there in his clothes. Only at night could  
I get him to undress, and some tea that I  
took up to him he would not touch. Water  
—only water—he said; that cost nothing.  
All night long he was tossing feverishly to  
and fro. In the morning I ran out to get  
the gardener's boy next door to go for Dr.  
Pine.

He came at once; he looked grave. Mark  
was very ill, indeed, he said. It was a fever  
of some kind—brain or nervous.

"What's amiss with Mark, now?" asked  
Henry Raymond, catching me as I was  
washing out the teapot. "Pine says he is  
ill."

"Oh, very ill indeed—very ill! What  
shall I do, Mr. Raymond? What shall I  
do?"

"Come, come, Mrs. Kerrison, it won't do  
for you to break down, you know," he said  
kindly. "And see—I have brought Mark  
in a few strawberries," putting the plate of  
delicious fruit in my hand. "Perhaps they  
may tempt him; Pine says he's feverish."

"And, oh! as yet I have not been able to  
get him to touch anything," I sobbed. "He  
says it costs money. Even the toast and wa-  
ter he refused, because it had taken a piece  
of bread to make it."

"Coming to his senses at last," said Hen-  
ry Raymond, in a pleasant manner; "but he  
must not be let to starve for all that."

"He has been painting a picture for sev-  
eral weeks past; has not, so to say, eaten  
and slept—only worked. And," I added,  
betraying the fear that lay on my heart, "I  
think it has turned his brain."

"Turned his brain?"  
And with that I told this good friend of  
ours of what I had spoken that night in May  
to my husband. How bitterly I reproached  
myself for it, no one could know.

"Let me have a look at this picture, Mrs.  
Kerrison."

He went on tiptoe to the studio, tread-  
ing softly. Henry Raymond, who was a bit of a  
judge, stood examining the painting.

"A grand idea," he said, at length; "but  
as usual, very imperfectly carried out. This  
picture would not sell for five pounds."

I sighed, knowing it was only too true.  
Strawberries in hand, Mark only went  
out to the bedroom.

Alas! Mark was past eating strawberries.  
Tossing and turning on the bed in delirium,  
the fever had already laid sharp hold of  
him. It was brain fever—no mistaking that  
now.

"I'll send our old nurse in at once, my  
dear; she's worth her weight in gold in ill-  
ness," said Mr. Raymond, kindly, as he went  
away. "And Mrs. Raymond will come in  
and see you as soon as she can. Please  
God, we will bring Mark through this."

Oh, it was a terrible illness! My poor  
husband! For long days and nights the fe-  
ver held him. Now raving, now prostrate,  
there he lay. Sometimes he seemed to be  
wildly fighting with some mysterious, hidden  
Apollon, whose fiery darts assailed him,  
and threatened destruction. I thought—  
we all thought, he would have died in the  
struggle.

And what would have become of him  
or me without the Raymonds, and how much  
they did for us, heaven only knew.

The madness and the sickness passed away.  
Weak and helpless as a little child, Mark  
was given back to me. My whole soul went  
up in thankfulness.

One day when Mark had grown strong  
enough to sit at the open window, I was at  
work on a stool by his side; he drew me to  
him, kissed me tenderly, and told me how  
pale and thin I had grown.

"But it's all over now, Helen, that old  
mistake. I'm going to be a man."

There was a touch of bitterness in his  
tone. He was speaking in reproach? My  
thoughts flew back to that long past May  
night, and to what I had said in it.

"Oh, Mark, forgive, forgive me."  
"Forgive you for what, my darling?"  
"Don't you know? Can't you mean what  
I said that evening?"

"What you said was just what I needed,  
Helen. I had been instinctively thinking so  
myself, for some little time before. I was  
not prepared to acknowledge the truth then,  
but I felt it in my secret soul. I had so long  
cherished the hope of future fame and tri-  
umph; I had dreamed such magnificent  
dreams, and built such glorious castles in  
the air, to give up all at once was too hard,  
too hard. But my senses having come to  
me, as Raymond calls it—the mistake's  
over—the trouble's at an end."

"And you mean—that you shall not go  
on painting?" I said, my pulses beating  
wildly.

"Never again!"  
And then—  
"And then, you would ask, what am I go-  
ing to do. How get bread and cheese when  
I don't paint and you don't sew? For we  
will have no more working, Helen. Well,  
Raymond—how kind he has been—has told  
me I may go back to them when I will, at

the old salary, too. So, my love, our trou-  
bles are over."

Whether I laughed most or cried most, I  
cannot tell. The sun at that moment burst  
out from behind a cloud in the blue sky; to  
me it seemed as if those bright beams came  
direct from our Father in Heaven, an ear-  
nest of His love.

Some years have gone by since that day,  
and two little children are playing at my  
knee. We are well off now, for the firm is  
Raymond, Raymond & Kerrison. And that  
last picture of Mark's hangs up in our din-  
ing room, a memento, Mark says, of a man's  
folly.

DUNS IN INDIA.—The Mahatma mode of  
recovering debts is curious. When the cred-  
itor cannot get his money, and begins to see  
the debt as rather desperate, he sits *dharma*  
upon his debtor; that is, he squats down at  
the door of the tent, and becomes in a cer-  
tain mysterious degree, the master of it. No  
one goes in or out without his approbation.  
He neither eats himself, nor suffers his de-  
btors to eat, and this famishing contest is car-  
ried on till the debt is paid, or the creditor  
begins to feel that want of food is a greater  
punishment than the want of money. This  
curious mode of enforcing a demand is in  
universal practice among the Mahatras—  
Scindiah himself the chieftain, not being ex-  
empt from it. The man who sits the *dharma*,  
goes to the house or tent of him  
whom he wishes to bring to terms, and re-  
mains there till the affair is settled; during  
which time the one under restraint is con-  
fined to his apartment, and not suffered to  
communicate with any persons but those  
whom the other may approve of. The laws  
by which the *dharma* is regulated are as well  
defined and understood as those of any other  
custom whatever. When it is meant to be  
very strict, the claimant carries a number of  
his followers, who surround the tent, some-  
times even the bed of his adversary, and de-  
rive him altogether of food; in which case,  
however, etiquette prescribes the same ab-  
stinence to himself. The strongest stomach,  
of course, carries the day. A custom of this  
kind was once so prevalent in the province  
and city Benares, that Bramins were trained  
to remain a long time without food. They  
were then sent to the door of some rich in-  
dividual, where they made a vow to remain  
without eating, till they should obtain a cer-  
tain sum of money. To preserve the life of  
a Bramin is so absolutely a duty, that the  
money was generally paid; but never till a  
good struggle had taken place to ascertain  
whether a man was staunch or not, for  
money is the life and soul of all Hindoos.—  
*Smith's Journeys.*

JERSEY MOSQUITOES.—While going into a  
factory lately, Mr. Edison, the inventor, saw  
a large iron cauldron. He stopped, looked  
at it meditatively, and then said: "That re-  
minds me of what the Jersey mosquitoes can  
do."

"Oh, yes!" said Professor Barker, "tell  
us those mosquito stories of yours, Edison."

"I know two of them," returned Edison.  
"A Jerseyman was so troubled with mosqui-  
toes one night, that he went down into the  
yard, and crawled under a huge iron cauld-  
ron. Well, pretty soon he heard a noise as  
if boring was going on. He found they were  
boring through the cauldron with their  
bills. When they had accomplished this,  
the man got a large stone and clinched their  
bills."

"Well," said one of the party,—"what  
then?"

"Why," answered Edison, "the mosqui-  
toes flew away with the cauldron."

"The next story," he went on, "is about  
a drunken man in Paterson, who lay down  
by the roadside and went to sleep. While  
in this position a Jersey mosquito alighted  
upon him, and a Jersey policeman coming  
along, arrested the mosquito for opening a  
bar on Sunday."

CURIOUS DERIVATIONS.—The word pam-  
phlet is derived from the name of a Greek  
author, Pamphylus, who compiled a his-  
tory of the world into thirty-five little books.

"Punch and Judy" is a contraction from  
Pontius and Scedas. It is a relic of an old  
"miracle play," in which the actors were  
Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

"Bigot" is from Visigothia, in which the  
fierce and intolerant Adrianism of the Visi-  
goth conquerors of Spain had been handed  
down to infamy.





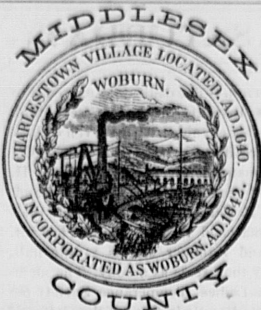












# WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

NO. 43.

## Elastic Stockings,

KNEE CAPS, ANKLETS, etc.

For the relief and support of Varicose Vein, Weak Swollen or Ulcerated Limbs.  
We carry a stock of the above articles and in special cases have manufactured to order any size needed without extra charge.  
Any information relative to this department of our business will be gladly given and printed rules for measurement supplied at our store.

WILLIAM W. HILL,

Apothecary,

WOBURN.

Florist.

S. W. Twombly & Sons,  
FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
ANTIQUE POTTERY,  
101 Tremont street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

Professional Cards.

J. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.

JOHN G. JAGUIRE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

George H. Conn,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 150 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.

Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.,  
Hours (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

7 GEO. W. NORRIS,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
OFFICES—33 State Street, Boston, and at Resi-  
dence, Corner of Pleasant and Court Sts., Woburn.

8 A. B. COFFIN,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 Scho. Street.

9 DR. O. P. ROGERS,  
DENTIST,  
139 1/2 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

CHESTER W. CLARK,  
Counsellor at Law,  
No. 61 COURT STREET,  
Room 2, BOSTON.

RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON,  
HENRY HILLER, M. D.,  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON, 12.

Auctioneers.  
WILLIAM WINN,  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, - MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-  
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, - Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

Musical.  
Miss J. A. Campbell,  
desires a few pupils on the  
PIANO FORTE,  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to  
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, 16 Proprietor

M. ELLIS & Co.,  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.,  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.

E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, - Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practi-  
cal Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establish-  
ment in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

## WILMOT'S CLOTHING HOUSES

Gentlemen's Pantaloons,  
--READY-MADE--  
\$1.25 | 1.50 | 1.75 | 2.00,  
\$2.25 | 2.50 | 2.75 | 3.00,  
\$3.50 | 4.00 | 4.50 | 5.00.

Gentlemen's Winter Overcoats.  
--READY-MADE--  
\$5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10,  
\$11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15,  
\$16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20.

Boys' Overcoats.  
AGE 3 to 18 YEARS,  
\$2.50 | 3 | 3.50 | 4 | 4.50 | 5,  
\$5.50 | 6 | 6.50 | 7 | 7.50  
\$8 | 8.50 | 9 | 9.50 | 10.

GENTLEMEN'S  
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.  
Garments made from measure, good work, good  
trimmings and a perfect fitting garment guaranteed.  
ALL WOOL SUITS, \$15!  
ALL WOOL OVERCOATS, \$15!  
ALL WOOL PANTALOONS, \$15!

WILMOT'S,  
--263--  
747, 749 and 751  
Washington St., Boston.

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 120 Main street,  
promptly attended to. \*Has control of all Bill  
Posters in town. \*Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

Business Cards.  
A. BUCKMAN,  
Dealer in  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.  
160 Main Street, Woburn.

Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on  
hand.

Photograph Gallery,  
1607 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.  
Club Pictures to schools and families, 12 tickets  
for \$10. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates by

H. S. DUNSHIE, - Artist.  
R. C. HAYWARD,  
Dealer in  
GROCERIES,  
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.  
103 Main Street, - Woburn.

Carpenters.  
E. K. WILLOUGHBY,  
House and Job Carpenter,  
WALNUT ST., NEAR MAIN, WOBURN.

Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly at-  
tended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

J. Horace Dean & Co.,  
Carpenters and Builders,  
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.

All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-  
tended to.

Machinists.  
ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,  
And Manufacturers of  
Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.

Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting,  
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings.  
Tanneries and Curing Sheds fitted up at short  
notice.

97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership  
formed January 1st, 1877.

PORTER & YOUNG,  
(Successors to James Buel & Co.)  
MACHINISTS,  
Steam and Gas Fitters,  
25 MANUFACTURERS OF  
STEAM ENGINES.  
Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting,  
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Curing Sheds.

## Poetical Selection.

### THE MISSION SHIP.

[The following is a missionary hymn of the last  
generation. It was dictated to us from memory by an  
old lady in Woburn, in whose recollections it has  
been fondly cherished for thirty years or more.]  
Softly blow, ye favoring breezes!  
Winds of heaven, propitious smile;  
Speed the steaming ship on the ocean,  
Safely to her destined isle.  
Now she mounts the bounding billow,  
Proudly urging on her way;  
He who holds the storm is with her—  
God! the missionary's stay.

Fathers, faint not! These your children  
Bound to yonder pagan shore,  
Go to toil 'mid scenes of peril,  
Where Immanuel toiled before.  
Mothers, weep not! These your offspring  
Bound to yonder heathen coast,  
Go to win the Christian's laurel,  
Go to seek the poor and lost.

Who are these that fly to meet them?  
Kings and men in gathering crowds?  
Who are these that fly to greet them,  
Rapt as summer clouds?  
Lo! the ships of Tarish, bearing  
Nobler freight than Ophir saw,  
Thither where the isles are waiting—  
Waiting for Messiah's law.

Roll, Atlantic! roll thy billow  
Proudly to the whispering wind;  
On thy bosom floats a treasure,  
Richer than remotest Ind.  
Softly blow, ye favoring breezes!  
Winds of heaven, propitious smile!  
Speed the good ship over the ocean,  
Safely to her destined isle.

Presently there came a little cough—a  
highly suggestive cough, full of curiosity,  
and dashed with pique. He looked up. It  
was Patience Lovering.

"What are you doing?"  
"Sowing the seeds of good fortune," said  
he, gravely.

"Dear me! how interesting! Have you  
any of that kind of seed to spare?"  
"No; but you shall have the whole crop."  
"Ah! thanks. You are very kind. I  
hope it will bear 'some an hundred-fold,  
some two hundred-fold.'"

He stood up and looked at her with a new  
light kindling in his eyes.  
"I hope it will be a thousand-fold, if you  
will accept it."

This disjointed sentence he uttered with  
ill-suppressed eagerness, and she observed  
it, and blushed. Nothing more passed be-  
tween them save a few commonplace, and  
then she moved on, and he finished his work  
with renewed hope and courage.

Weeks grew to months, and still he tend-  
ed the pegging machine, and slowly added  
to the savings in the bank. With all this, he  
was not patient. He had not Patience, and  
yet she daily walked before him. This was  
he doubly sorrowful, for he had neither the  
woman nor the virtue. He cast about him  
in many ways, to see whereby he might bet-  
ter himself. Moreover, he read books, and  
this, while he knew not, he grew in mental  
stature.

Meanwhile the turnips grew. They sprang  
up quickly in the gentle heat of the frame,  
and, acting on the advice of a gardener in  
the neighborhood, and such books on horti-  
culture as he could find, he transplanted the  
tiny plants to small flower pots. As they  
grew, he removed them to larger and still  
larger pots. When the Spring came, he  
hired a few rods of ground outside the town,  
and in June removed the turnips from the  
pots to the open ground. He gave each turn-  
ip three square feet of space, and he dugged  
around each plant, and enriched it to the ut-  
most. The result was as he had expected.

In August he had some hundred or more  
most mighty turnips. The like had never  
been seen in all the land. Envious passers-  
by looked over the fence, and remarked that  
"their roots would eat bad; too big and  
corky, you know." To all of which the  
young man said not a word.

In all of this, Patience Lovering took no  
interest. She could not understand it, and  
she had belied her name. She had become  
weary of waiting. Instead of leaving his  
pegging machine, and starting out to the  
world to find his fortune, after the manner  
of the various knights of whom she had read,  
he went to that dull shop every day, and  
cultivated turnips. The truth is, she was  
blind. She saw not the chords of duty that  
bound the young man to his pegging ma-  
chine, that his widowed mother might live in  
decent comfort.

With the summer came her vacation, and  
she went away to the sea-shore for a little  
pleasure trip. It was her first journey away  
from home, and it was her first wonder that she  
met and was dazzled by a creature of seem-  
ingly taller shape. He made love to her,  
and—poor little goose!—she accepted him  
without even asking whereby he earned the  
wherewithal to be clothed in such gorgeous  
apparel. There is a trace of the eccentric in  
every mind, and the wise virgin who coun-  
selled her poor lover, accepted a rich one  
without question. She returned to her na-  
tive shoe town with a diamond ring, and an-  
nounced that she would teach school but one  
year more.

It was admitted on every hand that the  
like of those turnips had never been seen be-  
fore. A single turnip was sufficient for a  
family of six for two days—half a turnip at a  
meal. Moreover, they "ate very well," as  
reported the editor of the local "weekly."  
The turnips grew to the size and yellow  
leaf, and then they were carefully stored for  
the winter in the cellar of Mrs. Emerson's house.

Suddenly there appeared in the town, a  
creature new to the experience of the sober  
inhabitants. The younger feminine popu-  
lace declared it was "Patience Lovering's  
beast." So it seemed to the cultivator of tur-  
nips, as he came home from the shoe shop  
and met Patience on the man's arm in broad  
daylight. He bowed to her as they passed,  
but she only replied with a distant nod. The

much better. Such is the effect of labor,  
particularly mental labor or sorrow. The  
next day both resumed their labors in school  
and shop, and none guessed that aught had  
passed between them.

Months passed away, and already the win-  
ter was far spent. She taught the infant  
mind, and he tended the pegging machine,  
and it seemed as if all were lost between  
them. Wait! The spring sun already  
mounts the sky, though the wind blows and  
the snow flies. It was the fifteenth of Feb-  
ruary when the young man went to the sav-  
ings bank and drew out some money.

He remembered the days when he had  
saved these dollars for another purpose; and  
now it was all over, he might as well spend  
the money in another direction. Before  
night he had purchased two hot-bed sashes,  
a load of stable manure, and a few boards.

From these he constructed a hot-bed, such  
as he had seen gardeners making for early  
lettuce. Two days after, he found a chance  
hour, when the wind was lulled, and he  
opened the hot-bed. The soil was soft and  
warm, like a bit of spring-land in the midst  
of snow. Taking a paper from his pocket,  
he began to sow a quantity of seeds—white  
turnip.

Now it happened that the yard where he  
worked was next the street, at the side of the  
house where he lived with his mother.

He was aware, after awhile, that some one  
had stopped in the way, and was looking over  
the fence at him. Little caring who it might  
be, he went on with his labor.

Presently there came a little cough—a  
highly suggestive cough, full of curiosity,  
and dashed with pique. He looked up. It  
was Patience Lovering.

"What are you doing?"  
"Sowing the seeds of good fortune," said  
he, gravely.

"Dear me! how interesting! Have you  
any of that kind of seed to spare?"  
"No; but you shall have the whole crop."  
"Ah! thanks. You are very kind. I  
hope it will bear 'some an hundred-fold,  
some two hundred-fold.'"

He stood up and looked at her with a new  
light kindling in his eyes.  
"I hope it will be a thousand-fold, if you  
will accept it."

This disjointed sentence he uttered with  
ill-suppressed eagerness, and she observed  
it, and blushed. Nothing more passed be-  
tween them save a few commonplace, and  
then she moved on, and he finished his work  
with renewed hope and courage.

Weeks grew to months, and still he tend-  
ed the pegging machine, and slowly added  
to the savings in the bank. With all this, he  
was not patient. He had not Patience, and  
yet she daily walked before him. This was  
he doubly sorrowful, for he had neither the  
woman nor the virtue. He cast about him  
in many ways, to see whereby he might bet-  
ter himself. Moreover, he read books, and  
this, while he knew not, he grew in mental  
stature.

Meanwhile the turnips grew. They sprang  
up quickly in the gentle heat of the frame,  
and, acting on the advice of a gardener in  
the neighborhood, and such books on horti-  
culture as he could find, he transplanted the  
tiny plants to small flower pots. As they  
grew, he removed them to larger and still  
larger pots. When the Spring came, he  
hired a few rods of ground outside the town,  
and in June removed the turnips from the  
pots to the open ground. He gave each turn-  
ip three square feet of space, and he dugged  
around each plant, and enriched it to the ut-  
most. The result was as he had expected.

In August he had some hundred or more  
most mighty turnips. The like had never  
been seen in all the land. Envious passers-  
by looked over the fence, and remarked that  
"their roots would eat bad; too big and  
corky, you know." To all of which the  
young man said not a word.

In all of this, Patience Lovering took no  
interest. She could not understand it, and  
she had belied her name. She had become  
weary of waiting. Instead of leaving his  
pegging machine, and starting out to the  
world to find his fortune, after the manner  
of the various knights of whom she had read,  
he went to that dull shop every day, and  
cultivated turnips. The truth is, she was  
blind. She saw not the chords of duty that  
bound the young man to his pegging ma-  
chine, that his widowed mother might live in  
decent comfort.

With the summer came her vacation, and  
she went away to the sea-shore for a little  
pleasure trip. It was her first journey away  
from home, and it was her first wonder that she  
met and was dazzled by a creature of seem-  
ingly taller shape. He made love to her,  
and—poor little goose!—she accepted him  
without even asking whereby he earned the  
wherewithal to be clothed in such gorgeous  
apparel. There is a trace of the eccentric in  
every mind, and the wise virgin who coun-  
selled her poor lover, accepted a rich one  
without question. She returned to her na-  
tive shoe town with a diamond ring, and an-  
nounced that she would teach school but one  
year more.

It was admitted on every hand that the  
like of those turnips had never been seen be-  
fore. A single turnip was sufficient for a  
family of six for two days—half a turnip at a  
meal. Moreover, they "ate very well," as  
reported the editor of the local "weekly."  
The turnips grew to the size and yellow  
leaf, and then they were carefully stored for  
the winter in the cellar of Mrs. Emerson's house.

Suddenly there appeared in the town, a  
creature new to the experience of the sober  
inhabitants. The younger feminine popu-  
lace declared it was "Patience Lovering's  
beast." So it seemed to the cultivator of tur-  
nips, as he came home from the shoe shop  
and met Patience on the man's arm in broad  
daylight. He bowed to her as they passed,  
but she only replied with a distant nod. The

young man stood for a moment gazing after  
her; then he hastened home and put on his  
best suit as if to go out. No; he would not.  
She would not listen to his warning. She  
would probably resent it. There was noth-  
ing to do but to suffer in silence, and to be  
as patient as he might.

Then came another surprise. Patience  
Lovering, the wise and sensible school teach-  
er, suddenly resigned her school, was mar-  
ried at the minister's house, and went away  
before the village had time to say a word.

After that the young tongues wagged nim-  
bly, but the young man minded, his pegging  
machine and kept his thoughts to himself.

Again the advancing sun warned of spring,  
and the gardeners got ready their frames.  
The young man selected from his monster  
turnips a number of the best, planted each in  
a large flower pot, and put them in a new  
hot bed. Day by day he watched them grow,  
tending them with great care and persistent  
nursing. They rewarded him abundantly,  
and by April showed signs of throwing up  
flower-stalks.

Patience Lovering disappeared utterly. It  
was said she had gone to Boston, but some  
said that it was New York, or London. Yet  
one remembered and knew, because he still  
loved her. But he held his peace—for grief.

At last it came—the harvest of seeds. By  
every means possible, he kept some of the  
turnips back late into the summer as sam-  
ples of the variety. He called it the "Good  
Friend Turnip," with a touch of sentiment,  
and he took pains to make it known that he  
had seed of this superior variety of turnip  
for sale. He raised a new crop in the same  
manner as before, and at the horticultural  
exhibition he exhibited the "Good Friend,"  
greatly to the astonishment of the rural mind.

The like of these turnips had never been  
seen, and every farmer for miles around was  
in want of the seed. A certain seed dealer  
came anxiously to the house one evening,  
and asked the price of the whole lot of seed  
—about half a pint. The young man sud-  
denly changed his tactics, and said there  
would be no seeds of the "Good Friend" for  
sale till another year. The result was that  
every one was the more eager to purchase,  
and the young man took orders for the next  
crop of seeds at the rate of twenty cents for  
a single seed.

The snow covered all the land, and the  
railroads were blocked in every direction.  
It was past nine o'clock when the last train  
came in from the city, four hours late. The  
passengers struggled sleepily out of the  
snow-covered cars, and stood shivering in  
the desolate station, fearing to venture into  
the deserted streets of the town. The tall  
shoe shops stood grim and white in the night,  
their many windows, dull-like glazed eyes,  
staring out on the night and storm.

"All out, John!" said the station master,  
to a brakeman who had passed through the  
train.

"No; there's a woman asleep here. What  
shall I do with her?"  
"Rout her out. We can't stay here all  
night."

The brakeman did his duty as kindly as  
he knew, and the woman took up her child,  
wrapped it in a faded shawl, stumbled out  
of the car, and crept along the platform to the  
street door. The station-master stood by  
the door, keys in hand, as if to lock it. The  
woman paused a moment at the entrance of  
the deserted, snow-covered street, and asked  
if there was a cheap boarding-place nearby.

The man knew of none, save the hotel up in  
the town, and then he moved the door, as if  
to urge her out into the street. She took  
the hint and went out, and instantly the door  
closed behind her, and she was alone in the  
streets of her native town. She tried to re-  
call the houses and streets, but could make  
nothing familiar, so greatly had everything  
changed.

She walked on for some time, little heed-  
ing or caring, so long as she went on and on  
from the terror behind. She passed several  
streets, and then she saw a light, and going  
toward it, found it was a warehouse, where  
the clerks were still busy late in the night.  
By the aid of the street lamps she made out  
the figure of a golden trumpet, with this le-  
gend beneath it—"The Good Friend."

Suddenly the door opened, and some one  
came out and started briskly up the street.  
It seemed as if her knees gave way beneath  
her, and she sank down into the snow.

"My good woman, it is late to be out.  
Why do you not go home? Ah! pardon me.  
Perhaps you may be ill."

He took a match from his pocket, and  
when it blazed up, he held it close to her  
face. She tried to hide her face with her  
arm, but he gently drew it away. Suddenly  
there was a loud call, and—that was all she  
remembered, till some time afterward she  
awakened to sense and feeling by warmth  
and light. She was upon a bed, and an el-  
derly man stood over with a bottle and spoon  
in his hand.

"Take a little of the wine, madam, and  
her eyes wandered; he added: "Never fear  
—I am the doctor. The child is safe."  
She sat upon the bed and looked around  
the room.

"This is not a hospital?"  
"No—something better. Drink this, and  
you will feel stronger."

She drank the wine, and then lay back on  
the pillow, and tried to recall her scattered  
thoughts. On the wall was a lithograph of a  
number of turnips—absurd and monster tur-  
nips, fit for the feeding of a mighty family.  
Beside this, were pictures of other vegeta-  
bles, and all of inordinate proportions. Sud-  
denly she laughed, and then the tears came.  
It was all so strange and so wildly improb-  
able. There were footsteps in the room, and  
she listened eagerly. A shadow fell on the  
bed, and some one stood before her.

"Patience!"

She was startled, and turned away in min-  
gled shame and grief. It was true; it was  
his house, his home, and—ah! there was an-  
other near—a woman.

"Patience, do you know me?"  
What could she do, or say? Her mouth  
was parched, and the sobs choked her speech.  
She did nothing, till at last he took her  
hand, and then her thin fingers tightened  
round them, as if seeking help, protection,  
forgiveness—everything. But that woman  
—who was she?

"Mother, she knows me. Please leave  
her to me."

Her fingers tightened closer on his, and  
he drew him nearer. He came nearer, till at  
last her head was pillowed on his arm. For  
a moment she lay thus in silence, whilst the  
tears flowed. At last she said, slowly:  
"Can you forgive me, John?"

"Forgive you? Yes, and more. Now  
that I have you safe, you shall never more  
leave me."

"But, John, how—"  
"He is dead—he was killed in some street  
brawl yesterday. It is in all the evening pa-  
pers."

She neither cried, nor in any manner no-  
ticed this, save to say, sadly:  
"I am glad. He—was not a good man.  
I loved him once; but it is better so."

Then he found words to say all that had  
been in his heart all these years.  
She heard it all in happy silence, and then  
she said, with a faint trace of her old man-  
ner:  
"How came you so rich, John? You are  
well off. I see it plainly."

"Turnips, my love—only turnips. The  
house of 'Emerson & Co., Seed Growers  
and Dealers,' is founded on turnips. You  
shall have a quarter section of a 'Good  
Friend Turnip' for dinner as soon as you  
are able to come down."

When I last visited the opera, I was  
much surprised and annoyed by the conduct  
of a little gentleman, who, from the moment  
the curtain went up, did not cease to start  
up in his seat, strike his brow, all the while  
uttering exclamations of surprise and deli-  
ght. "What ails you?" I said, at last.  
"Wonderful! Surprising! Do you know,  
sir?" he added, turning to me, "that I never  
studied Italian in my life, and yet I can un-  
derstand every word the singers are saying."

"Why," said I, "that's easily accounted for  
—they're singing in French." "Are they?"  
he said, with an air of disappointment; "I'm  
so sorry; because if it had been Italian, I'd  
have known another language. It's too bad."

Figaro.

If your seat is hard to sit upon, stand  
up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it  
away, or climb over it. If you want money,  
earn it. It takes longer to skin an elephant  
than a mouse, but the skin is worth some-  
thing. If you want confidence, prove your-  
self worthy of it. Do not be content with  
doing what another has done—surpass it.  
Deserve success, and it will come. The boy  
was not born a man. The sun does not rise  
like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired  
from a gun; slowly and surely it makes its  
round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a  
leader as a wheel horse. If the job is long,  
the pay will be the greater; if the task be  
hard, more competent you must be to do it.

POWER OF EXAMPLE.—Whatever good ad-  
vice you may give your children, if the par-  
ents pursue a bad and reckless course of  
conduct, depend upon it, the children will  
follow the example, instead of the advice.  
They will turn out ill, and probably worse  
than the parents whose example they are im-  
itating. There are few principles of human  
nature stronger than that of imitation, and  
when children see a man and wife quarrel-  
ling, the mother untidy, and the father  
drunken, and the house uncomfortable,—it  
is not in human nature possible that those  
children should be the girls clean and well-  
conducted, or the boys sober, honest and in-  
dustrious.—Lord Palmerston.

It is a solemn, impressive thought,  
when you look at such a man as General  
Grant, or Charles Francis Adams, that some  
day, away back in the shadow-land of the  
misty past, a woman used to turn these  
mighty figures of the present upside down,  
and count the stitches in the biggest patch  
on their trousers, with a flat-soled, pitiless  
slipper.

Temptation is a fearful word. It in-  
dicates the beginning of a possible series of  
infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm  
bell whose melancholy sound may reverber-  
ate through eternity. Like the sudden,  
sharp cry of fire in the night, it should rouse  
us to instantaneous activity, and brace ev-  
ery muscle to its highest tension.—Horace  
Mann.

"Speaking of the different kinds of  
taxes," queried the teacher, "what kind is it  
when whiskey is taxed?" "I know," said  
one boy holding up his hand. "Well, what  
is it?" "Sintax!" shouted the young gram-  
marian.

"Are grapes healthy?" is asked, and  
the cautious answer is—"opinions differ."  
George Washington, Christopher Columbus,  
Noah, Napoleon the First, and Mary, Queen  
of Scots, ate grapes, and they are all dead  
now. Draw your own conclusions.

A little urchin being asked, "What  
is Rhode Island noted for?" replied, "It is  
the only one of the New England States  
which is the smallest."

Mrs. Partington says her minister  
preached about the "parody of the probable  
son."

SERIOUS PRACTICAL JOKE.—Flood and  
Bruce are peripatetic printers, widely known.  
They have a habit of turning up here and  
else



# Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

## INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Page	Col.	No.
Town Warrant, 3	3	4
W. W. Hill, 3	4	1
Hell Ringers, 3	4	1
O. Ditson, 3	7	5
Phonograph Rental, 3	3	3
G. S. Dodge, 3	3	3
Probate Notice—Land, 3	4	7
Lot, 3	3	7
F. S. Burgess, 3	3	7

**THE STAR COURSE.**—The opening of the Star Course Wednesday evening, seemingly under such unfavorable auspices, was a perfect success. In spite of the inclemency of the weather a full house and an appreciative and attentive audience greeted the artists. As to the rest the name of the artists are sufficient. The Concert was opened by a Trio from the opera Maria de Rohan, "The Hour of Thy Doom has Come," by Miss Ivy Wandesford, Messrs. Tower and Rudolphsen. Then followed a piano solo by Mr. Benno Scherck. Miss Wandesford sang, "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," in a remarkable manner. The appearance of Madam Camilla Urso called forth a round of applause from the audience, while her rendition of "The Devil's Sonata," brought down the house. A duo, for tenor and baritone, "The Muletiers," by Messrs. Tower and Rudolphsen finished part first. After a short intermission, Madam Camilla Urso opened part second, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Scherck. A duet from the opera of "Crispino e la Conare," by Miss Wandesford and Mr. Rudolphsen followed, which was well received. Mr. Tower gave a descriptive song, "Madam Urso a violin solo," "The Bell," Mr. Rudolphsen a comic song, "The Drum Major," Miss Wandesford an English Ballad, "Tender and True," and Messrs. Tower and Rudolphsen with Miss Wandesford finished part second and the concert with the Trio "Come to the Sea." All the performers were well received and most of the parts encoored. Nothing need be said of Madam Urso's playing but Miss Wandesford's voice could not escape remark for its clearness and wealth of tone. If the remaining entertainments are equal to the opening one of the Course, we prophesy the height of success to the managers.

**UNITARIAN.**—The annual harvest services held at the Unitarian church, took place last Sunday. They were largely attended, while many people took occasion during the day to visit the church, in order to see its tasteful decorations. It has been the custom for several years, to hold this autumn festival, in commemoration of the harvest, and to take the occasion to present under this form of object teaching, the lessons of gratitude, trust and obedience which the symbols naturally suggest. There was an ample display of fruit and vegetables and autumn foliage upon the rostrum, forming a beautiful mass of blended colors. The morning service was for the benefit of the Sunday School, the pastor addressing the children upon the symbolic meanings of nature. In the evening a vesper service was held, a similar line of thought adapted to older people being presented. The Jewish custom of offering the "first fruits" as symbols of God's bounty and of man's obedient stewardship was given as the suggestion of the harvest festival, and all were solicited to look through the emblems to the lessons of the spiritual harvest. It is usual to send the serviceable material used in the decorations to the Children's Mission in Boston. This time it filled four barrels, and was delivered by Hart & Co.'s express without charge.

**YOUNG REPUBLICANS.**—The Young Republicans were disappointed in not being able to have an address Monday evening, from J. W. Carter, Esq., of Newton, whose other engagements prevented his coming. R. M. Thompson, Esq., President of the Young Republican State organization, was secured as speaker. President Adams introduced Mr. Thompson, who, in opening, gave what he termed a social talk, and touched on all the principal topics which are agitating the public mind of to-day. The charge of extravagance in the State Government he strongly denied, and thought no other State so well governed as Massachusetts, which has ever been looked up to as the leader in all reforms for public good. Mr. Thompson is an able speaker, careful in giving facts and reliable data in proof of his assertions. In closing, he urged the importance of good and effective work on the part of every man, for the short time now remaining before the election.

At the next meeting, on Monday evening, Oct. 28, there will be addresses by members of the Club. The public are invited.

**CANAL STREET AWARDS.**—The following awards have been made by the County Commissioners to parties owning property on the line of the extension of Canal street—David Rowe, \$100; Jacob Brown, \$50; Stephen Dow, \$50; Alfred A. Dow, \$20; John Stacy, \$35; C. Plummer, \$75; C. E. Richardson, \$75; R. P. Crosby, \$60; Margaret E. Trull, \$100; S. Henry Dow, \$40; T. Dalton, \$80; Lizzie M. Taylor, \$10.

**50th BIRTHDAY.**—About 50 of the friends of Mr. John S. True visited him at his residence on Montvale avenue, Monday evening, being his fiftieth birthday. During the evening he was presented with an easy chair dressing gown and slippers.

**NEW PIANO.**—The young people of the Unitarian society have purchased of Hallett & Davis, through Mr. W. F. Clement, of Woburn, a new square-grand piano for the use of the vestry. It is a beautiful instrument, excellent in tone and construction.

**MUSIC.**—The Woburn Brass Band played at the Butler rally in Bedford, Monday evening.

The young people of the Unitarian Society gave an entertainment in the vestry of the church on Thursday evening.

**STABBING AFFAIR.**—Tuesday afternoon, at the meat market of Charles Noon, No. 238 1/2 Main Street, an affair occurred which seems somewhat mysterious. About half-past four Dr. C. E. Chase and Dr. J. M. Harlow were summoned to the place, the messenger stating that a man had been stabbed, and needed assistance. The medical gentlemen immediately responded, and found Mr. Noon in a critical condition, having received a severe cut in the abdomen, above the right hip, cutting through the abdominal wall. After having the wound dressed, he was taken to his father's home in Cummingsville, where he resides. At first he refused to say anything about the affair, but finally said that it was the result of an accident, while he was engaged in scuffling with his brother James, who is employed by Charles. The knife which did the cutting, he claims, was lying on a meat block, the handle resting against a piece of beef, and that he fell against it. Before the wounded man was taken home, James disappeared, and was not seen again until the next day. He tells the same story as his brother Charles, as also does Lawrence Clark, who was near by at the time. Thomas Breslin, doing business at No. 238, says he was away at the time, and knows nothing about it. Thomas McCann and his partner, were early summoned, and rendered assistance. Charles is about 23 years of age, and James about 20. We learn that James has caused considerable trouble to his folks by his habits, and this fact in the minds of many, leads them to think that it may not have been wholly an accident. A warrant was put in the hands of Chief Tild for his arrest, but before it was served, he gave himself up, and was admitted to bail. As we go to press, Charles is reported to be in a sinking condition.

**BOAT RACE.**—The race between Frank Hunt and William P. Lewis, of Woburn and the Prince Bros., of Winchester, for a silver cup and the championship of Woburn, came off on Monday afternoon. The judges in the starter's boat at the north end of the pond, were Messrs. C. E. Sanborn and Horace J. Allen. Those in the stake boat at the lower end of the pond, were Chas. Jenkins, of Winchester, and M. T. Allen, of Woburn. The referee and starter was James Russell, of Winchester. Dr. G. P. Brown, of Winchester was time-keeper. The boats started on the signal at six minutes of five. The Woburn boys, instead of keeping on their regular track, in rounding the stake boat, "took the water" of the Princes, as they had a right to do, subject to the rights of the latter. Here was where the "foul" which the Woburn boys claimed occurred, for in leaving their own track and closing in behind the Princes, the Woburners came within less than a boat's length of the Princes, and hence they claimed that they were hindered by following so close in the water of their opponents. But the judges decide that no foul was made, inasmuch as they left their own track for that of the Princes, which would interfere with the latter. The time of the Princes was 10 min. 50 sec., and that of the Woburns, 11 min. The Woburn boys have engaged in several races, and this is their first defeat.

**BURGLARY.**—About half past four o'clock, Monday morning, Mr. S. O. Pollard was awakened by hearing a noise down stairs. He got up and called out "Who's there?" Receiving no answer, he started to go down, but fell over a camp chair which had been placed across the stairs, cutting his leg, and bruising himself about the head. The front and back doors were found wide open, as was the north window in the parlor. Mr. Pollard's pants had been taken from his chamber, and were found on the piazza, to gether with two or three coats and a lady's sack, which had been left hanging in the front entry. The burglars did not succeed in finding anything of value, the only thing missing being a wallet containing about \$2, which was in Mr. Pollard's pants pocket. The entrance was made by pushing back the catch of the parlor window with a knife. Parties living in the vicinity heard noises about this time near their own premises, which would indicate that the would-be burglar was intent on getting in somewhere.

**CONVENTION.**—The Sixth Middlesex Greenback Senatorial Convention was held in the Greenback Club Room, Tuesday evening. David Cronin, of Woburn, called the meeting to order. W. M. Miller, of Woburn, was made temporary chairman, and E. B. Waite, of Stoneham, temporary secretary. The Committee on Credentials reported 17 delegates present from 10 towns. David Cronin was made permanent chairman, and E. B. Waite permanent secretary. An informal ballot was taken, which gave Sumner W. Kimball, of Stoneham, 16 votes. This vote was made formal, and Mr. Kimball declared the nominee of the convention. The following District Committee were appointed:—Marshall Wood, Burlington, John Lahie, Stoneham, Dean Dudley, Wakefield, James E. Kelley, Wilmington, P. W. Swan, Winchester, John C. Mohan, Woburn. The Committee were authorized to add to their number by appointing a member from each of the towns not represented.

**RUNAWAY.**—Last Monday morning E. O. Sole's horse ran away from Granmer Bros. house on Warren Street, down through Church avenue; just as he reached the corner of the avenue and Main street, some person attempted to stop him, when he took the sidewalk, and the wagon was caught between a tree and the iron fence at the corner of the Orthodox church-yard. The wagon was badly smashed and some three feet of the fence broken. The horse was not injured.

**MILITARY OPENING.**—Mrs. Thompson & Wright, at 197 Main Street, held their Fall Opening Thursday and Friday, and show a very fine assortment of ladies and children's bonnets and hats, in a large variety of colors, and richly trimmed with birds, feathers, wings, and the numerous styles of gilt ornaments now so freely used. In addition to these, they have a stock of all goods in their line at low prices.

**ENTERTAINMENT.**—Post 33 gave an entertainment in their hall last Thursday evening, which was very interesting, the performers being Messrs. Fletcher, Reed, Gardner, Barrett, Hill, and the Highland Quartette.

Nathan Clark and A. O. Brewster will speak in Lyceum Hall, Oct. 29.

**FALL PARADE.**—The annual Fall parade and target shoot of the Phoenix occurred on Thursday afternoon. At 1.30 the company, under command of Lieut. J. W. Ellard, accompanied by the Woburn Brass Band, D. H. Marranan, director, and the Fine Members, left their armory, and proceeded directly to Walnut Hill Range. The Fine Members were commanded by Capt. E. F. Weyer, and numbered 19 men. Two targets were used, at 200 yards, and the result of the firing among the company was as follows, 36 men participating:—

Lieut. J. W. Ellard, 11  
Lieut. C. W. Converse, 13  
Sergeant W. Flinders, 13  
Sergeant G. W. Bowers, 13  
Sergeant S. Skelton, 4  
Sergeant G. A. Buxton, 4  
Corp. C. E. Halliday, 4  
Corp. G. A. Simonds, 4  
Corp. J. T. Davis, 4  
Corp. M. Varian, 2  
J. W. Field, 2  
J. E. Merrill, 2  
H. T. Fletcher, 10  
George M. Hall, 10  
George O. Gleason, 5  
G. Hendon, 5  
H. E. Carter, 5  
A. J. Davis, 5  
C. W. Philbrook, 12  
C. E. Clark, 5  
C. W. Converse, 5  
G. H. Dickson, 20  
D. G. Stewart, 8  
Lyman P. Pell, 9  
J. B. Mitchell, 6  
J. E. Bedelle, 10  
W. Leathley, 10  
E. L. Johnson, 11  
J. H. Dean, 11  
H. L. Johnson, 11  
Frank Trott, 11  
E. D. West, 6  
J. W. Hedges, 6

Two company prizes were offered; one for the best score among the members who participated in the State match at Framingham, and one for best score for those who were not members of that team.

The score of the Fine Members was as follows:—  
A. E. Thompson, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
T. H. Hill, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
A. P. Barrett, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Capt. C. W. Converse, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
S. Horton, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
J. A. Simonds, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
F. B. Dodge, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Capt. John E. Tild, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
John L. Moore, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
S. Simonds, Jr., 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Peter Kenney, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
J. E. Trull, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Lieut. M. S. Seelye, 2 0 0 0 0 0 0  
J. E. Weyer, 2 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Major A. L. Richardson, 4 0 0 0 0 0 0  
George D. Dure, 4 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Capt. J. P. Crane, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
C. E. Kelley, 5 0 0 0 0 0 0  
The scores of Messrs. Crane, Duren and Richardson being the same, there was some discussion about the winner. The rules being referred to, it was decided that Mr. Duren was the lucky man; but his chances were spoiled by the appearance of Mr. C. E. Kelley, who took his turn, and scored 25, making the third year that he has won the first prize in the Fine Members match.

A collation was served, and shortly after, the line of march was taken up for the armory, where the prizes were awarded as follows:—For best score in Fine Member's team, C. E. Kelley, silver ice pitcher; for poorest score, N. J. Simonds, "little brown jug." For best score among active members who participated at Framingham, A. U. Dickson, silver medal; for best score among active members, outside of Framingham team, Joseph M. Hill, silver medal; for poorest score, Joseph T. Davis, leather medal. The scores were kept down by the wind which blew dead across the range, with occasional lulls. In the evening there was a social party in the armory, at which Ford's Band furnished music.

**BAPTIST CHURCH.**—Rev. Joseph Ricker D. D., of Augusta, Me. former pastor of the First Baptist Church, Woburn, occupied the pulpit of that church last Sabbath morning, preaching an excellent sermon addressed especially to the church. In the afternoon, the pastor, Rev. E. Mills, preached, Dr. Ricker assisting in the services.

In the evening meeting Dr. Ricker made a touching appeal in behalf of a poor church in the wilds of Maine, asking a contribution of \$25, to which the congregation responded by a gift of \$26.50. At a special meeting of the church held on Thursday evening, Oct. 24, the church roll was revised by the correction of dates, and the excision of names of members long absent and neglecting church obligations. It is proposed to print the revised roll in the forthcoming church Memorial.

**STOREHOUSE AND TAN SHED BURNED.**—A storehouse and tan shed at Pollard's tannery was burned Thursday evening. It was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. The storehouse contained a large four-horse wagon, two carts, two buggies, an express wagon, stock wagon, and five tons of hay. The hay belonged to W. B. Smith. Two cows were rescued with difficulty, but all the other contents were destroyed. The fire was set in several places, and although it was early in the evening, the fire had made headway before it was discovered, that it was impossible to save the buildings. Fortunately the wind blew away from the tannery, or that would have gone also. The loss is about \$3,000. No insurance.

**POLICE COURT.**—Richard Haley, Alfred Devine, John Harney, and Patrick Kelly, drunk, each \$3 and costs. S. G. Witham, larceny in building, \$20 and costs. John White, vagabond; committed to State Work-house for one year. James Noon, for assault with intent to kill, in about \$1000 bonds to appear before Justice Converse next Thursday. John E. Doherty, Thomas F. Doherty, John Madden, Edward Madden, Patrick Grady, John W. Conway, William McCafferty, are seven boys arrested for disturbing the west school, Burlington, last week. They were released on probation, on payment of one-seventh of the costs each.

**BROKE DOWN.**—P. McConlon's team, of Winchester, broke down near the Catholic Church, Thursday afternoon. A new wheel will be needed.

**STAR COURSE.**—The state of the weather on Wednesday evening preventing many from attending the opening of the Star Course, the manager has decided to reduce the price of tickets, so that patrons can attend the series of six concerts and entertainments for one dollar and fifty cents. This price is so low for such talent as is to appear that there can be no doubt of overflowing houses. Myron Whitney and Star company appear on Wednesday evening next.

The Ladies' Auxiliary Society will meet at Grand Army Hall, on Monday afternoon next, at 2 o'clock. Ladies will please come prepared to sew.

**DEDICATION.**—The dedicatory exercises of St. John's Institute on Main Street, took place Tuesday evening. About seven o'clock the McClure Battalion and St. Charles Cavalry, commanded by Major William H. White, and headed by the National Band, 21 pieces, P. Calnan, Jr., leader, left their hall, and marched through Main, Pleasant, Warren and Summer streets to the hall, where they took seats as a body. The members of the Ladies' Temperance Society occupied seats directly in front of the platform. The main hall was filled long before the exercises commenced. The room was decorated with evergreen and streamers, and presented a neat appearance. The Band were stationed on the platform, and discoursed music during the evening. At 8 o'clock, Revs. Father Quenley and Murphy, of Woburn, O'Donnell, of Boston, President of Catholic Total Abstinence Unions of America, McKenna, of Marlboro, and T. H. Hill, Esq., took seats on the platform, and were greeted with applause as they entered. Father Murphy was President of the evening.

In a few well chosen remarks, in which he congratulated the people on being able to dedicate such a building, to the great cause of temperance, he introduced Rev. Father Quenley, who spoke words of encouragement to those engaged in the good cause.

Rev. Father O'Donnell said that this was an auspicious event, which had brought so many together in this sacred and hallowed monument of total abstinence in America. He was not only the heart of every Irishman and Catholic. This is the only people among Catholics in the State, who have dedicated so grand a structure to assist in carrying out the purpose of the temperance cause. There is no rank, honor, position you may not obtain if you are only temperate. He urged the people to use that intelligence which God had given them, and practice sobriety.

The morning session was closed by prayer by Rev. W. W. Wellman of Malden.

A bountiful repast was served at the noon hour by the ladies of the Old South Church, to which justice was done by the delegates.

The annual meeting of the Woburn Conference Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions was held between 1 and 2 o'clock. The attendance was large and the interest very good.

The afternoon session of the Conference was introduced by a prayer meeting conducted by Mr. S. K. Hamilton of Wakefield. The Conference was called to order by the Moderator at 2 o'clock. The Committee on Nominations reported that the next meeting of the Conference would be held at Winchester, and J. H. Tyler and Rev. M. M. Cutter were appointed a committee of arrangements.

The roll of the Conference showed that twenty churches were represented by forty-two pastors and forty-two delegates. Several questions were presented through the question box, which were answered by different persons present.

The topic of the afternoon, "Results of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit," was opened by Rev. Charles Anderson of North Woburn.

He was followed by Mr. Hoadlette of Maplewood, Rev. Henry Bates of Nebraska, Rev. Dr. W. Wellman of Malden and Rev. Mr. White of Reading.

The committee appointed to draw up resolutions in regard to the welfare of the Sunday School, reported as follows:—

Resolved: That a Standing Committee consisting of three persons (one of whom shall be the Scribe), shall be appointed as the Sunday School Committee of the Conference whose duty it shall be to make arrangements for Sunday School meetings of the Conference, to co-operate with similar committees of other bodies, and in general to do whatever in their judgment shall promise to promote the spiritual efficiency and the welfare of our Sunday Schools.

Resolved: That the members of this Conference, to be held next Fall, shall be devoted to reports and discussions bearing upon the Sunday School work of its churches; and that, thereafter every alternate fall session of the Conference shall be devoted, unless otherwise ordered at the meeting in the spring preceding, to similar reports and discussions.

In accordance with these resolutions the following committee were appointed:—Rev. D. P. Newcomb, of North Woburn, Messrs. Pollard of Woburn, Webster of Malden, and Brown of Medford.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the Old South Church and Society of Reading for their cordial reception of the conference, and after the exercises of the Conference were closed by the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, administered by Rev. Wm. H. Adams of Lexington and Rev. Henry Bates of Nebraska.

**SIXTH MIDDLESEX DEMOCRATIC SENATORIAL DISTRICT.**—The delegates to this Convention assembled at Whittier's Building, Stoneham, yesterday afternoon. It was called to order by George W. Dike of Stoneham, Chairman of the District Committee. A. V. Lynde of Melrose was called to the chair, with John Low of Wakefield Secretary. A Committee on Credentials was appointed who reported delegates from Woburn, Stoneham, Wakefield, Melrose and Tewksbury, all the towns in the district. There were 24 delegates elected, 18 of whom were present. An informal ballot was had for a candidate for Senator with the following result:—

Whole number of votes 15  
Necessary to a choice 8  
L. Thompson, Jr., of Woburn had 7  
W. Kimball and S. Kimball of Stoneham 4  
Lucius Hoole of Wakefield 2  
A. V. Lynde of Melrose 1  
The formal ballots were as follows:—

Thompson 1st ballot, 20. 3d, 4th.  
Beale 5 5 8 8  
Kimball 5 5 10 10  
Sumner W. Kimball of Stoneham was declared the nominee of the Convention, and the nomination was made unanimous.

Messrs. George W. Dike of Stoneham, John L. Munroe of Woburn, James Reed of Reading, Charles Prentiss of Melrose and S. K. Hamilton of Wakefield were appointed a District Committee. A. V. Lynde of Melrose was chosen a member of the State Central Committee from the District. The Convention then adjourned.

**North Woburn.**  
ANNIVERSARY.—The North Congregational Sunday School, held its thirty-third anniversary last Sunday evening. The house was decorated with autumn leaves and a beautiful display of flowers. One hundred and one hundred and five scholars, and has an average attendance of seventy-three.

Mr. Noyes, of Wilmington was present, and made a short but very interesting address to the scholars, followed by their pastor, Rev. Chas. Anderson.

**Fire.**—About 8 o'clock, Tuesday evening, a fire broke out in the Bond Bros. currying shop. An alarm was sounded, but the fire was extinguished before it had done much damage.

Dr. Elliott, formerly of Wilmington, has located with us.

**West Woburn.**  
**Fire.**—Thursday morning the wood covering of the main shaft at John Cummings's shop caught fire, but was extinguished by the workmen with hand-hose, without any serious damage.

## WOBURN CONFERENCE.

The fall meeting of the Woburn Conference of Congregational Churches was held at Reading on Tuesday with the Old South Church in Reading. The introductory devotional service commenced at 9 1/2 o'clock, being conducted by Rev. Daniel P. Noyes of Wilmington. The Conference was organized at 10 o'clock by the adoption of the Executive Committee's report, recommending the election of Rev. Daniel March, D. D., of Woburn, to fill the office of Moderator for one year. Dr. March on taking the chair spoke upon the importance of the occasion, and expressed the hope that the result of all the discussion would be seen in the quickened spiritual life of all the members of our churches.

After the transaction of various matters of business the topic of the morning, "The work of the Holy Spirit," was opened by Rev. J. G. Taylor, of Melrose Highlands, who read an elaborate essay on the question, whether the churches are becoming more social clubs without spirituality. He urged the need of greater spirituality as a check upon all aims in society and business, and as a means of reconciling rich and poor, employer and employee. He advised more self-sacrifice in the cause of Gospel evangelism.

An address was made by Rev. W. J. Batt of Stoneham, who spoke upon the conditions of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, naming 1. The necessity of being sincere in heart, 2. Entire consecration to God, 3. The feeling of absolute dependence upon the Holy Spirit. 4. A fixed purpose to co-operate with the Holy Spirit. Mr. Batt was followed by Rev. C. H. Balch of Medford, who treated them as the former speaker, emphasizing the importance of 1. Feeling one's need of the Spirit, 2. A desire for the presence of the Spirit, 3. Dwelling in prayer and sympathy with fellow Christians, 4. Attention to the Word of God, 5. Confession and forsaking of sin. Remarks followed from Rev. Daniel P. Noyes, Rev. A. S. Hudson, W. H. Adams.

The morning session was closed by prayer by Rev. W. W. Wellman of Malden.

A bountiful repast was served at the noon hour by the ladies of the Old South Church, to which justice was done by the delegates.

The annual meeting of the Woburn Conference Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions was held between 1 and 2 o'clock. The attendance was large and the interest very good.

The afternoon session of the Conference was introduced by a prayer meeting conducted by Mr. S. K. Hamilton of Wakefield. The Conference was called to order by the Moderator at 2 o'clock. The Committee on Nominations reported that the next meeting of the Conference would be held at Winchester, and J. H. Tyler and Rev. M. M. Cutter were appointed a committee of arrangements.

The roll of the Conference showed that twenty churches were represented by forty-two pastors and forty-two delegates. Several questions were presented through the question box, which were answered by different persons present.

The topic of the afternoon, "Results of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit," was opened by Rev. Charles Anderson of North Woburn.

He was followed by Mr. Hoadlette of Maplewood, Rev. Henry Bates of Nebraska, Rev. Dr. W. Wellman of Malden and Rev. Mr. White of Reading.

The committee appointed to draw up resolutions in regard to the welfare of the Sunday School, reported as follows:—

Resolved: That a Standing Committee consisting of three persons (one of whom shall be the Scribe), shall be appointed as the Sunday School Committee of the Conference whose duty it shall be to make arrangements for Sunday School meetings of the Conference, to co-operate with similar committees of other bodies, and in general to do whatever in their judgment shall promise to promote the spiritual efficiency and the welfare of our Sunday Schools.

Resolved: That the members of this Conference, to be held next Fall, shall be devoted to reports and discussions bearing upon the Sunday School work of its churches; and that, thereafter every alternate fall session of the Conference shall be devoted, unless otherwise ordered at the meeting in the spring preceding, to similar reports and discussions.

In accordance with these resolutions the following committee were appointed:—Rev. D. P. Newcomb, of North Woburn, Messrs. Pollard of Woburn, Webster of Malden, and Brown of Medford.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the Old South Church and Society of Reading for their cordial reception of the conference, and after the exercises of the Conference were closed by the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, administered by Rev. Wm. H. Adams of Lexington and Rev. Henry Bates of Nebraska.

**SIXTH MIDDLESEX DEMOCRATIC SENATORIAL DISTRICT.**—The delegates to this Convention assembled at Whittier's Building, Stoneham, yesterday afternoon. It was called to order by George W. Dike of Stoneham, Chairman of the District Committee. A. V. Lynde of Melrose was called to the chair, with John Low of Wakefield Secretary. A Committee on Credentials was appointed who reported delegates from Woburn, Stoneham, Wakefield, Melrose and Tewksbury, all the towns in the district. There were 24 delegates elected, 18 of whom were present. An informal ballot was had for a candidate for Senator with the following result:—

Whole number of votes 15  
Necessary to a choice 8  
L. Thompson, Jr., of Woburn had 7  
W. Kimball and S. Kimball of Stoneham 4  
Lucius Hoole of Wakefield 2  
A. V. Lynde of Melrose 1  
The formal ballots were as follows:—

Thompson 1st ballot, 20. 3d, 4th.  
Beale 5 5 8 8  
Kimball 5 5 10 10  
Sumner W. Kimball of Stoneham was declared the nominee of the Convention, and the nomination was made unanimous.

Messrs. George W. Dike of Stoneham, John L. Munroe of Woburn, James Reed of Reading, Charles Prentiss of Melrose and S. K. Hamilton of Wakefield were appointed a District Committee. A. V. Lynde of Melrose was chosen a member of the State Central Committee from the District. The Convention then adjourned.

**North Woburn.**  
ANNIVERSARY.—The North Congregational Sunday School, held its thirty-third anniversary last Sunday evening. The house was decorated with autumn leaves and a beautiful display of flowers. One hundred and one hundred and five scholars, and has an average attendance of seventy-three.

Mr. Noyes, of Wilmington was present, and made a short but very interesting address to the scholars, followed by their pastor, Rev. Chas. Anderson.

**Fire.**—About 8 o'clock, Tuesday evening, a fire broke out in the Bond Bros. currying shop. An alarm was sounded, but the fire was extinguished before it had done much damage.

Dr. Elliott, formerly of Wilmington, has located with us.

**West Woburn.**  
**Fire.**—Thursday morning the wood covering of the main shaft at John Cummings's shop caught fire, but was extinguished by the workmen with hand-hose, without any serious damage.

Written for the Journal.  
As the new library building grows toward completion, it is becoming more and more an object of interest and admiration. Many persons who looked upon it with doubt, or positive disfavor at first, have now learned to like its irregular proportions, and its picturesque tower and pinnacles. The style of architecture adopted by the designer is not common in this country, and like many forms new to the eye, it takes a little time to see its beauty and harmony. We are beginning to learn that ponderous buildings, made up of straight lines and high walls are not the most comely structures, or most satisfying to taste and feeling. There can be no doubt, when the grading to the library is finished, it will stand out in still more graceful outlines, and constantly charm by the beauty and perfection of its details. Already visitors who come here from Boston and other cities, and who have the advantage of a large acquaintance with modern architecture, pronounce it one of the finest buildings on the continent. The day cannot be distant when every citizen of Woburn will feel this edifice to be the most cherished public object within its limits, and take both pride and pleasure in referring to its varied beauties, and in enjoying its advantages.

Miss Fanny Kellogg, late soloist at the Ebenezer Church, has been secured by Mr. Clark, one of the finest contraltos in the State. Wm. H. Fessenden the favorite tenor, with Myron W. Whitney the great Bass, will appear in one of the choicest programmes ever presented here, at Lyceum Hall next Wednesday evening.

**REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.**—Notwithstanding the fact that the new law concerning the registration of voters has been previously explained, and that the people are good many citizens who do not fully understand its requirements. In the first place, all who are to vote for the first time this year must appear before the Board of Selectmen and be examined as to qualifications and register their names. In the second place, all voters whose names are not now on the list, whether from accident or other causes, must appear before the board like new voters; in the third place, new voters must pay a poll tax. Those who have voted before are entitled to vote if their poll tax for 1877 has been paid. We trust we have now made this clear, and those who find their names missing from the list election day will have themselves to blame.

**Burlington.**  
RAG BABY.—Tuesday evening, Samuel Hoar, Esq., of Concord, and John W. Johnson, Esq., of Woburn, spoke to a large and appreciative audience at Town Hall.

**Winchester.**  
RECEL.—The piano forte recital at Lyceum Hall next Thursday evening will be a treat of good music. Mr. Perry is undoubtedly the best "blind pianist" in the world, and he is accorded by the musical critics of Boston a "high rank among artists." He has been for some years studying under the best instructors at Berlin and Stuttgart, and attracted considerable attention even in those musical centers, having had the honor of officiating as Court pianist at the Imperial Palace, by special invitation of Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Germany.

**CONCERT.**—The Centennial Jubilee Singers gave one of their pleasing and peculiar performances at the Baptist church on Tuesday.

**ENTERTAINMENT.**—A musical and dramatic entertainment was given on Thursday evening, in the Unitarian Vestry. The musical performers were Messrs. Metcalf, Folsom, and Stone, and Messrs. Knapp, and Lanson. The dramatic performers were Messrs. Carter, Newcomb, and Spurr. Mr. Bartlett of Portsmouth, and Messrs. Cutter, Marble, and Boynton. All of the above except Mrs. Bartlett are of Winchester.



[illegible]



# Puzzle Column.

Address all communications for this column to M. H. Nichols, Burlington, Mass. Contributions solicited.

866.

## PRIZE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

An animal; an animal; a bird; to discover; a tree; a fish; a period; an animal; an insect; a fish; cunning; a plant. The words are all of equal length, and the centrals read down name a bird.

867.

## GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADES.

- (Massachusetts towns.)
1. A district and a village.
  2. A fish and an opening.
  3. A conjunction and a weight.
  4. A direction and a kind of wine.
  5. A color and extent.
  6. A point of the compass, and a support.
  7. Intermediate and a collection of horses.
  8. An article and an American city.
  9. An animal and a corporation town.
  10. Fresh and fashion.

868.

## PRIZE COMBINATION DOUBLE WORDS SQUARE CROSS.

(Invented by the writer.)

0 0 0  
0 0 0  
0 0 0 0 0  
0 0 0 0 0  
0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
0 0 0 0 0  
0 0 0  
0 0 0

Top. Across: an animal; a time; even. Down: an index; metal; an animal.

Upper left. Across: a fish; an animal; moisture.

Down: a label; a measurement; a tree. Upper right. Across: a vessel; a beverage; to procure.

Down: a label; a tree; to plague. Left. Across: a fish; a consternation; a fruit.

Down: a vehicle; to be indebted; a cave. Centre. Across: to move; a feminine name; a tribunal.

Down: a film; a drink; a fish. Right. Across: a plaything; a fish; a plant.

Down: the end; a song; certainly. Lower left. Across: to seize; to let in; a ruler.

Down: to bow; an animal; a ruler. Lower right. Across: to tear; soon; a vessel.

Down: a cloth; a masculine name; a prison. Bottom. Across: to bark; a feminine name; to fix.

Down: an adverb; a prayer; to fondle. A sheet of comic literature for the first three correct answers.

869.

## PRIZE TRANSPOSED SQUARE.

Words of the following signification, if rightly transposed will form a perfect Words Square.

Animals; food; low; a bird. 25 scroll cards for the first correct answer.

870.

## PRIZE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

A town of Litchfield County, Conn.; a river of the U. S.; a river of India; a river of the U. S.; a town of Mecklenburg Co., N. C.; a town of Barbour County, West Virginia.

The centrals read down name a manufacturing city of New England. A map of the "Nutmeg" State for first correct answer.

871.

Danbury, Conn. NUTMEG.

872.

SALEM  
LACARAD  
CALAVEDOE  
RAMARENARE  
HAREMADAMART  
ADELADAMART  
REBIDETERUCE  
ELIKALERTRUCE  
MADAMARTSTREW  
SARACARARID  
DERAVELID  
ATREATO  
SALTS

873.

C L  
BAT REP  
CAELEMUR  
TEDIPUN  
LINER  
HOPETAR  
LOWERATAN  
FEARAT  
K N

874.

(Oer-Chard.) Orchard.

875.

Cob, Bob, Fob, Job, Kob, Lob, Mob, Rob, Sob, Cob, Cob, Com, Con, Coo, Cop, Cor, Cot, Cow, Coy, Cab, Cub.

876.

Journal three months for first complete list of answers. Silver quarter for second complete list of solutions. A picture for best incomplete list.

# AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

Upon the first day that Mr. Peters began to do work for the *Argus* as a reporter, he came in early in the evening and wrote the following item:

"John Wilson was kicked by a mule yesterday on Passunk avenue."

When Peters handed the item to the editor, that individual said:

"Peters, that is too short. It is not full enough. You must expand it a little."

So Peters sat down and re-wrote it as follows:

"Yesterday, at half-past twelve o'clock, a man named John Wilson, while walking along Passunk avenue, near Clinton street, was kicked in the side by a vicious mule, and badly hurt."

"Peters," said the editor, as he looked this over, "this won't do; it is not sufficiently vivid. What you need in an item is a picturesque quality; you need the element of imagination. You must poetize your items, as it were. I think I will pay you the column, so as to incite you to effort in the proper direction."

"You want it poetized, do you?" asked Peters.

"Yes; work it up with an eye to dramatic effect."

"All right," said Peters; "I'll put through in the proper style."

So Peters went back to his desk and an hour or two later he had produced an item something like this:

"Yesterday (ah! yesterday! another day added to the rolling tide of years that sweeps backward into the mournful past, bearing with it a burden of human sorrow!) an American citizen (pride title! Pronder than the glittering dabbles of rank bestowed upon their creatures by pitiless despots; a title that our Revolutionary forefathers bore covered with a halo of glory) named (what's in a name?) John (a name borne by some of the greatest men that ever lived) Wilson, was walking (and no better physical exercise has ever been discovered. It develops every muscle, and gives all the organs of the body free and active-play) down (that is to say south-east, with a slight inclination to the southward) Passunk avenue (so called because the Indians gave the title Passunk to the creek that first meandered through that region). It was about (we are not positive as to the very minute) half-past twelve o'clock (high noon), the glorious sun was looming through the celestial vault of azure at the rate of millions of miles a second (that is, apparently looming, for the astronomers tell us that the earth moves and not the sun) and shining meantime upon a scene of more than loveliness. A mule (an animal well known to the early Egyptians, and traces of which are found upon Babylonian bricks) stood at the corner of Clinton Street, calmly (the mule is always calm. Where, where on earth is there a spirit more unperturbed, and less excitable than his?) eating (with apparent relish, too (some perhaps a dozen) pounds of hay (timothy, we were informed) from the tail end of a wagon. (It was a Jersey wagon, without springs, and with yellow wheels.) Mr. Wilson, casting his eye (figuratively casting it, of course—not literally) over the frame of the patient animal, observed a burr (such as is produced in the Jersey swamps in rich profusion) upon the tail of the mule. He felt a philanthropic impulse (known only to the hearts of the truly humane) to remove the tantalizing (the word is derived from "Tantalus," for which see any classical dictionary) substance, so as to make the mule more comfortable. He seized the tail with the left hand (if we are correctly informed) and took hold of the burr. It stuck, and it is supposed that in pulling it, he must have hurt the mule, for the mule suddenly let drive with both feet (hind feet) and struck Mr. Wilson somewhere in the vicinity of the fifth rib. (Reference to a good picture of a skeleton will enable the reader to locate the exact spot.) While the mule resumed with an appearance of indifference, its frugal repast, Mr. Wilson was doubled all up, and his spirit wandered in the realms of unconsciousness. He (that is Mr. Wilson, not the mule) was—"

At this point, Mr. Peters concluded to show the item to the editor to see if it would suit.

"If you like it," said Peters, "I'm going right along with a column or more, giving a full account of Wilson's misery, an algebraic formula for the calculation of the velocity of a mule's hoofs, and a picturesque description of the magnificent vista which would have met Wilson's view if the muscular force of the mule had been sufficient to have sent him to an elevation as high as the snow-line. How do you think that will do?"

Then the editor called the cashier, and instructed him to pay Peters to date, and discharge him, and call a policeman to put him out, if force should be necessary.

Peters has given up journalism. He is writing up advertisements for a new kind of hair-dye—*Max Adler*.

THE TRULY GREAT MAN.—The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.—*Channing*.

An art critic, going into a gallery in a state of mild inebriation, to criticise some pictures, sees himself in a glass, and taking out his note-book, writes as follows: "First room; head of a drunkard; no signature; has a great deal of character; red nose, remarkably truthful. Must be a portrait from life; think I've seen that face somewhere."

A party of Boston ladies who were spending the summer in a little town not far from the White Mountains attended a fair which was held by the ladies of one of the churches. Wishing to appear properly interested, one of the visitors asked a manager what the proceeds were to be devoted to. "Well," was the hesitating reply, "we ain't just certain whether we'll buy an ice-cream freezer or a house."

A member of a fashionable up-town congregation in New York city called at a music store and inquired—"Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon'?" adding, "Our pastor referred to it yesterday morning as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

St. Nicholas for November begins the sixth volume of the magazine with seventy-two pages and fifty-two pictures filled with enchantment for the boys and girls. Two new serials begin in this number. One, for boys, is by Frank R. Stockton and has the inviting title "A Jolly Fellowship." Its first installment describes the voyage of two boys to one of the Southern States, where the scene of the story is laid; and the seven telling illustrations are by James E. Kelly. Further on in the number the youngsters will find a short biographical account of Frank R. Stockton, with a portrait, which will pleasantly satisfy their curiosity as to this favorite author. The other serial, for girls, is by Katharine D. Smith, and this first part has three pictures; two of them, by Frederick Dickman, are the religious persecutions carried on by Louis XIV, of France; the illustration, by Sol Eytinge, is used as the frontispiece to the number. Next comes "Who Told?" by Sarah Winter Kellogg, a story for girls, with a fine picture by Walter Silas. Then follow, at intervals, "Handsome Hans," the history of a brave and beautiful war horse, with a fine illustration by Kelly; "The Most Thoroughly Educated Young Lady in Miss Neal's School," a Thanksgiving story, by Hope Ledyard; and "The Two Relations," a tale of the wonderful achievements of a shrewd and lucky dwarf, with a picture by Geo. F. Barnes. Among the other attractions of the number, besides poems by Lucy Larcom, C. P. Branch and others, are "The Three Wise Men," some funny verses humorously illustrated by Hopkins; "The Magician's Lesson," a short and striking play by G. B. Bartlett; the usual large-print pages for the youngest readers; and "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" and the other departments.

Scraper for November.—The most noteworthy feature in "Scraper's" for November is the beginning of "Haworth's," the new novel by Mrs. Burnett, author of "The Lass o' Lowrie," the serial publication to continue through the magazine year, which begins with this number. The opening scene of the story is an English family, and the range of characters introduced promises to be wide and varied. The story is considered sufficiently picturesque to admit of four illustrations each month, two of which are to be by Mr. Bolles, and two by Mr. Diehlman. The publishers announce that during the coming year the book will be frontispieces, (a feature recently introduced into holiday numbers only). These will be portraits of eminent American poets, to be drawn by Wyatt Eaton, and engraved by T. Cole (from whose hands have come the Lincoln and Bryant portraits), and in pursuance of this plan, the first one—of Mr. Longfellow—is given in the November number, accompanied by a full, critical, and biographical sketch, by R. H. Stoddard, with illustrations of the poet's study, drawing-room, "the old clock on the stairs," the lawn, Charles River, etc., by Swain Gifford and Francis Lathrop. Another paper on a popular subject is "A Night with Edison," by William H. Bishop, which is thought to be the fullest account of this life of this interesting man yet printed. The paper is crowded with new anecdotes of Edison's wit and ingenuity, a description of his workshop, etc., etc., including much about his notable inventions, which form some unusual subjects for the artist, Kelly. "Johnny Reb at Play," is the first of several papers by an ex-Confederate soldier, Mr. A. C. Redwood, upon interesting phases of life in the Southern army. Mr. Redwood is his own artist, and draws for his rollicking paper pictures of regiments snow-balling, "Kimboimkin," "Jining the Cavalry," "Wearing a Kunkelwater Watch," etc. The next paper will show the heroic and pathetic side of the life of the "Spelling-Book at Angel's," by Bret Harte, is reported by "Truthful James," in the style of the author's earlier moral successes, and the situation and material are enforced by two drawings by Thomas Eakins, for which the merit of fidelity to Californian types is claimed. There is also a paper on the "Picturesque aspects of Farm Life in New York," by John Burroughs, who can farm as well as write. Mrs. Mary Hallack Foster contributes two papers, which are reproduced by the "process" with which "Scraper" has been recently making experiment. "A Wind-Storm in the Forests of the Yuba," is by John Muir, who took his notes on the tall and spreading trees, during the terrific gale. Mr. Bolles has a drawing of the storm from the original sketch by the author, whose subject-matter and style are remarkably unacknowledged. The magazine announces other short papers by Mr. Muir. The illustrated material is completed by a paper on "Chamby Fort, or the Richelieu River," by Henry Sandham, the Canadian artist, who drew the "Moose Cleft," in the last *Midwinter*. Scribner's. The unillustrated papers also cover a wide field. "A Modern Playwright," by J. D. Osborne, is a sketch of the experiences and oddities of Eugene Scribner, and reflects much of interest concerning the French stage, and in its best playrights and actors, including anecdotes of the dramatic methods of Rachel and Ristori. "Our Patent System and what we owe to it," by James Richardson, is an effort to answer every objection yet urged to this system, which has been so much abused in jopardy during the coming session of Congress. The idea that inventions are inimical to workmen is incidentally discussed. "The Apparition of Joe Murch," by Noah Brooks, is an amusing and laughable addition to trash literature. "Parsons and Parsons," by Edward Eggleston, is a collection of humorous anecdotes for readers lay and clerical. Mr. Boyesen's "Falconberg" reaches a fourth installment. The poetry of the number includes a sonnet on Beethoven by Celia Thaxter, four songs by one of the two young godda sisters (not, however, accepted on account of the youth of the writer), and "The Poet's Fame," by R. W. Gillet. In the Department of Holland, writes of the progress of the Magazine, (now entering upon its ninth year) of "Greenbacks and Green People," and of "Theodore Thomas." "Home and Society" contains the "Hints to Young Housekeepers," by Mrs. S. W. Oakley, and "Green Autumnal Follies," by Samuel Parsons, and takes note of Sir Henry Cole's suggestion of a College of Domestic Economy. The review of Mr. Adams' book on railroads is a resume of that timely and important volume. "The World's Work" contains a full review of "Progress in Electric Lighting," with an announcement that of 117 new inventions described in that department, 57 are already in use. "Bride-a-brace" is crowded down to a single page, which includes a cartoon on the labor question.

GIVE YOUR BOY A TRADE.—It matters not whether your son makes use of his trade or not, let him learn one, and he then possesses a fortress into which he can creep when the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" assail him. His knowledge how to set type will not prevent him selling calico if he prefer it. We have known men who were glad to fall back upon this knowledge when other things failed them, and they won at the case that which they could not win behind the counter.

WHAT HE WANTED.—A strong, healthy looking young man entered the County Clerk's office and gazed respectfully around. Harry Thompson the Chief Deputy stepped up and blandly inquired of the stranger if he wished any business transacted.

The young man, when spoken to, started back as though dreading an assault, but he soon recovered himself, and said in a whisper:

"Yes, sir—I called to see—I wanted to have a little talk—how much is it, anyhow?" He held a soft cloth hat in his hand, and kept turning and twisting it about as he spoke: his face had grown terribly red and big drops of perspiration were standing on his brow.

"What is it you want?" inquired the clerk.

The man looked at him pleadingly, but struggled in vain for utterance. His eyes bulging out of his face grew redder and redder, and the veins in his neck and on his forehead swelled till they looked like great knotted cords. He twirled the hat convulsively, and then straightened it out again, and then pulled the new lining out of it and dropped it on the floor. Then he picked it up all dusty from the floor, and wiped his streaming face, leaving a dirty streak after each wipe. Finally it seemed as though the poor young man had quite recovered himself, for he looked cheerfully around the room, and then turning to Mr. Thompson, remarked in a pleasant and confidential tone:—

"Well, it is real warm for this section, isn't it?"

"Very warm, indeed," replied Mr. T.

"It is a good deal hotter than we have it down in the valley, and somehow I've always had just the opposite notion about it—that the higher up you got the cooler—"

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson, "but about that business of yours."

Another fiery blush that looked as if it would scorch the collar off his neck, followed this remark, but the stranger held up bravely. He leaned on the desk in an easy-careless sort of a way, and began to toy with a mulligan brush.

"The fact of the matter is, that I wanted to—"

Here he paused again, and meditatively jammed the mulligan brush into the inkstand.

"What the deuce are you doing with that brush?" asked the clerk, somewhat impatiently.

"Oh, by George—excuse me," stammered the man, as he hastily withdrew the brush, scattering the ink over the clerk's bosom, and as if it had been molasses dripping from his fingers, thrust the brush into his mouth, dabbing himself with the ink and mulligan, and then bolted from the office.

"That's about the worst case I have ever seen," remarked Mr. Thompson, as he wiped a big ink spot from his board side of his Roman nose.

"Crazy as a loon," said Alderman Orndorff, who had been an interested spectator of the scene. "You ought to send a policeman after that man."

"No; he's not exactly crazy," replied Thompson. "I knew from the start that he wanted a marriage license, and I thought I'd have a little quiet fun; but he's broke the line and run off with the hook."—*Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle*.

Three things to admire: Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

VEGETINE. SHE RESTS WELL.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW, WRITES: 175 BALTIMORE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Nov. 14, 1874.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

VEGETINE. SHE RESTS WELL.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW, WRITES: 175 BALTIMORE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Nov. 14, 1874.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

VEGETINE. SHE RESTS WELL.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW, WRITES: 175 BALTIMORE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Nov. 14, 1874.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

VEGETINE. SHE RESTS WELL.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW, WRITES: 175 BALTIMORE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Nov. 14, 1874.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

VEGETINE. SHE RESTS WELL.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW, WRITES: 175 BALTIMORE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Nov. 14, 1874.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

VEGETINE. SHE RESTS WELL.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW, WRITES: 175 BALTIMORE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Nov. 14, 1874.

# CATARRH

Catarrh of the Nasal Cavities, Acute, Chronic, and Ulcerative, Hay Fever, and Catarrh of the Eye and Ear, and Catarrh of the Throat.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is a disease of the mucous membrane.

# Funeral Undertakers

L. H. ALLEN, UNDERTAKER, COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTEVALL, NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.

Funeral Undertakers

L. H. ALLEN, UNDERTAKER, COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTEVALL, NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.

Funeral Undertakers

L. H. ALLEN, UNDERTAKER, COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTEVALL, NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.

Funeral Undertakers

L. H. ALLEN, UNDERTAKER, COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTEVALL, NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.

Funeral Undertakers

L. H. ALLEN, UNDERTAKER, COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTEVALL, NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.

Funeral Undertakers

L. H. ALLEN, UNDERTAKER, COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTEVALL, NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.

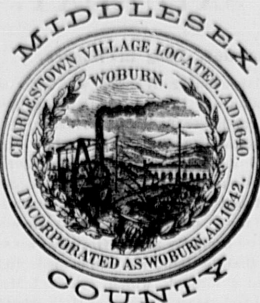
Funeral Undertakers

L. H. ALLEN, UNDERTAKER, COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTEVALL, NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.

Funeral Undertakers

L. H. ALLEN, UNDERTAKER, COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTEVALL, NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.





## Elastic Stockings,

KNEE CAPS, ANKLETS, etc.

For the relief and support of Varicose Veins, Weak, Swollen or Ulcerated Limbs.

We carry a stock of the above articles and in special cases have manufactured to order any size needed without extra charge.

Any information relative to this department of our business will be gladly given and printed rules for measurement supplied at our store.

WILLIAM W. HILL,

Apothecary,

WOBURN.

Florist.

S. W. Twombly & Sons,  
FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
ANTIQUE POTTERY,  
161 Tremont street,  
BOSTON, 2 MASS.

Professional Cards.

J. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.,  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.

JOHN C. JAGGIE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

George H. Conn,

INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 150 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 150 Main street, Woburn.  
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.;  
at Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

GEO. W. NORRIS,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
OFFICES—53 State Street, Boston, and at Woburn,  
Corner of Pleasant and Court Sts., Woburn.

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 35 School Street.

DR. O. P. ROGERS,

DENTIST,  
139 1/2 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

CHESTER W. CLARK,

Counsellor at Law,  
No. 61 COURT STREET,  
Room 2, BOSTON.

RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON.

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON, 12

Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, Boston.

Miss J. A. Campbell,

desires a few pupils on the  
PIANO FORTE,  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable  
and at the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

CENTRAL HOUSE

Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, 10 Proprietor

M. ELLIS &amp; Co.,

BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.  
OFFICE—Under Post Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.

E. C. COLOMB,

TAILOR,  
Church Street, Winchester.

Having had many years experience as a Practical  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

HALL TO LET.

Post 32, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall  
No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building), it being  
the second Hall in size in town, and fitted up with  
the same with large suite rooms and all modern con-  
veniences, will let it to responsible parties on reason-  
able terms. Inquire of Trustees, GEO. F. SIM-  
MONS, N. Z. TABOR, J. L. PARKER.

## WILMOT'S CLOTHING HOUSE

Gentlemen's Pantaloons,

-READY-MADE-

\$1.25 | 1.50 | 1.75 | 2.00,  
\$2.25 | 2.50 | 2.75 | 3.00,  
\$3.50 | 4.00 | 4.50 | 5.00.

Gentlemen's Winter Overcoats.

-READY-MADE-

\$5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10,  
\$11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15,  
\$16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20.

Boys' Overcoats.

AGE 3 to 18 YEARS,

\$2.50 | 3 | 3.50 | 4 | 4.50 | 5,  
\$5.50 | 6 | 6.50 | 7 | 7.50  
\$8 | 8.50 | 9 | 9.50 | 10.GENTLEMEN'S  
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

Garmets made from measure, good work,  
trimmings and a perfect fitting guaranteed.

ALL WOOL SUITS, \$15!  
ALL WOOL OVERCOATS, \$15!  
ALL WOOL PANTALOONS, \$4!

Buy your clothing of the manufacturer and  
save TWO or THREE per cent of the profits.

WILMOT'S,

-263-

747, 749 and 751

Washington St., Boston.

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,

TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,  
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill  
boards in town. Has by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

Business Cards.

A. BUCKMAN,

Dealer in

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

160 Main Street, Woburn.

Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand.

Photograph Gallery,

1607 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Club Pictures for schools and families, 12 tickets  
for \$10. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates by  
notice.

H. S. DUNSHIEE, Artist.

R. C. HAYWARD,

Dealer in

GROCERIES,

FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,

At the Lowest Prices.

103 Main Street, - Woburn.

Carpenters.

E. K. WILLOUGHBY,

House and Job Carpenter,

WALNUT ST., NEAR MAIN, WOBURN.

Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly at-  
tended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

J. Horace Dean &amp; Co.,

Carpenters and Builders,

Shop, Central Square, Woburn.

All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-  
tended to.

Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865

Parks &amp; Freeman,

MACHINISTS,

And Manufacturers of

Leather Machinery,

GLASSING, STONING,

Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.

Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting,  
Pulleys, Gearing, etc. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Slugs.97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership  
formed January 1st, 1875.

PORTER &amp; YOUNG,

(Successors to James Buel &amp; Co.)

MACHINISTS,

Steam and Gas Fitters.

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEAM ENGINES.

Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting,  
Pulleys, Gearing, etc. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Slugs.

SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

## Poetical Selection.

### THE SENSE OF LOSS.

It is not at the hour of death,  
While mourning o'er the parting breath;  
It is not while we look our last,  
The present all—forget the past;  
It is not while we watch the eye  
Closing with death's last quivering sigh—  
We feel our loss.

It is not when we gently lay  
The loved remains in death's array;  
It is not while with noiseless tread  
We gather round the sleeping dead,  
And for a sad, mourning day  
On what was precious fondly gaze—  
We feel our loss.

It is not when, love's labor done,  
The coffin closes, we one by one,  
With trembling awe, approach and kneel,  
And on the lid a farewell seal  
From lips that cannot speak a prayer,  
So deep the struggling feelings there—  
We feel our loss.

And when the last dread, solemn rite  
Ashes to ashes must unite,  
In sable garb we stand around,  
Bathing with tears the burial ground,  
Which soon our treasures must conceal;  
Then, then, indeed, a grief we feel—  
But not our loss.

But when a few more days are gone,  
And we yet weep, but weep alone;  
When all as it was before,  
Save one we never can see more;  
When others take that vacant place  
So lately filled by one dear face—  
We feel our loss.

Ah, many a year may pass away,  
And many a sunbeam round us play,  
And many a cloud of heavy woe  
Darken our pathway here below;  
But joy or grief can never efface  
What memory's pen alone can trace—  
There is our loss.

## Selected Story.

### The Canfield Choir.

"Yes, Experience," said Deacon Parkins, slowly and painfully, and almost as though he were in a nightmare. "Yes, Experience, there isn't a doubt in my mind that he meant it as a slight, and as a strong hint that I order resign—and I will resign!"—this with a mournful emphasis that overcame "Experience."

"You, Josiah Parkins," she gasped, at length, "you that's led the choir in the Orthodox meetin'-house this night on thirty years? Why, Josiah! seems 'st I couldn't worship nohow without you a-settin' up in the choir."

"Taint no use," said the good deacon, reminiscences of sundry compliments, which his quavering tenor had received in its more robust days, coming over him with sudden sweetness. "Taint no use—and, (I am sorry, but strict truthfulness compels me to record the fact), and," said the deacon, "by gum, Experience, I'm a goin' to let 'em see that I can get along better without them than they can without me. They'll be glad enough," and the deacon chuckled venomously; "they'll be glad enough to see me back after one or two Sundays." Then he raked the ashes forward, removed the andirons with great spirit, as he deposited successive shovelfuls of ashes upon the bed of glowing coals. "Left over," "Experience," at first I felt—*wal, bad*, but the more I think on't the more I feel—*wal, mad*, and I'll serve that church and that minister, Experience, 'zactly as I'm a sarvin' this fire—that's it," and Deacon Parkins, his soul burning as he mused, trudged off to bed. "Be I," he said, suddenly turning to his wife, "be I, Experience, a man to be despised?"

"No," said the good and gentle Mrs. Parkins, startled by these new revelations of the possibilities of her husband's usually placid nature, and feeling devoutly the truth of what he uttered, "no, you ain't, Josiah—but do tell me what you goin' to do?"

"My plans is all made," said Deacon Parkins, pausing, with his boot in the bootjack,—"my plans are as follows," (this impressed Mrs. Parkins immensely); "to-morrow night, when we come together, I shall get up, and I shall say: 'My friends, seeing that my services as chorister ain't acceptable, I have concluded to resign, which I hereby now do.' Then, of course, Mirandy, (Mirandy was the deacon's daughter, and a powerful singer on the "tribble," a son equally powerful on the bass) "he'll resign; and I'll callate Miss Trimble (the milliner) 'she'll do just as Mirandy does, and there ain't nobody else of account. Miss Smurret, she can't start a tune, no more sing one when anybody else starts it; ain't the Blodgett girls, you can't hear 'em out of the singers' seats—and Joe Pershall, he won't sing 'less Mirandy does, and I'll callate they'll all resign. Miss Parkins—that's what I callate, and the deacon smiled a grim smile. As it is with the best of us, when the devil takes us in a weak point, he, a pious man, had become, for the time being, a perfect maestro of furious and revengeful passion.

All this excitement was produced by the fact that, a new minister having come to Canfield, and great "frustration" having attended his advent, the deacon had inadvertently started a long-meter hymn to an "8's" and "7's" tune, and limped but lamely through the stanzas. The young divine, being none too heavily burdened with common sense, had chosen to remark at the prayer-meeting later in the week, upon giving out a hymn, that he hoped care would be taken to pitch the tune according to the meter of the hymn—some one, apparently not well trained in that respect, having led the tune last Sunday.

Deacon Parkins was then smarting a good deal from an implied rebuke of the callow

young fellow, given when the unhappy incident took place. This public mention added an insufferable burden, and, after keeping silence during the ride home and all the next day, the deacon burst out at last just before going to bed on Friday night. He certainly couldn't have slept an if he hadn't eased his mind.

The next day word was sent to all the interested parties, and the results were exactly as the deacon had predicted—all the "star performers" would resign.

Of course rumors leaked out during Saturday that there was going to be exciting doings at the choir rehearsal that night, and the uncommon number of forty or fifty persons gathered at the church long before the hour for beginning the proceedings.

The deacon was determined to lose no time, and as he took his place in front of the waiting congregation, he neglected to take his candles in one hand, as was his usual custom. He did not get his music-stand in order, nor proceed to get out his time-honored tuning fork.

"My friends," he began, slowly, while the audience hung breathlessly upon his words, "my friends, I ain't a-goin' to git no candle—I ain't a-goin' to set no page, nor nothin' of the kind." Here the deacon cleared his throat, and, taking warning, concluded to be brief. "My friends, I hereby resign the place of leader of this choir."

Then he sat down, and "Joshua" and "Mirandy" successively tendered their resignation as members of the same, followed by the rest of the important singers. Consternation ruled the breasts of the uninitiated, and Miss Smurret broke out crying. "Deacon Parkins, you shan't," she said, vehemently. "We don't want you to! Now, don't—there ain't no use! We shan't never have no more singing in the Orthodox church!"

This seemed to be the prevailing impression, and some of the wrath and malice which were burning in the good deacon's breast, subsided before these flattering tributes. He actually began to think that perhaps he had been too hasty—but he remembered the contemptuous air and tone of the new minister, and his desire for revenge returned. He would never—no, never lead the Orthodox choir again!

The former pastor, a venerable man, who had preached in Canfield as long as his age permitted, and who was deeply attached to his people, lived on a farm only a mile away from the village, and was able sometimes to attend divine service in the old meeting house, whose pulpit he had filled for more than forty years. As the day was bright, he came down on the Sunday morning following the choir's defection, and his dismay can be imagined when, instead of the sound of the familiar tuning-fork, followed by Deacon Parkins' resonant "do, mi," dead silence succeeded the reading of the first hymn. He turned his head. There, behind him, looking queer and out of place enough, sat Deacon Parkins, who throughout the greater part of his ministry had been the honored leader of the music, now dumb and grim enough.

The dear old man was completely bewildered, and as each successive hymn was treated in the same way, his surprise and indignation knew no bounds.

But Deacon Parkins hurried away directly after the services, so that nothing could be said to him, and the old gentleman had to depend for explanations, and lodge his own complaints upon others.

The young minister was all agog on Monday morning. His own acquaintance in the village was very limited, but he knew several of the young ladies, and, going to one of them, he begged her to help him organize a choir.

"I'm glad enough," said the flippant young fellow, "that we're well rid of that quavering old Deacon Parkins—good man enough, I dare say, but not for that place. Now, my dear Miss Araminta, let us see it we cannot get singers enough together to have a rehearsal on Saturday evening, and I myself will train them."

So Miss Araminta busied herself in drumming up recruits, and the choir went bravely forward.

This was a death-blow to Deacon Parkins and all of the old settlers, and they rallied about him, begging him to return to his old place.

"Put 'em down, the shameless young sinner," said Uncle Darius, the village oracle; "put 'em down, Josiah,—the Lord's on your side."

And forgetting that the Lord has made no special promise of help to wounded vanity, and malice and uncharitableness, Deacon Parkins laid aside his dear good nature and the traditions of his sixty longest years, and gathering together his choir in the big "settin'-room" at Miss Smurret's, laid before them a plan of operations which I blush to record.

They would set themselves together in one section of the "amen seats," and immediately upon the conclusion of the hymn would begin and sing. If the other choir came in first, the deacon's party were to wait till their singing was done, and then sing the hymn through in a different strain.

"You see," said Deacon Parkins, with pious sophistry, "you see the hymn ain't real worship till it's been sung with the spirit and the understanding also, and them poor young critters ain't no more idee of doin' that than they have of gittin' to the moon—no a bit more. I'm afraid," and the deacon shook his head dubiously, "I'm afraid for their souls, I really be."

Thus it happened that the old church in Canfield, one of the staunchest and best in all Massachusetts, was on the verge of a terrible rupture. In fact, those that passed through these scenes say that it seemed on the verge of dissolution. A foolish young

pastor, a vain old man in his second childhood, and a parcel of youngsters in their first, seemed near undoing the careful work which the good old minister had been forty years in performing.

It weighed upon his soul. He bowed himself again and again in prayer, as fresh rumors of the projects of the contending parties were borne to his ears, and he had made a plan to defeat all these machinations of the evil one, by advising secretly with the deacon before church Sunday morning, and getting him to give up his worse than useless project. But the good old man, though he was to accomplish his object, little dreamed of the way in which it was to be done. It was a way of such agony and such horror, that I shudder when I think of that Sunday morning—a Sunday morning which the dwellers in a certain town of Western Massachusetts will never forget.

The old man went down Saturday afternoon to get some money on a check which he had received through the mail. The shadows fell before he reached his house, and nothing more was known till, the next morning, a party bound for church, and full of excitement and expectancy, were chilled with terror by the sight of his prostrate body in the snow by the roadside. He had been murdered and robbed of his money, and though suspicion fastened upon a worthless fellow—since hung in Berkshire county for committing another murder—the chain of evidence against him was too frail to admit of his conviction, and he went free.

In all haste the sad news was borne to the village, while the revered pastor was carried to his home, and his wounded body wept and mourned over by his grief-stricken family. The bell was ringing for church when the messenger drove up.

"Our pastor is dead," he said, with a white face and straining voice; "he is murdered."

To one and another, as they came up, he imparted the news, and the effect on all was alike. The miserable, the contemptible farce, which was to have been played in the house consecrated by the life-long labors of that holy man, faded to its true significance in the presence of this awful reality; that accident which may befall any of us, and the like of which must come sooner or later—that certainty, the thought of which should thrill us and exalt us till these miserable, petty feelings, worthy only of the brutes that perish, sink so far below us, that they never ruffle our souls, nor cause us a single pang.

It was a day which marked an era in Canfield's history. The old pastor's family had told Deacon Parkins before the day was past, the story of their father's sorrow over the wretched state of affairs in the church, for every one had felt so strong a sense of personal loss that even those whom no curiosity nor base motive could have tempted on such an errand, had thronged to the bereaved family to tender their sympathy, and to aid in finding the perpetrators of the crime.

There were no services held in the church that day, such was the distraction and grief of the community, and long ere another Sunday, good Deacon Parkins had dismissed his unworthy feelings.

But the young pastor had come to understand the situation also. He sought Miss Araminta, and they agreed to disband the new choir, and beg the deacon to resume his sceptre once more.

Thus it happens that on this very Sabbath day, though good Deacon Parkins was long ago gathered to his rest, his son Joshua has succeeded his father as leader of the Canfield choir. And Mirandy's voice swells the "tribble," while, under this beautiful harvest moon, the grave of the murdered just one, whose death saved the church he loved from desecration and perhaps from death, lies calmly and peacefully, not three score miles from that of the villain who escaped the consequences of one crime only to meet his reward at last.—The Sunday Republican.

OCTOBER.—We wonder if the men shut up in their offices and bending over their desks, and working in shops, know what Nature is doing out in the fields and along the banks of rivers and over the crested hills. What an excited October is, and how she paints both by night and by day—now with the frost and now with the sun—coloring every leaf and creeping vine and curled tendril, and even the little grasses too, with tints and shades known only to that skill which works only for Him who gave it its mystic power. And when the winds she blows upon the canvas to seal the colors—pure, crisp, deliciously cool, lashed here and there with unusual odors, pungent and sweet, like the last breath of a pure life breathed out in hope of a sure and happy resurrection. Friend, can you not get away for one blessed day from your workshop, and see what God is making for you outside? It is a pity that such pictures should be painted by such a hand, and yet lack spectators! "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills,"—Murray.

Avoid the companion who jests at everything. Such people disparage, by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.

Memory and hope are set like stars above the soul—the one shining dimly through the twilight of the past, the other lighting the archway of the future. You never realize this so fully as, when late at night, in a strange city, you forget the number of the house at which you are stopping.

The umbrella was invented during David's rain. It was successfully used as a parody—Saul.

FARMERS' CLUBS.—The day is not far distant when the farmers of every rural district will esteem the organization and support of a farmers' club of as much importance as the city merchants attach to their boards of trade. The dwellers in the rural districts, from the isolated positions which they necessarily hold in the community, have far greater need of associated effort and co-operative organizations than the citizens of populous towns. There is much of individuality in these neighborhood organizations, they stimulate sympathy, brotherly sentiments and friendly rivalry; they are so continuous in their action and influence, they may be made so practical in their work and results, that they come directly home to the requirements of every member. A live farmers' club is certain to leave its impress on the homes and farms of its members, since it induces competition, discussion, comparison and increased effort. Though numerically strong the farmers have not experienced that influence in shaping legislation to which they are justly entitled. Their strength has been lost for lack of union and definite plan. Their petitions have been disregarded by reason of not being persistently and systematically urged. The time has now arrived when the farmer should assert his rights and sustain his position by united effort and definite purpose.

From every section of New England, and especially Massachusetts, come reports of the organization of new farmers' clubs. Such movements are contagious; the beneficent results flowing from the work of one club, stimulate the formation of another. Nothing is more convincing than facts and results, when the farmers of a certain town that is losing its population, and decreasing its acres under cultivation, witness the recuperative energy that is developed by associated effort in an adjoining town suffering under similar drawbacks, the desire to go and do likewise becomes a ruling impulse, inspiring new resolves, new hopes and new plans for the future. A farmers' club that receives the cordial support of the active and leading farmers of any town, at once quickens public spirit, improves the value of real estate, increases the advantages of residences and draws attention to the community in which it is located. Such gatherings diffuse intelligence, create demand for increased information, elevate the aims and aspirations of the members, raise the standard of manhood, keep the young men at home, inspire the participants with greater zeal and respect for their calling, finally lifting the profession of agriculture to that standard which its importance so richly merits.

HE WAS AFTER DICKENS.—"Do you want to hire a reporter?" inquired a red-nosed young man as he thrust his illuminated offtactory into this office yesterday.

He was informed that we had all the help we required at present.

"Sorry—very sorry," he said bowing quite low; "just noticed a squib in the newspaper that the immortal Dickens began life as a reporter; first I heard of it, and concluded at once to begin that way myself. Dickens made a great success of it, and what has been done once can be done again."

"We acknowledge that Dickens had made quite a hit."

"A decided hit," put in the young man, "and all I want is to start under the same auspices. Sure you have no place for me?"

"No place at present."

"Mighty sorry," replied the applicant; "have just been reading 'David Copperfield,' and am hit with the authors style."

"David Copperfield, not 'Centrefield,'" we ventured to suggest.

"Perhaps you're right; much obliged; been playing base ball lately, and have got names confused. Will be in town a few days and hope you will not forget me if a vacancy should occur."

We promised to remember him, and the young man withdrew.

Protruding his beacon light once more he said:

"Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin and Napoleon Bonaparte also began life in newspaper offices; but I don't care for them; Dickens is the man I'm after," and he closed the door softly and went down stairs on his tiptoes.—Oil City Derrick.

MARRYING WITHOUT LOVE.—Many a young lady writes to say that she has had an advantageous offer of marriage. The man who made it is of exemplary character; he is well off in this world's goods, is engaged in a profitable and reputable business, and there is no particular reason why she should not except the proposal; but she does not love him. In our judgement that is reason enough. We do not believe in marriage without love. Respect is all very well, and that one should have anyway; but it does not take the place of affection. It is said that in such matches love comes after marriage. We have no doubt that it often does. But we think that love should precede and not follow matrimony. It is always liable to happen to one that has never loved. But suppose that subsequent to marriage it is awakened in the mind of a wife for the first time, and the object happens to be other than her husband; what then? This is a contingency not pleasant to contemplate. Now if you do not love, then do not marry. Singleness is blessedness compared to marriage without affection. The conjugal yoke sits easy on the shoulders of love, but it is most galling without this one and only sufficient support.

The umbrella was invented during David's rain. It was successfully used as a parody—Saul.

MINDING HER MOTHER.—In the big crowd of excursionists sitting on the City Hall steps for a rest, the other day, was a young man with excellent length of legs, and a girl with sixteen auburn curls hanging down around her head. They had scarcely settled themselves and locked fingers when she cautiously observed—



## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

## INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Page	Col.	No.
Republican Caucus,	3	1
To Let,	3	2
J. H. Robinson,	3	3
Message's Notice,	3	4
J. P. Coster's Cotton,	3	5
Books to Let,	3	6
A Card,	3	7
P. S. Burgess,	3	8
A. A. Smith & Son,	3	9
Graham & White,	3	10
Lost,	3	11
Fair at North Woburn,	3	12
Water Notice,	3	13
J. H. Sawin & Co.,	3	14

## "ARE YOU READY?"

The close of the most exciting canvass that ever occurred in Massachusetts is just at hand. The contest has been a peculiar one in almost all of its phases, but every peculiarity of the campaign has been discussed, nothing has been concealed, and the voters go to the polls on next Tuesday with full knowledge of the issues if not a full understanding of them. In this respect all parties may be congratulated. This has been no "still hunt," but everything has been as open as the day. This is true because of the surveillance exercised by all parties. If one had anything to conceal, the other quickly discovered it, and gave it publicity. So it is, all march up to the polls with full knowledge of what the other is attempting, and the strongest will win.

Thomas Talbot appears again for the suffrages of the people, on an unexceptionable platform, and embodying in himself all the requisites of a good Governor. His associate, John D. Long, is a rising young statesman, honored and honorable. Never since Gov. Andrew's day have two heads of good names been associated at the head of the Republican ticket as Talbot & Long. Gen. Butler speaks for himself, and has shown in this contest a degree of endurance which no public man in this country can equal. If he does not succeed, he can safely say success was impossible. Judge Abbott does not expect to succeed, but it is of the highest importance to the Democratic party that they should maintain their organization, and also that Gen. Butler should not succeed. Mr. Miner we are sorry to observe, leads a forlorn hope, yet many of his supporters take the same view of the matter that the Abbott-Connors do, and would regard Gov. Talbot's election as a calamity.

For Congressmen we are left to Bowman or Clark, hard or soft money. Bowman is a fair representative of Republicanism—loyal to the Union, sound on the national honor, of large legislative experience and a ready debater. Clark believes in the greenback fallacy, was not only disloyal during the war, but a soldier hater then and now, believes the rebel war debt and war claims ought to be paid by the United States, has no legislative experience, and was never elected to any of the numerous offices for which he has been a candidate. Can the men of the Fifth District hesitate between Bowman and Clark? Can we not safely prophesy Bowman's triumphant election?

Let every man who is entitled to express an opinion by his ballot, do so on Tuesday next, and let him hesitate before he records a vote for anything but "honest money and honest men."

**NEW LIBRARY BUILDING.**—The last touches of the painters have now been put on the interior walls; the tints are in good taste and pleasing to the eye, particularly those in the art gallery. The lower part of the room has an olive tone, which is in close sympathy with pictures and their gilded frames. The higher portion of the walls and the ceiling have a lighter color, but in strict harmony with that of the base. A dark maroon band, lighted on the edge by a warm golden yellow, marks the division between them. The pictures included in the bequest of the late C. B. Winn, have been hung during the week. The collection is an admirable one for a public gallery. Many of the canvases are quite large; the subjects of these are for the most part, interior scenes, and contain groups of animated figures of an interesting character. Of the smaller genre pieces, a few are exceedingly well painted, and three or four of the landscapes are gems of color and finish. In addition to the attractions of the building and the collection of books, this feature of the noble donor's gift will always possess a charm and beauty of its own. We shall soon begin to realize the extent of the benefaction, of which Woburn was made the recipient. With the finest building of its kind in the State, a library of more than ordinary value, and an art gallery equal to those of the most noted in our metropolis, our people can hardly fail to use them for their own best advantage, while pointing to them with a just pride when their friends or strangers are visiting the town. Already, the fame of the building is extending widely, and to all who have made it the object of a journey, it has more than fulfilled their anticipations.

**NOMINATIONS.**—Dr. Azel Ames, Jr., has been nominated by the Republicans of Wakefield, for the Legislature, A. E. Scott, Esq., of Lexington, is nominated by the Republicans of the 18th Middlesex.

**ALTERATIONS.**—In accordance with orders from the State Inspector of Buildings, the doors of the Unitarian and Congregational Churches have been altered to open outward.

**No soldier can consistently vote for Nathan Clark.** Read what a "Veteran" says in another column.

**POSTPONED.**—The talk on the morals and religion of politics, proposed by Dr. Clough for Sunday evening, has been postponed.

**REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.**—The Republican Representative caucus will be held in Grand Army Hall next Monday evening.

**Vote for Bowman and honest money.**

## REPUBLICAN RALLY.

Lycium Hall was well filled last Saturday evening, when Messrs. Gordon, Cogswell and Noyes, all men of reputation, discussed the political issues. C. D. Adams, Esq., President of the Young Republican Club, presided, and in an appropriate introductory speech, introduced Gen. Geo. H. Gordon, who was greeted with applause. He said that his only reason for appearing upon the platform as a political speaker, was that the interests of the people of the State so urgently demanded the election of the Republican candidate for Governor. The national welfare is the greatest problem that can come before us as a people. Let us strive to discover the right way to vote, without anger or prejudice. Lord Macaulay, in writing of the Prince of Orange, said:—"More harm is done in one year in England by a bad currency, than in 25 years of bad kings, judges and councillors." The happiness of the people in their little homes all over the land, is of the most vital importance, and when that is jeopardized, as it certainly is by a bad currency, everything is in danger. We are all engaged in the exchange of values. We are all seeking the most substantial reward for our work, and the safest investment for our earnings. And we have a right to know that our earnings will be safe in every contingency. But with a paper currency, such as we have had lately, the man who has worked hard and saved up his money, is liable to be represented by the stability of the government, whose overthrow or injury affects his property. It is not many years since the valley of the Mississippi was unoccupied. In 1851 troops were placed in Kansas to keep out the Indians. Now the State is covered with happy homes. I went from Fort Leavenworth to the Rocky Mountains without seeing a single white person. In 1798 we numbered 4,000,000; now we are 45,000,000. That period, 1797-1860, I call the reign of gold. When the people feel the weight of the government as lightly as possible, when every man is free to develop his own energies as he chooses, with no one to interfere, that is a model government. But the relations between the government and the people have changed. The government has become powerful in its will, and destructive in its energy. The ruin wrought in the war was terrible, and when peace came, it was the peace which follows the whirlwind. In 1865 the debt had mounted up to 2700 millions, and we promised to pay it; we became bloated bondholders. I am a "bloated bondholder" myself. I raised the 34th Regiment, and received my first pay in gold in Washington. Feeling that the country needed the money greatly, I offered it to the Government, and received a bond in return for it. I ever did. These bonds represent the sins of war, the bounty paid to our soldiers, everything of value to the nation at that critical time. Are there any here tonight to tell me that that is a hard contract which holds us to the payment of such bonds?

Again, paper money, unlike gold, changes greatly in value. Gold left the country when the war began, and the currency depreciated 25 per cent. With the coming of peace the currency went up. All rushed into manufacturing. Those were "good times," they thought. Railroads were chartered, running from where no one lived, to where no one ever would live. War was evil! It was the best thing possible! But the change had to come. The relation between money and value is fixed. In 1873 came a most fearful crash. The quantity of manufactured articles could not be sold. The money invested in great concerns brought no return. Prices fell, savings banks, many of them, could not get back their investments, and have not yet. By the fall of the greenback to 34 per cent, creditors were really cheated out of two-thirds of the amount borrowed of them before the war. A thousand gold dollars borrowed before the war, could be paid back in a dollar's worth of greenbacks. The latter were worth only a third as much as the former, so \$666,666 was saved to the debtor. So, also, the debtor would suffer, who borrowed when greenbacks were down, and had to pay back when the greenback had advanced 25 per cent. or more in value. In August, 1865, the national debt had risen to \$2,689,000,000. Since then it has been reduced in these few years from \$188,000,000 to \$85,000,000. At first interest alone amounted to over \$21 yearly for each person; now it amounts to less than \$2. And it is paid by custom duties and taxes on tobacco and liquors; so the burden on the people is light. Now when we are returning to a common sense relation of values, demagogues excite the people by talking of State frauds, and of what they will do if only elected. If any man can love the working man more than I, who has labored by his side, I should like to see him. (Applause.) The man whom you choose for Governor must be above suspicion. I have known the Greenback candidate thoroughly and seen him in all his relations, and would hardly say if I should tell all I know about him. On the other hand, the Republican candidate never had a finger pointed at him except in honor. (Applause.) Governor Andrews, in the winter of '71-72 wrote to the President that the course of General Butler in Massachusetts seemed intended to favor men who wanted simply to make money. And never have there been dishonest things done here Butler was concerned, that could not be traced to him. (Applause.) When I was stationed in Norfolk, Va., I was ordered to report on the rebel traitors in Norfolk, that intermediate territory. I found the whole line occupied by traders, who told me that they were protected by Fisher A. Hildreth, the brother-in-law of the Commander of the department of Virginia, B. F. Butler.

Gen. Gordon then told about a man under arrest for crime, to whom Mr. Hildreth offered pardon, if he would smuggle a load of contraband goods into the rebel lines, and bring back a load of cotton in exchange. I could speak of the Horatio Ames' \$7,000 claim, and other strange affairs, but I ask you to give him your earnest support. (Applause.) Mr. Cogswell now explained the origin of money by picturing the gradual advancement of the first man, after his expulsion from Eden. The simplest tools which he might devise to lighten toil would be capital. Gen. Butler's idea is, that there is a natural antagonism between the capitalist and the laborer. Tres. Seeley says that the man who has a silver dollar, has a factory represents only days' wages laid by. Rich and poor are all capitalists; the only difference is that one has more than the other. He then spoke of the superior value of gold and silver as measures of value. Though eagerly sought for, we never get too much of those metals, though silver has slightly depreciated. Like diamonds they are valuable because found only after many days' labor. Hence they can be safely used to represent labor and wages without fear of loss. We stamp these metals at the mint, for convenience sake, but it adds nothing to the value of the metal. But it is dangerous and inconvenient to carry much gold about with us. I remember when once stopping at Falmouth on Cape Cod, how anxious a stranger from the West Indies was about the safety of his value of silver. I couldn't have carried it off myself, if I had wished to. When once telling this story in a certain town, I was interrupted with, "Butter and applause." To save carrying these metals about, we have paper notes to represent them. If I am going from London to Venice, instead of carrying all my gold with me, I obtain a letter of credit from a London banker, which I can carry in safety, and exchange in Venice for Venetian coin. Paper money is a very bad kind of money for the laborer. He knows very little about it. But suppose he received \$50 wages, paper money, last month. He uses it in getting so much tea, sugar and other things, at the store. The next month he receives the same; but the paper has fallen in value, and when he offers it as usual at the store, expecting the same quantity of groceries as before, he is told: "Prices have gone up." He answers: "I sweat as much and worked as hard last month as the month before, and it ought to be just as much as I get now." He loses in that way over and over, until prices are at starvation rates. At last he kicks. It is true that the laborer is hit first, last, and all the time. (Applause.) Talbot, the farmer and the retired soldier are defrauded in the same way by the uncertain value of paper money.

The fire alarm was now heard, and great numbers from the audience hurried out. Mr. Adams now introduced Hon. Chas. J. Noyes, of the State House of Representatives. Mr. Noyes said he wished the people were as easily alarmed about the national welfare as they are by the cry of fire. Our State is safe from injury; her citizens will care for her. Any official who has there any device of Butler's carrying Massachusetts? It puts the State in a false position. But I have no fear. Massachusetts paid interest to her English bondholders in gold. No bonds stand so high in the market as here's. I have served with Mr. Bowman in the Legislature, and I know that he is able, diligent, and above all, honest to the utmost extent of moral principle. (Applause.) Mr. Noyes reviewed the financial history of the war. We issued more paper money than any nation ever issued before. Our Congress—every Republican and Democrat—voted unanimously to give the country's solemn pledge that the Government would never issue more than \$400,000,000. "This is a dollar!" As well say "This is a horse," and start a cavalry company out of nothing. Come sunshine or storm, health or sickness, west or east, I believe that this nation will pay her debts in some way. Keep courage, patience and honor for four years more, and the whole debt will be paid off. Mr. Noyes now reviewed the so-called State issues. We have grand State institutions. The Horatio Tunnel will yield a return this year of two per cent. on ten millions; besides that it cheapens every barrel of flour brought to Boston. In time, it will pay dollar for dollar. New York State has received into her treasury more than \$400,000,000, nearly six times the cost of the canal—and it is that great canal system which makes her the Empire State. So let Boston be thankful for the Horatio Tunnel. As to Mr. Talbot, Mr. Noyes said he saw his Billerica mills at a loss, rather than see the men who had made him prosperous, suffering. As Governor, he vetoed a message, when he knew it would cause his political ruin. We applied to him for need such men in times of danger and difficulty.

**STAR CONCERT.**—In spite of the storm, the second star in the course appeared to a good audience, both of those having course and evening tickets. The concert was one which would naturally draw a crowd, and those who came were well repaid. Except a change in the opening piece, the programme was as advertised. Part I.—A quartette by Miss Kellogg, Miss Clark, Messrs. Fessenden and Whitney; Song, "Forever," by Mr. Fessenden; "Staccato Polka," by Miss Kellogg; "I am a Roamer," by Mr. Whitney; a trio—"Break, break," by Miss Kellogg, Messrs. Fessenden and Whitney; "Knowest thou the Land?" by Miss Clark. Part II. Quartette—"Where the bee Sucks," by the company; "Little Jacob," and "The Farmer and the Pigeons," by Miss Kellogg; "Across the far blue hills, Marie," by Mr. Fessenden; duet—"La Savaneta," by Miss Kellogg and Mr. Fessenden; "The Two Grenadiers," by Mr. Whitney; a quartette—"Serenade," ended this musical treat only too soon. The company was greeted with repeated rounds of applause, a few of which were recognized by encores. We are glad to see that Woburn recognizes its good fortune in having such a course presented to them, and it surely augurs well for the manager to see his effort so well patronized, in spite of the unfavorableness of the weather.

**THE BELL RINGERS.**—The Shaffer's Swiss Bell Ringers gave a novel and very pleasing entertainment on Monday evening at Lycium hall. The manipulation of the bells by the troupe, and of the musical glasses (which are common goblets) by Miss Shaffer, excited admiration. It is so, melodious music and comes from an apparatus which evidently cannot be easily operated upon without long practice. In the hand-bell duet the two performers played very sweetly with eight bells held constantly in the hands. By skillful movements of the hand and wrist any bell was rung at pleasure. Oscar Shaffer brought down the house including of course, the boys, repeatedly with his comic personations and songs. He was droll enough for a colored minstrel. The effect of his playing the clarinet with imitations of his own thrown in was comical. The banjo playing and songs of Miss Shaffer gave much satisfaction; also her "Triple Tongue Polka" on the cornet. The ladies hand who gave the closing piece and possess skill as well as lungs.

**FIRE.**—The frequency of fires lately, which were undoubtedly of incendiary origin, leads us to think that we have a fire bug in our midst. Last Saturday evening a lumber shed on Prospect street near Green, was set on fire, and nearly destroyed. The department were quickly on hand, and did good service. The shed is owned by the W. A. & M. Association and was not insured. Several wood-sleds, a coal team, were taken out without injury.

**CASH STORE.**—Messrs. 216 Main Street have taken the store, No. 216 Main street, and invite their friends to call and examine their stock of groceries, etc., which will be sold for cash.

**Choice grades of coal now on hand at J. J. Munroe & Co's.** Please give me a trial before purchasing. Also, all kinds of builders' materials in stock.

**This (Friday) evening J. J. Kelley, Esq., of Cambridge, will address the workmen at Lycium Hall.**

## Lieut.-Gov. Long in Woburn.

Thursday evening, Woburn was honored with a visit from Hon. John D. Long, Republican candidate for Lieut.-Governor, and whose election is no longer in doubt. Mr. Long had a reception at Col. Grammer's house previous to the meeting in Lycium Hall, and met a large number of our citizens, including several well-known Democrats. The company at Col. Grammer's was so large, that the Band was summoned, and a procession formed, which escorted Mr. Long and Col. Hart to Lycium Hall, where they arrived at half past seven. The hall was well filled, the gallery being filled with ladies. Hon. J. G. Pollard presided. Mr. Long was received in the most flattering manner. He began with praise of these political meetings, which are the only political school-houses we have. I have been struck, said Mr. Long, with the candor and attention with which the people all over the State receive advice on these political matters. I think the financial question is settled. It is settled in the Western States, especially Ohio. This is very significant, because it is the first sign that this soft money delusion has found its legitimate and natural death in the cradle in which it was born. (Applause.) Talking with the people I find their ideas of soft money vague, and they allow they do not want printed bills of paper with no value in them. I tell them of all the signs of coming good times, the balance of trade in our favor, 550 millions, the improvement in the value of the greenback, &c. I tell them that hence resumption is just upon us, and we ought not to turn back into the quagmire of irredeemable currency. During the good times of 1865-9, Secretary McCullough was constantly contracting; and expanding in 1869-73. Expansion did not bring good times then. We have had very hard times before, as in 1837—I remember the year, because it was the year before I was born. (Laughter.) The terror of the soft money folly, and the fear of the intermeddling of a Greenback Congress, alone hinders the return of good times. Manufactures are reviving. We hear a common cry for "change." "Things can't be worse, and we want a different man at the helm." But I am going to be careful how I jump from the frying-pan into the fire. A manufacturer will be slow to turn off old tried hands, and put in adventurers who come along, claiming they can do better. Wages and prices are reduced; it seems like hard times, but I believe Mr. Talbot is a man who will do all he can for the relief of all classes, reduce the taxes as much as possible, and care for the interests of labor. But his election cannot raise wages and prices, and do everything. The rates of wages depend on the laws of trade, on the public credit, and on a sound currency. Don't change your State government. Not one dollar has been lost by the executive officers of Massachusetts. (Applause.) Don't change her institutions of education and of charity, or her excellent judiciary, or her legislation for the working man—better than in any other State, or her law for exemption from arrest of the poor debtor, or her useful bureau of statistics of labor, or her laws for the safety of life in manufacturing establishments. There is a cry against the State House "Ring." Is it the faithful sergeant-at-arms, who lost his arm at Gettysburg, and now gets a low salary? Is it the clerks who have ordinary salaries? Is it the honored Charles Endicott, who rose from being a shoe-maker to the position of Secretary of State, and bears no reproach on his character? Is it the worthy auditor, Mr. Clark? Is it Capt. Pierce, who has reduced his department expenses one-third? Or is it the commissions which must be changed? A little change might be well. We must have commissions because of the great growth of the State. They are mostly boards of trustees, who charge nothing for their services. All of such boards cost the State only \$1800 yearly. The Railroad Commission costs \$20,000, and the Insurance \$2500, all of which is paid by the companies concerned. And the Railroad Commission has given us our working men's trains, and has made the roads responsible for damages in case of accident. The Tax Commission saves the towns much labor. The Savings Bank Commission benefits depositors. Not one per cent. of the bank deposits has been lost. The banks pay for the commission. The whole cost of commissions which the State must pay, is only \$14,800. There are boards of agriculture, of education, and of State charities, but they get only their traveling expenses. There is complaint that the Legislature spends too much money; but those who now cry for a change will be the quickest to open the Treasury doors, and scatter the money when they get there. (Applause.) It has been concealed from you that we have a Legislature of economy. The State has been reducing expenses. It was \$2,000,000 under Gage, \$1,500,000 in 1875, and \$1,000,000 in 1878. The State government does its work cheaper than the city governments do theirs. Talbot's name stands for the very highest and the strictest public economy. (Applause.) Mr. Talbot opposed the Danvers Asylum and the Concord State Prison. The \$33,000,000 State debt was not increased by Talbot. Remember, too, that sinking funds are provided in this State, which will wipe off the principal as fast as it matures with no additional tax on the people. (Applause.) The State expenses last year were, not \$6,882,000, as Butler states, but a little over three millions. Of that, \$1,800,000 was for interest on the public debt; \$550,000 of it was for State aid to soldiers' families, and that ceases in 1880. The rest of the money, \$1,455,000, is for ordinary expenses, and amounts to only 92 cents yearly for each person, and only fourteen cents more than the rate in 1860. Savings Bank deposits are taxed \$7.50 on \$100, but few have \$1000 there; and the tax on the same if out of the bank would be \$13.50. We bear a State tax of 60 cents on every \$1000, and many having no \$1000, pay only \$2.00 per tax. The Democratic party is, perhaps out of the question in this election. On Sept. 17, one-half of the Worcester nomination was discounted the result of next November and resigned. (Laughter.) Your choice lies between the Republicans and the Greenbackers; and the Greenback party is made up of men whose opinion on financial questions you will not quote so quickly as that of your honored colleague, Mr. Cummings, and resigned. (Laughter.) Your choice lies against the Commonwealth, and the cry for change, and he shares his delusion to-day with no man who has a title of his intelligence and ability. Mr. Talbot's record will answer all charges. It is safe to put the interests of Massachusetts into his hands.

As Mr. Long closed, three rousing cheers were given for "the next Lieut.-Governor of Massachusetts."

After music by the Band the Chairman introduced us to one who went out and did gallant service as a soldier, Col. W. H. Hart of Chelsea. Col. Hart explained how national bank notes are secured by United States bonds and how readily they are taken every where on that account; whereas, before the war, every store keeper had to keep his counterfeit detector hanging by a wire from his desk. He said that as to state economy the Republicans of Massachusetts could point to their past 18 years record and challenge strictest scrutiny. Mr. Endicott and Mr. Long have well met the charges against Republicans. Butler is like the Sunday School scholar who when asked how far he had got in his catechism said he had got to such wisdom which went down like a surprise party when Nabby was accustomed to the real article which felt like a torch-light procession going down. As to your candidate for Congress don't vote for a man who in the awful crisis of war, when the country wanted a strong right arm and a loyal heart, held aloof and wished the rebels success,—a man who by education, instinct and sentiment is better calculated to represent the State of Mississippi than Massachusetts. Nathan Clark is riding two horses, trying to hold the nominations of both hard money Democrats and the Greenbackers. Don't vote for a man who when ruin threatened the country, folded his arms and prayed that such might be its fate. Don't vote for a man who when asked to help a wounded soldier on the battle-field offered money for his burial. Don't vote for a man who mathematical Lincoln living and dead. Vote for Bowman and you can't make a mistake. Mr. Long is solidly versed in law and has superior fitness for the position of Lieut. Governor. As a member of the Legislature he has the respect of every member without regard to party. The time will come when he will be Governor. Next Tuesday give your powers to this important election. We must have honest money, an honest government and honest laws. (Applause.)

The meeting closed with cheers for the candidates and for Mr. Long and Col. Hart, and with music from the Band.

**GREENBACK RALLY.**—Tuesday evening, Lycium Hall was filled with the advocates of greenbacks, to hear Nathan Clark, of Lynn, and Hon. A. O. Brewster, A. E. Thompson, Esq., president. Mr. Clark spoke for an hour and a half on the subject of greenbacks, during which time he demonstrated beyond all controversy, that he is one of the softest of the soft-money men. He advanced nothing new in the familiar line of greenback argument, and did not arouse the audience to a very high pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. A. O. Brewster seemed quite uneasy during Mr. Clark's walk back and forth across the platform, and evidently was anxious to get a chance to speak. He finally got the floor, and gave a vigorous speech as long as Mr. Clark's, and which was very well received.

**ELECTION.**—The meeting for the election of company officers for the Phoenix was held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 23. Lieut. C. W. Converse was chosen treasurer. Private C. E. Halliday, clerk; Sergeants Samuel Skelton and C. E. Buxton, and Private E. V. Pinkham, finance committee; Lieut. E. L. Sargent, Skelton, Corporals L. P. Pell, G. A. Simonds, Private Mark Madison, committee on membership; Lieut. J. W. Ellard, Corporal G. A. Simonds, Corporal L. P. Pell, Private M. Madison and C. E. Halliday, committee on armory.

At a regular meeting of the company last Wednesday evening, for the election of captain, Col. E. J. Trull presided, and Lieut. J. W. Ellard was unanimously elected captain, 2d Lieut. C. W. Converse, 1st Lieut., and Corp. L. P. Pell, 2d Lieut.

**SMASH-UP.**—The freight engine "Milo" was considerably damaged last Friday afternoon. Several cars had been left on the main track near the Highland Station, and the engine was switched to the side track of Bryant & King. The brakes on the cars did not hold and the latter came down with considerable speed, striking the engine, breaking her smokestack, and otherwise injuring her. Luckily no persons were injured. The "Pawtucket" is run while the "Milo" is being repaired.

**RUNAWAY.**—D. D. Hart's horse ran away from the yard of Chas. S. Converse's house about 10 o'clock, Friday morning. The animal went up Main street, with a hay cart attached, and narrowly escaped a buggy in front of A. Ellis's store. He broke away from the cart at the watering trough, and went on as far as Mr. Dean's house on the North Woburn road, where he was stopped by Thomas Kenney.

**POISONING.**—A daughter of Mr. Horace Dean, 3 years old swallowed a bottle full of Arnold's Cough Balsam last Monday. It was a patent medicine and supposed to contain about 14 teaspoonfuls of laudanum enough to kill four children. By emptying the stomach and giving antidotes she was barely saved.

**SERIOUS LOSS.**—Word has been received from the Mission House, Boston, by Mrs. Eliza H. Walker, of Auburndale, that forty boxes, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. James L. Fowle, the Tracy's, and other missionaries, have gone to the bottom of the sea.

**A FLAGMAN AT LAST.**—We are informed that a flagman has been stationed at the Fulton street crossing, in Stoneham, and that dangerous place can now be crossed with safety.

**POLICE COURT.**—Daniel McCarthy, 38, paid costs. H. F. Moore, drunk, 25, and costs.

**North Woburn.**  
**PAIR.**—By reference to another column it will be seen that the ladies of the L. S. C. will hold a fair in the chapel, on Thursday evening, Nov. 7.

DEATH OF CHARLES NOON.—The stabbing case, of which we gave full particulars last week, up to the time of going to press, resulted in the death of Noon, about 8 o'clock, last Friday evening. Before his death, his deposition was taken by J. G. Maguire, Esq. An autopsy was held by Medical Examiner F. Winsor, on Saturday, Oct. 26, being assisted by Drs. Harlow and Bartlett. Nearly all the organs of the body were found to be in a natural condition. The brain was somewhat congested, and death was caused by internal hemorrhage, and subsequent inflammation and mortification.

An inquest was held at the Police Station, Wednesday, before Judge Converse. 11 witnesses were examined. The deposition was read by J. G. Maguire, and was as follows:—

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
Middlesex, ss.:  
The dying declaration of Charles Noon, of Woburn, in said county, taken at his residence, Willow Street, in said Woburn, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1878, in the presence of Rev. Michael D. Murphy, and George P. Bartlett, M. D., his answers being given in reply to interrogations propounded to him by John G. Maguire, Justice of the Peace for Middlesex County.

Interrogatory 1.—Please state your full name, and where you reside. Ans.—Charles Noon, Willow Street, Woburn.

Int. 2.—Please state your age. Ans.—Twenty-two years, the 24th of Sept. last.

Int. 3.—What is your business? Ans.—Butcher.

Int. 4.—Where do you carry on business? Ans.—On Main Street, Woburn.

Int. 5.—Have you relinquished all hope of your recovery? Ans.—Yes, sir; I have given up all hope of recovery.

Int. 6.—Please state how you got hurt the other day, viz: Tuesday, October 22, 1878. Ans.—I and my brother fell out the other day, and he took up the knife and told me to come near him, and I came up to hit him with the knife, but when I came up to strike him, I ran against the knife.

Int. 7.—Did your brother intend to strike you with the knife? Ans.—No, sir; he did not.

Int. 8.—Please state whether or not you consider it an accident? Ans.—I do consider it an accident.

Int. 9.—What kind of a knife was it? Ans.—A small skinning knife.

Int. 10.—Please state whether the knife was used the knife before you ran against it? Ans.—I cannot say whether he was or not.

Int. 11.—Was there any other person present at the time of the accident? Ans.—State Lawrence Clark just came in at the time.

Int. 12.—State whether or not you attach any blame to your brother for the accident? Ans.—No, sir; I do not blame him.

Int. 13.—Did you and your brother have a quarrel, and use foul words before the accident? Ans.—We did.

Int. 14.—Please state how the quarrel originated. Ans.—My brother lost a customer, which he need not have done.

Int. 15.—Where did I learn to subscribe my name, this 25th day of October, A. D. 1878, as and for my dying deposition.

CHARLES NOON.

From the evidence elicited from the several witnesses, we glean the following:—

Thomas McCann, Lawrence Clark, Joseph McCaffrey, Thomas Breslin and Wm. F. Bradley have known the Noons for years, and never known them to have any enmity toward each other, or to have any slight disagreements between them. McCaffrey lived next house but one to the Noons' at the West side and never knew of any trouble there. It was an orderly family. Clark says they were sometimes a little fussy about cutting meat. Mark A. Edlich says Charles told him he was going to try to get James to sign the pledge as he had been drinking and did not bring back all his money. James talked to Edlich about leaving Charles but Edlich refused him to stay. He took the pledge and promised Edlich he would do the best he could. Breslin and Michael Bergen keep stores next to the Noons' and they knew of no enmity between the brothers.

No one appears to have seen the fatal quarrel except Lawrence Clark, who was standing on the steps in front of Thomas Breslin's shop. The same steps serve for both shops. Clark was looking down street, and had the impression that the brothers were fooling or sparring with each other as he looked back. He did not see any striking nor notice any knife in James's hand. He thinks he saw James with a knife in a bench in the meat shop; thinks he was cutting tobacco with a knife. After about five minutes sparring he heard Charles call to him; "Larry, I am cut." He ran in and said: "No you ain't, James is stooping and said nothing except: 'He ain't cut.' Charles began to open his clothes to show the wound when Clark said: 'come inside, get into the cellar-way.' Clark and James then started for a doctor, and saw Drs. Hatching, DeNoyer and Kelley, but they were away. He then ran back, finding Drs. Harlow, Chase and Kelly in the shop. Thos. Breslin, whose shop is next door to Charles, was in the shop after the affair. Breslin found no one in there except Charles. He then told McCann and McCaffrey. McCann went in there and found Charles resting on a barrel. He asked him to go for a doctor. He went for Dr. Chase, overtaking James Noon on the street. They went for Drs. Kelly and Chase. On the way back James told McCann that he was filling his pipe and cutting the tobacco with his knife. They had a scuffle and Charles fell back against a block. James appeared to McCann only a little excited and not mad; he seemed sorry. He next saw James in the crowd about the door. Joseph McCaffrey heard the story from Breslin, went up there, finding Charles sitting on something low beside a meat barrel; no one else was there. He only said: "Go for a doctor and take me out of here down cellar." He got up himself with his hands on the cut and went and sat down on the first step of the cellar stairs. Then he got up and McCaffrey helped him down cellar where Charles sat down under the cellar window. He showed McCaffrey the cut. The latter asked who stabbed him. He said, "never mind," go for a doctor. When James Noon came in, McCaffrey asked him who stabbed Charles; he made no answer but went into Tom Breslin's shop. McCaffrey then left for his own shop. Michael Bergen, who keeps a store near Noon's was in there just after the affair. He saw no one, but found Charles sitting on the cellar bottom, doubled up. He and Breslin helped Charles up stairs, the latter not trying to walk, and laid him on the floor. Bergen saw James there then, but heard him say nothing then or afterward about the cellar bottom, doubled up, and saw Drs. Chase and Harlow and James Conway there.

James Noon testified in the afternoon. He said that about 3.30 P. M., on Tuesday, Oct. 22, he was sitting on a meat bench with that little knife (pointing to the one on the table, which Charles told the Chief of Police was the fatal knife) in his hand. He filled his pipe with tobacco and lit it. He and his brother had a five minutes' dispute about a customer. Charles came over and barely struck me. I didn't strike him before or after. I had the knife in my hand, and when he struck, he fell over on to the knife. I was sitting all the time. He didn't know as if he was angry. I didn't know first that he was cut. First thing I heard was: "Larry, I am cut!" I then went down street after a doctor. I staid outside at Dr. DeNoyer's while McCann was inside. Then McCann and I went over to Dr. Kelley's, and then to Dr. Chase's. Then we went up to the store. My brother was

then in the back room. Dr. Chase was with him. I didn't assist him home because I felt so bad and weak. I couldn't look at him, or stay there. I left when Dr. Harlow drove up. It was not dark. I went up Main, Franklin, Winifred and Elliot streets to my cousin's Michael Doherty. I staid that night at Mr. Patrick Grant's, corner of Bedford Street. Didn't go home, I felt so bad; had a headache and felt sick. I went home the next morning early. Have been home ever since. I went to the funeral. I had had no particular trouble with Charles before that affair for some time. Charles was sometimes fiery, but soon over it. He had some distance to go to strike me. I take oath I did not strike at him with that knife, and that he received the injury by running against the point of the knife. I



# TOWN WARRANT

**COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.**  
MIDDLESEX, SS.  
*To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn,  
in said County.* GREETING:  
In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,  
you are hereby required to notify and warn the  
inhabitants of the Town of Woburn, qualified to vote  
in elections, to meet at Lyceum Hall, in said Woburn,  
on Tuesday, next after the first Monday in November,  
being the fifth day of said month, in the year one  
thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, at nine  
and one-half o'clock, A. M., to bring in their votes

to the Selection for a Governor, Lieut. Governor, and Judges of the Supreme, Superior, and District Courts, and of Accounts and an Attorney General, for the County of Middlesex, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; one Commissioner for the County of Middlesex, and one Member of the Massachusetts Senate; one County Commissioner for the County of Middlesex, and one Register of Probate and Insolvency, for the County of Middlesex, of the State of Massachusetts, to be elected by the Fifth Congressional District of this Commonwealth in the next Congress of the United States; and one Member of the House of Representatives to represent the Thirtieth Middlesex District, in the next Congress of the United States, to be elected by the said district at four o'clock, P. M.

And you are directed to see that the Poll will be opened at the County Office of the County of Middlesex, at each of the Government Post Offices in town, seven days at least before the time of holding said Poll.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon to the Town Clerk, at the County Office of the County of Middlesex, on the day Given under our hands and the seal of the Town of Middlesex, this seventh day of the month of May, 1892.

ALPHA E. THOMPSON.

to the Selection for a Governor, Lieut. Governor, and Judges of the Supreme, Superior, and District Courts, and of Accounts and an Attorney General, for the County of Middlesex, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; one Commissioner for the County of Middlesex, and one Member of the Massachusetts Senate; one County Commissioner for the County of Middlesex, and one Register of Probate and Insolvency, for the County of Middlesex, of the State of Massachusetts, to be elected by the Fifth Congressional District of this Commonwealth in the next Congress of the United States; and one Member of the House of Representatives to represent the Thirtieth Middlesex District, in the next Congress of the United States, to be elected by the close of 4 o'clock, P. M.

And you are directed to see that the Polls be kept open until the close of the one o'clock Poll, on each of the Government Post Offices in town, seven days at least before the time of holding said Polls.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon to the Town Clerk, at the next Town Meeting, and to the Town Officers, to be given under our hands and the seal of the Town of Middlesex, on or before the first day of January, next.

ALPHA E. THOMPSON.

HERBERT WYMAN,  
CHARLES SPEAR,  
[L. s.] L. THOMPSON, Jr.,  
JOHN L. MUNROE,  
THOMAS H. HILL,  
S. D. SAMSON,  
W. T. GRAMMER,  
*Selectmen of Woburn.*

A true copy. Attest: 118  
EDWARD SIMONS, *Constable of Woburn.*

---

IMPORTANT

**ANNOUNCEMENT,**

— o —

In calling attention to our

**MILLINERY DEPARTMENT**

we would remind our customers and friends that persons who purchase their Hats and Trimmings at our counters will have them

- trimmed by competent and experienced Milliners,

**FREE OF CHARGE.**

In this department we offer especial bargains in

**BLACK TRIMMING VELVETS**

**At \$1, 1.25, 1.50 and upwards per yd.**

AT VERY LOW PRICES,  
OUR LINE OF  
Black & Colored Cashmeres

Is specially worthy of attention.

We mention the following unusual bargains

50 doz. ladies fancy Hose, 12½ cts. per pair.

These goods are new styles, of a superior make, and are worth 25 cts.

25 dozen Gents Wool Shaker Socks, at

**15 cts. per pair.**

These goods are Hand Knit Toes, and would be a

10 doz. Knotted Fringed Towels at 25 cts,  
All Linen, fancy borders, and are worth 37½ cts.  
These are only a few of the many bargains to be  
found at the store of

**JOHN P. FERNALD,**

**WOBURN, MASS.**

**185 Main St.** (Lyceum Hall Building).

117

---

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
MIDDLESEX, SS.

**PROBATE COURT.**

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles G.  
Lund, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

**W**HIERKES, David H. Sweetser and Edward D. Hayden, the executors of the will of said deceased, are published in this notice, for the account of their administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of November next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executors are ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper published at Woburn, three weeks successively, the first publication to be two days at least before said

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of the said Court, this twenty-second day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

124 J. H. TYLER, Register.

**The wants of the People supplied.**  
**ALL DAILY, WEEKLY**  
**—AND—**  
**SEMI-WEEKLY PAPERS.**

—ALSO—  
**MONTHLY AND QUARTERLY MAGAZINES**  
Delivered at your residence  
**MORNING AND EVENING,**  
**BY CARRIER.**  
Within a reasonable distance. Orders left at the  
News Store of  
**C. E. COOPER,**  
156 Main Street, - - Woburn,  
or sent by mail, will receive prompt attention. P. O.  
Box 794. A News Boy will be at the Morning Train

**Bakers.**

**W. F. ESTABROOK,**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

**Bread, Cake, Pastry**

It having been widely advertised under the caption of

**"America Ahead in Spool Cotton,"**

that the Jury on Cotton textiles, yarns, and threads, at the Paris Exposition, decreed Gold Medal and Grand Prize to the Williamite Linen Company for "Spool Cotton" especially adapted for use on Sewing Machines," over all the great thread manufactures of the world, we owe it as a duty to the public and to Messrs. J. & P. Coats to

No Grand Prizes were decreed at  
Paris for Spool Cotton.

We are advised by cable of the following  
awards:

J. & P. COATS,	GOLD MEDAL.
Willimantic Linen Co.,	Silver Medal.

and we claim for the winners of the First

Price that, as they have established in Rhode Island - the largest Spool Cotton Mills in the United States, where their Spool Cotton is manufactured through every process from the raw cotton to the finished spool. AMERICA, as represented by Messrs. J. & P. COATS, is still AHEAD IN SPOOL COTTON.

**Andrew S. March & Co.**  
Sole Agents in Boston for

**J. & P. COATS**  
**Boston Lowell and Nashua Railroad.**  
On and after Monday, July 8, 1878, passenger trains will leave 1 o'clock for Upper Railroads, 7: 5 A. M., 12 M., 2: 30, 5: 35, P. M.; Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5: 35, P. M.; Nashua, 7: 58 A. M., 12 M., 2: 30, 5: 35, P. M.; Lowell, 7: 57, 10 A. M., 12 M., 12: 30, 2: 30, 4: 45, 5: 35, 6: 15, P. M.; Lawrence, 7: 45, 11 A. M., 2: 55, 4: 45, 6: 15, P. M.; Wilmington, 7: 45, 10: 11 A. M., 2: 55, 4: 45, 6: 15, P. M.; Walnut Hill, 7: 45, 10: 11 A. M., 2: 55, 4: 45, 6: 15, P. M.

**STONHAM**, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30; A.M., 12.10, 2.30, 4.00.  
**WOBURN CENTRE**, 6.45, 7.45, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30.  
**WINCHESTER**, 6.45, 7.45, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30.  
**NASHUA**, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30; A.M., 12.10, 2.30, 4.00, 4.45, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 10.30; P.M.

**WOBURN CENTRE**, 6.45, 7.45, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30, 12.10.  
**WINCHESTER**, 6.45, 7.45, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30, 12.10.  
**NASHUA**, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30; A.M., 12.10, 2.30, 4.00, 4.45, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 10.30; P.M.

\*Wednesdays at 11.20. \*Saturdays only.  
 †Northern Depot only.

---

### TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

**Greenfield**, 7.20, 10.30 A.M., 3.45 P.M.  
**Wilton**, 8.00, 11.00 A.M., 4.15 P.M.  
**Nashua**, 7.9, 11.45 A.M., 5.00, 8.15 P.M.

Lawrence, 7.45, 9.30, 10.00, 11 A.M., 1.15, 5.50, 6.30 P.M.  
 Wilmington, 6.22, 7.23, 8.15, 10, 11.30 A.M., 1.43, 2.53 P.M.  
 Waltham, 6.32, 7.33, 10.11 A.M., 2.50, 5.39, 6.30 P.M.  
 Stoneham, 5.50, 6.50, 7.20, 8.10, 9.50, 10.03, 11.25 A.M., 1.50, 2.40, 3.50, 4.50, 5.15, 9.05 P.M.  
 Montvale, 6.02, 6.34, 7.02, 7.31, 8.23, 9.03, 10.17, 11.35 A.M., 1.17, 2.52, 4.02, 5.02, 6.28, 9.17 P.M.  
 Woburn, 6.02, 6.34, 7.02, 7.31, 8.23, 9.03, 10.17, 11.35 A.M., 1.13 A.M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.25, 9.15 P.M.  
 Winchester, 6.08, 6.38, 7.08, 7.40, 7.55, 8.28, 10.20, 10.23, 11.43 A.M., 1.23, 1.57, 2.57, 4.08, 5.08, 5.45, 6.35, 9.16, 9.23 P.M.  
 Deduct Saturdays only.

at 69 [Wednesdays one hour later. W. M. M. PARKER, Supt.

## Simonds' Sale of Real Estate.

To the legal representatives of R. Russell Simonds late of Woburn, deceased, and to any and all other persons claiming an interest in and to the hereafter described premises.

**P**URSUANT to the power of sale contained in certain Mortgage Deed, given by said R. Russell Simonds to John G. Cole, dated November 9th, A. D. 1872, and recorded in the South Drier Registry, Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., at Lib.

1256, Fol. 522, will be sold at public auction, to the best bidder, for the satisfaction of the said mortgage, on Tuesday the 27th inst. at 12 o'clock, at the residence of the said John G. Cole, in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing four thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven square feet, situated on Highland street, and the description of the said premises is bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the south easterly corner of the premises on the westerly side of said Highland street at land formerly of J. B. Converse; thence the line runs a little west of north by said south easterly corner of the premises, and thence a little south of west by land formerly of said John G. Cole, seventy-four feet and six-tenths of

foot to the corner of the fence; thence east of south by the said corner, sixty feet and seven-tenths of a foot to another corner of the fence, thence easterly by and formerly of said J. P. Converse, seventy-seven feet and thirty-six one hundredths of a foot to the point of beginning, being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefits and equity of redemption of the said R. Russell Simonds, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

L. L. A. B. CO.,  
Assignee of said Mortgage.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.  
Woburn, Mass., Oct. 18th, 1878. 113

**FOR SINGING CLASSES.**  
**ONWARD!** (75 cts., \$7.50 per dozen.) By L. O. EMERSON, and is the Author's last and perhaps best compilation for Singing Schools. Fine instructions, abundant exercises, many Glee and Songs, and a good quantity of Sacred Music.

---

**Johnson's Method for Singing Classes**  
 (60 cts., or \$6.00 per dozen) for Singing Schools.

The Laurel Wreath, (\$1. or \$9 per dozen.  
By W. O. Perkins, is  
a grand book for Sing-  
ing Classes in High Schools, Normal Schools and  
Seminaries. Part I, Elementary. Part II, Voice  
Cultivation. Part III, Sacred Music in 2, 3 and  
parts. Part IV, Sacred Music.

Grammar School Choirs. (60 cts., or \$  
per doz.) B

is an exceedingly well constructed book for the Singing Classes in Grammar Schools, (the higher classes), and for the younger classes of High Schools.

---

**The Whippoorwill.** (50 cts., or \$5.00 per dozen.) By W. O. PRATT. Boston, 1882. A very bright collection of School Songs.

Any book mailed post-free for retail price.

**OLIVER DITSON & Co**  
BOSTON.

121

## New Advertisements

### PIANOS AND ORGANS AT FACTORY PRICES.

Reduction to and out present stock of 200 New and Second-hand Instruments of first-class make fully warranted, and at prices that DEFY COMPARISON. For cash or installments. AGENTS WANTED FOR WATERS' SUPERB PIANOS, GIGS AND PIANOS. Illustrated Catalogues mailed free. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 East 44th St., N. Y. Also, General Agents for SHONINGER'S Celebrated ORGANS.

**SWEET**  
**Chewing**

**JACKSON'S BEST**

**NAVY**  
**Tobacco**

Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for  
finest chewing quality and excellence and lasting char-  
acter of sweetening and flavoring. The best tobacco  
ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely  
imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is  
on every plug, sold by all dealers. Send for sample,  
free, to C. A. JACKSON & CO., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va.

**WATSON'S**

**This old and well-tried Remedy**

**CELEBRATED PANACEA**

Swellings, Syphilitic Nodes,  
Invaluable in General Debility  
and all diseases from Impure  
Blood, as Scrofula, Rheumatism,  
Ulcerous Sores, etc.

Invaluable in General Debility and all diseases from Impure Blood, as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Ulcerous Sores, etc.

Sold by all Druggists

**Do you want Employment?**  
Agents can make from \$5 to \$10 per day selling our goods. Suitable for male or female. Address, Wm. H. Barker, Mass.

**\$7** A DAY to Agents canvassing for the First side Visitor. Terms and outfit free. Address: P.O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

---

**Newspaper**  
**Advertising**  
117th EDITION. 95

Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories and the Dominion

Canada having a population greater than 3000, according to the last census, together with the largest circulation in each of the places named. Also, a catalogue of newspapers which are recommended to advertisers as giving great value in proportion to prices charged. Also, the Religious and Agricultural Journals, very complete list and many tables of rates, showing the cost of advertising in various newspapers, and much other information which a beginner in advertising would do well to possess. Address: GEO. F. ROWELL & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N.Y.







# WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXVIII. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878. NO. 45.

## Elastic Stockings,

KNEE CAPS, ANKLETS, etc.

For the relief and support of Varicose Veins, Weak, Swollen or Ulcerated Limbs.

We carry a stock of the above articles and in special cases have manufactured to order any size needed without extra charge.

Any information relative to this department of our business will be gladly given and printed rules for measurement supplied at our store.

**WILLIAM W. HILL,**  
Apothecary, WOBURN.

**Florist.**  
**S. W. Trembly & Sons,**  
FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
ANTIQUE POTTERY,  
161 Tremont street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

**Professional Cards.**  
**J. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.  
Woburn, Mass.

**JOHN G. JAGURE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**George H. Conn,**  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

**CHARLES D. ADAMS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.  
Office (At Boston, 19 A. M., to 4 P. M.,  
Hours (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

**7. GEO. W. NORRIS,**  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
OFFICES—33 State Street, Boston, and at Residence,  
Corner of Pleasant and Court Sts., Woburn.  
**8. A. B. COFFIN,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 Niles Block, Boston.  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 State Street.

**9. DR. O. P. ROGERS,**  
DENTIST,  
139 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.  
**CHESTER W. CLARK,**  
Counsellor at Law,  
No. 61 COURT STREET,  
Room 2, BOSTON.  
RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON.

**HENRY HILLER, M. D.,**  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

**Auctioneers.**  
**WILLIAM WINN,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-  
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

**E. PRIOR,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

**Musical.**  
**Miss A. J. Campbell,**  
desires a few pupils on the  
**PIANO FORTE,**  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to  
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, Proprietor

**M. ELLIS & Co.,**  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.

**E. C. COLOMB,**  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practice  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

**HALL TO LET.**  
Post 33, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall  
No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building), and fitted up  
the same with two large side rooms and all modern con-  
veniences, will let it to responsible parties on reason-  
able terms. Inquire of Trustees, GEO. F. SIM-  
MONS, N. Z. TABOR, J. L. PARREL.

## Poetical Selection.

### THE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write—  
Three words as with a burning pen,  
In tracings of eternal light,  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—  
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—  
The calm'st desert, the tempest's mirth—  
Know this—God rates the hosts of Heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,  
But man as man, thy brother call;  
And scatter like the circling sun  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—  
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find  
Strength when life's surges rudelest roll,  
Light when thou else wert blind.

## Selected Story.

### THE WEDDING RING.

It was an odd-looking old ring, set with a single opal. Not the sort of ring by any means, usually chosen for a wedding ring. But it had been in the Redfern family for ever so many years, and on the bright summer morning when Jack Redfern was to make pretty Phyllis Dukehart his wife, he brought the opal ring, and with it a string of old-fashioned, pinkish-tinted pearls.

"I have always heard that opals are unlucky," said Phyllis. "Why didn't you get a plain, gold band, Jack?"

The young man's eager face clouded.

"The fact is," he said, "it has been in my family so long, I don't like to be the first to get it aside. It was my mother's wedding ring, and my grandmother's, and my great-grandmother's, and may be even further back than that."

Phyllis flung her arms about his neck.

"Forgive me," she said; "I was foolish to feed superstitions. There can be nothing to harm one in an opal after all."

A year had sped by. In the waning brightness of departing summer, Phyllis sat in the old trysting-place alone. The quaint opal ring glittered on her finger. She touched it caressingly, turned the stone to catch the sunlight, her pensive eyes full of unshed tears, a tender smile parting her lips, as she thought of the happy bridal morning, only a short year ago.

For Jack was gone! Gone off over the seas, never to return, perhaps. He had left her in anger; left without a last kiss, or even a tender word.

Her knitting lay unthought of, on the corner of the stone fence, and twirling the old opal on her finger, she sat and thought of her forebodings when the ring was first given to her. She did not wait, as in days gone by, for Jack's coming. She had no hope of that. But when the afternoon sun struck the summit of the green pine forest, old Duff the postman would go by on his spotted nag; and maybe he would bring her a letter! The old man had known her since she was a child, and had a hint of her trouble, too; and if the letter came, he would not fail to deliver it. So Phyllis sat and waited, as she had waited so many afternoons, through that dreary summer.

Jack had gone, and not one word or line had come since that terrible night of his going; but she waited and hoped, with that faith which is born of deathless love.

Jack, fond and proud of her, in his masculine fashion, had been prone to be jealous—without cause, as he confessed himself; but the morbid, miserable feeling seemed to be a part and parcel of his nature. He could not bear to think that his wife found pleasure in any society, or even in the simplest pleasures, when he was absent.

And Jack was a sea-faring man. From his very infancy he had followed the water for a living.

During that brief, bright year of married life, however, his voyages had been few and far between; and on one or two occasions he had taken his pretty bride with him.

Early in the spring there was talk of his vessel being ordered abroad, and circumstances beyond control of either husband or wife, forbade Phyllis to accompany him. Jack was greatly troubled.

"I shall not go, Phyllis," he said, one morning, when the rumor bid fair to be a certainty. "It would go hard with me to leave you at any time; now it is out of the question. I'll go down to-day, and see what arrangements I can make."

His wife put her white arms about his neck, and whispered her thanks in his ear, and Jack went his way.

Left to herself, Phyllis made her little home as tidy as a band-box, got up a tempting little dinner, made a pretty little toilet, and then, in the cool of the afternoon, went out into her garden to weed her flower-beds.

The tulips were just beginning to show bright glimpses of their gaily splendor imprisoned in their green tubes; and the hyacinths, already in bloom, filled the air with sweet, suggestive fragrance, carrying one back to departed days.

But busy little Mrs. Redfern, if she were at all susceptible to any such mystic influences, was in no mood for them that sunny afternoon. She only thought of Jack, and her verbera beds, and worked away with a will.

"Phyllis!" called a pleasant, lazy voice. She dropped her rake, and looked up.

It was only Rob—her cousin, Rob Dukehart.

"Why, Rob, how you startled me!" she said.

"Will you come in? But I'm very busy."

The young man sauntered in.

"You're always busy, it seems to me, Phyllis, when I'm about," he said, with a smiling sort of impudence. "Won't you shake hands with a fellow for the sake of old times?"

A flush, almost as bright as the tulip streaks, rose in the young wife's cheeks; but she gave Rob the tips of her fingers.

In her girlish days, Phyllis had been a good deal admired, for her own sweet face and winning ways, for the most part; but, in a few cases, the fact that she would one day inherit the old Dukehart homestead, served to enhance her attractions.

Her cousin Rob was one of her most assiduous admirers. He followed her like a shadow, and even after her engagement with Jack Redfern, was a little disagreeable by his marked attentions.

After their marriage, on one occasion cousin Rob had excited Jack's jealous anger, by making himself over-attentive to Phyllis, and some pretty sharp words had passed between them.

"Never do it again, Rob, as you value my regard," Phyllis said. But Rob would not promise.

He took the fingers-tips she offered, held them an instant, and then carried them to his lips.

"How dare you?" cried Phyllis, snatching her hand away, and flushing hot with anger. Rob laughed audaciously.

"Don't blaze up like a rocket, Phyllis. There's no occasion. We are cousins, you know, and I haven't seen you in an age. Does that Bluebeard of a husband keep you under lock and key?"

With a toss of her pretty head, Phyllis picked up the rake, and went on with her weeding.

Rob stood and watched her, admiration and regret in his eyes. Why could she not have been his wife instead of Jack Redfern's?

"Let me do that for you, Phyllis," said he, after a minute. "If you were my wife, you shouldn't drudge like a slave."

Phyllis gave him a blazing glance.

"But I am not your wife, and I am glad enough of it," she replied. "Go away, Rob; I don't want you here when Jack is absent."

Rob laughed an ugly, provoking sort of laugh.

"I suppose not, Phyllis. You're afraid he'll come and find me here—the jealous brute. But I'm not going."

"Then I'll go myself," said the young wife, with dignity, and left the garden.

Rob stood irresolute a minute, half regretting what he had done, half inclined to follow his cousin and beg her pardon. Something glittering in the mould at his feet caught his eye. He stooped and picked up the old opal ring, which had always been a little too large for his cousin's finger. His first impulse was to return it to Phyllis at once; his second was to keep it, and pay her off for treating him so scornfully.

He slipped it in his vest pocket, and took his way to the village tavern. This place possessed a great charm for Rob. He ordered a bottle of champagne, and then brandy and seltzer, and by sunset he was not quite himself. Lounging on the tavern porch, he saw Jack Redfern coming down the road, and a wicked thought flashed through his over-excited brain.

"He's coming in. Now, boys," he cried, "look out for fun."

Jack came in to leave a message with the bar-keeper, and, having delivered it, was going out again, when a loud voice caught his ear.

"Here's to pretty Phyllis Redfern!" it said.

He wheeled around like lightning. Rob was just in the act of draining his glass.

"How dare you trifle with my wife's name?" demanded Jack.

Rob laughed sneeringly.

"When a woman shows a fellow a favor, he dares everything," he answered, and held up his right hand.

On the little finger gleamed the opal ring. Jack saw it, and his dark face flushed crimson. He cleared the distance between himself and the speaker at one bound, and before the breathless bystanders could interfere, he had felled Rob where he stood.

"Stand back, neighbors, he panted, as he tore the ring from the prostrate man's finger. 'I'll have his life for it!'

But the bystanders interfered, and Rob was got out of the way.

Jack went home, with all the brightness of his life dashed out. His young wife met him at the door, in the silver shine of the twilight. He caught her, and held her at arm's length.

"Phyllis," he said, angrily, "where is your wedding ring?"

She looked down at her finger, with a start, her heart failing at his tone.

"Why, Jack," flushing, and speaking with embarrassment; "it was on my finger. I hope I have not lost it."

Her husband threw her from him with a muttered exclamation, and strode out of the house without a word.

All through the spring night, from the rising to the setting of the stars, Phyllis waited; but Jack did not return. She fancied he was angry because her wedding ring was missing, and wept herself ill over his cruelty.

Morning came at last, and Mrs. Redfern, Jack's mother, appeared. She had the opal ring on her finger, and a letter from Jack in her hand.

"Your husband has returned the opal by me," she said, in a severe tone. "His letter will explain the rest."

Phyllis read the letter, and then, with the

pathetic cry—"Oh, Jack! come back to me!" fell at Mrs. Redfern's feet in a swoon.

The tulips had bloomed and were withering on their stalks in the garden, when she woke from that awful trance of death. On her white, thin fingers glimmered the old opal. Hearing of her illness, and bitterly remorseful for the evil he had wrought, Rob had told the truth about the ring. But it was too late. Jack had gone.

"I'll find him and bring him back to her, if it costs me my life," said Rob, in remorse, and with a last look at the death-like face he departed.

Months came and went, and the cry of a little new-born babe was heard in the cottage.

"Jack's little baby," said Phyllis, as it lay on her breast; "he may never see it!"

And now, in the early autumn, she sat by the old stile waiting for the postman's arrival. She had waited so many, many times; but surely the letter would come to-day, the letter from Jack, assuring her that he loved her still.

The shifting sunlight fell about her fair head; a golden leaf fluttered here and there across the green turf at her feet; the birds chirped, and the crickets chirped in the old stone fence. Wife and mother in one, her bosom thrilling with tender longing, Phyllis looked at her wedding ring, and waited.

A quick, resolute tread on the white country road below. Could that be the postman's nag?

Phyllis looked up, with her heart in a wild flutter. It was not the postman, but a tall, bronzed man.

"Oh, Jack! oh, Jack!"

Her cry of rapture startled the birds into silence, and hushed the chirping crickets.

In a twinkling, Jack had her in his strong arms, and his tears were on her cheek.

"Oh, Phyllis, can you forgive me?" he said, with a choking voice.

"There is nothing to forgive," she sobbed, clinging to him. "See, Jack, I have got my ring! How I have wanted you! Jack," hiding her hot face in his breast,—"there's some hot bodice me to welcome you; can't you guess, Jack?—a little wee baby, Jack, with his father's own eyes. I thought once, you would never see him, Jack; but, thank God, you have come!"

He could only hold her close to his heart, and had no words to answer her.

"Jack, how did you know?" she asked at last, when the first rapture of the reunion was over. "Did you get my letter?"

"No," he answered, hoarsely. "It was Rob. He followed me across the ocean, found me, and told me everything. Phyllis, can you forgive me?"

"Jack," she said, softly, "you are my father's father. What God has joined together, no man has power to put asunder. Let us go home."

And in the autumn twilight they went, hand in hand.

A FARMER OUTWITTED.—A farmer, who was as niggardly a man as ever breathed, contrived, by his parsimonious habits, to amass great wealth. He was likewise conscienceless, and scrupled at nothing that would add a dollar to his pile. Not far from him lived a shiftless sort of fellow, who loved to steal better than to work, and the farmer said to him once, "Clem, I will give you a shilling a bushel for all the potatoes you will bring me, and I don't care where you get them."

Clem jumped at the chance, but asked him where he could get them.

"I don't care where. Of course you will steal them; but that's none of my business."

The bargain was struck, and every night for a week Clem would drive to the farmer's with a load of potatoes, carry them into the cellar and receive his pay for them. At length the farmer asked him where he got them.

"Stole 'em."

"Where did you steal them, Clem?"

"Oh, up in your side hill lot," replied the other, while a grin took entire possession of his face. He got away in time to save his back, but the farmer hadn't bargained with him since to steal anything.

WATCH AND PRAY.—No man, young or old, obscure or infamous, is sure of his honesty in days like these, who has not written over the portals of his manhood,—"Watch and pray." Watch the coming of the faintest temptation to your honor from afar. Watch your associates in business—their principles of trade, their habit of dealing, the drift of your profession. Young woman, watch your social life, your tastes, your ambitions; for every day some family is thrown into embarrassment, and started on the road to financial ruin, and disgraced by the thoughtless or willful persistence of some woman in keeping up an appearance. And, as you watch, "pray without ceasing." Hold every new bargain, every new plan of life, every success, up to the light of God. Take as your "silent partner," in every transaction, Him who is the infinite truth, in whose presence all unrighteousness, however splendid, shrivels into the weak and contemptible thing it really is. O friends! the pride that keeps our knees stiff and our hearts defiant before Almighty God is neither manly nor womanly. It is simply our cowardice that keeps us hanging about the outskirts of our life, instead of going up to the mountain-top of consecration, and giving ourselves altogether and forever to the service of the infinite love we call our God.—*Christian Register.*

"Yes," said an old lady, thoughtfully,—"it is all right. When God made Adam, he went right to work and made Eve to tell him what to do."

MAS'S AGE.—Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kills men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young; weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break; or, like the candle, to run out; the weak, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the Guinea-pig six or seven years; these numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of the animals, is one that seldom comes up to this average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches, on an average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most temperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

JUST LIKE BOYS.—A Medina boy invited several of his friends to his father's house to have a good time the other evening. The boys were given the dining-room "all to themselves." When the lady of the house ventured to look in upon the happy party the picture presented was not exactly of a kind to quiet her nerves. An adjoining bedroom had been despoiled of its bed. The straw-tick had been placed in the middle of the dining-room, and one of the lads had worked his way inside of it, until all that appeared was his head. A battle was in progress, and pillows were used as weapons. Several squirt-guns also did good service on the flanks and wall-paper, while various kinds of liquids served as ammunition. In the midst of all this the lady of the house meekly asked if that was the way they acted when they went visiting. "Sho! that's nothing," said one, "down to B—'s the other night we got his fat hog in the parlor, tapped his cistern and let the water out, and then took down the kitchen stove and set it up in the garret."

FEEDING THE BOARDERS.—A young lady from the city, boarding for the Summer at a farm-house on the border of Delaware County, N. J., visited the dairy attached and watched the country maid in her toil with marked attention. "Your task is a laborious one," she remarked to the maid. "Some-what, ma'am," replied the maid. "Nature is indeed wonderful in her workings," continued the lady. "Observe the green grass in the fields, and in a short time it is converted into milk, and from milk to butter. After the formation of butter I have been told that the milk is termed buttermilk." "Yes, ma'am." "Is there sufficient nutriment in it to be of any practical use?" "Yes, ma'am." "If I am not exhausting your patience, may I ask you what use is made of buttermilk?" "We feed some of it to the hogs, and what's left we feed to the boarders."

As an old man was driving a stout sled having two or three kegs of beer in the box, a boy called out to him: "Say, there! wheel's coming off!" The old man pulled up, looking round, and the boy said: "You had better look out—hind wheel's coming off." The driver got down, looked his sled all over, felt of the braces, and inspected clear to the dash board, and then asked: "What you say? What broke?" "I said the hind wheel was coming off," replied the boy. He made another inspection, gave the sleigh a shake, and all at once called out: "Vhy, dere ish no hind wheel on here!"

A teacher in Squiggelunk, Me., during the Bible lesson, when speaking about Cain and Abel, asked one of the scholars:—"Where did Cain go after he killed Abel?" "He went to sleep, sir," was the reply. "Went to sleep?" said the teacher. "It's in the chapter, sir, that Cain, after killing Abel, went into the land of Nod."

A scrupulous Swamscott lady, who abhors slang, when asked at the boarding-house table why her husband was not down to breakfast, replied, bashfully, "Oh, dear William was upon a—a neck last night."

"A what?" said her interlocutor. "A b-bosom," she exclaimed, coloring to the roots of her hair. "A which?" said he. "A—a—a b-bust!" she whispered behind her napkin.

A physician of a neighboring town tells a good story of a rustic who called upon him one day and remarked "Doctor, I hear you have a skeleton in the house. May I see it?" "Certainly," said the doctor, whereupon he threw open his closet and revealed the bony structure. The rustic gazed at it open-mouthed for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Good Lord, it's as poor as a crow!"

Three things to hate: Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A WOMAN'S WORD, AND HOW SHE KEPT IT. By Virginia F. Townsend. Lee & Shepard, pp. 472. Miss Townsend is rightly ranked among our best writers of fiction, and it is no disparagement to her other works to say that this is the best ever produced. The heroine of the story displays all the sterling virtues for which the ideal woman of all ages has had credit, and while it may be true that even in the most worthy of her sex, but few like her can be found, we can easily see that in proportion as their numbers increase, the condition of society will improve. The total surrender of the strongest attachment and purest love in the power of gentle woman to bestow, in order to save a third party from imprisonment and everlasting infamy, which though fully deserved, would also involve others dear to her as her own life, in ruin; and the heartless hypocrisy and deceit of which the finished scoundrel whom she had saved from a felon's doom, sought to accomplish his purposes, are depicted by a master-hand. After long years of silent endurance of untold mental suffering, the injured and spotless woman is able to show that she had, in truth, kept her word inviolate, and long-separated, loving hearts are united, and the happy termination of what promised to be the ruin of many, in part atones for all the evils of the past.

MOTHER GOOSE IN WHITE, with Silhouette Illustrations. By J. F. Goodrich. Lee & Shepard. pp. 104, 50 cents.

Mother Goose in black was thought to be the perfection of art in that line; this, which, and after all the changes experienced, the good old dame bids fair at last to amuse and interest the young for many generations yet. The holidays are at hand, and this should not be omitted when selecting books which will be sure to please.

LAKE BREEZES. By Oliver Optic. Lee & Shepard. pp. 320.

This third volume of the "Lake Series" has for its hero the same valiant youth who has done so good service in the two preceding volumes, and is the leading spirit of this enterprise on the Great Lakes. This cruise is not immediately connected with the former ones. The story is not a mere cruise for pleasure, but as will be seen the crew of the fast-sailing *Sylvania* had other motives for the trip. Valuable treasure which had been stolen, must be recovered, rogues overhauled, and other ends accomplished, which would advance the interest of the trip. Capt. Alick, so well known in former numbers, shows himself equal to the emergency in every difficult position. This volume will cause its readers to look anxiously for the appearance of the history of another more extended trip on the broad ocean, which the author kindly promised.

HOW A MAN DOES IT.—Did you ever watch a man trying on a hat? He takes one from the counter and looks carefully at the lining. Then he steps cautiously to the looking glass and takes off his old tie. He holds it carefully in his left hand as though fearful of losing it. Then he places the new one on his head, front side behind, and surveys himself in the glass. He gives his head a shake to see if the hat will fall off and then settles it more firmly on his head, looking all the while as though he had been sheep-stealing. He looks profoundly ashamed of himself. Then he suddenly perceives that the hat is reversed and as suddenly takes it off, and replaces his old one. On pretext of examining the texture he turns the hat about and again removing his old one, replaces it on his head. Another shake, and a supreme effort not to look foolish. He steps back a step, gives his head another shake and another pull at the brim; looks sidewise, takes the hat off, putting on the old one and looks at the crown. Puts it on again, all the time clinging tightly to the old hat and gives still another shake, telling the store-keeper what kind of a hat his wife told him to get. After a dozen maneuvers of this sort he at length surrenders his old hat to be rolled up while a bland smile and a sigh of relief escapes him as he steps out wondering if anybody is looking at him.

TOM'S GOLD DUST.—"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him, he was going ahead, laying a foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust." Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had never been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get the gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time which people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father had taught him that every minute of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were.

A Sunday School teacher, who was accustomed to giving her scholars a verse to learn each week, varied her usage one Sunday, by allotting to each of her scholars three names to commit to memory. One little five-year old boy, who had for his lesson the names "Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego," when asked to repeat it on the following Sunday, scratched his head, threw up his eyes, and timidly replied, "Shake the bed, Make the bed, and To bed we go."

Concentrated force is what accomplishes wonders. A little green apple, not so big as a base ball, will double a boy fourteen years old up so close and tight that it will take a mustard plaster as big as a watermelon three hours to straighten him out.



**Woburn Journal.**

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 2 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

**INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Page	Col.	No.
Farm for Sale,	3	4
H. H. Dickson,	3	4
O. Wilson,	3	4
New Advertisements,	3	4
Probate Notice—Skilton,	3	4
S. S. Dodge,	3	4
F. S. Burgess,	3	4
C. E. Cooper,	3	4
Sheriff's Sale,	3	4
C. A. Smith,	3	4

**A GREAT POPULAR VICTORY.**

It was indeed a famous victory, and although the Republicans have secured most of the offices, they did so by the aid of Democrats, and the victory may be truly said to be a triumph of the people. Gen. Butler, with his great mental abilities and his wonderful vitality, made the issue such an one that the moral effect of his election would have been most disastrous. Thomas Talbot is elected by an immense vote, and a handsome plurality, and to aid him in what we know to be his purpose of administering the government of the State honorably and at the same time economically, he has a Senate and House of Representatives, and an Executive Council in full sympathy with him and his intentions. The campaign has been hotly contested, and every weak place in the administration pointed out and critically examined. The affairs of the State ought to be, and undoubtedly will be, so conducted this year, that no objection can be raised next Fall, of sufficient importance on which to found a campaign charge. The administration can do it, and we believe they will.

Selwyn Z. Bowman is elected to the 46th Congress by a plurality of 4,685 over Nathan Clark. This is no ordinary victory when we consider all the facts in the case. The Fifth has been considered "Banks' District," ever since his unexpected capture of it in 1865, and so near did he come to a nomination that some of his more impetuous friends affect to believe that he was cheated out of it. General Banks was elected two years ago by a plurality of only 1008, and when Mr. Bowman was nominated, the former found some consolation in the thought that this year a nomination was not equivalent to an election. It was generally thought by observers outside the district that Mr. Cummings would be the strongest candidate, although the old "rings" were very indignant that Banks was not nominated. A new district committee was chosen, all inexperienced men, and they were left to their own devices. Men who had always been prominent in the District, contributing money and council, turned the cold shoulder, and would neither give money nor advice. Fortunately, the committee were all young men, not easily discouraged, and when it became apparent that they must go alone, they accepted the responsibility with a determination that did not falter, and an energy that knew no cessation, until success crowned their efforts. Their candidate was a young man, and that fact commended him to the younger portion of his party. He is a good public speaker, and at once took the stump, visiting all the principal towns in the district. In this he was assisted by several of the rising young men of the district, General Banks having declined in a diplomatic note to speak, although two years ago Mr. Bowman spoke for him. Wherever Mr. Bowman went, he made a good impression, so much so, that at the close of the first week, the prediction was recorded at headquarters that he would be elected by 3,500 plurality.

It is gratifying to know that he increased this figure to 4,685, and led Gov. Talbot in the District by 2,105, and had 2,314 more than the entire Butler-Abbott vote in the District. Nathan Clark would have been beaten that amount if he had carried his whole party strength as a Greenback Democrat; but the publication of his war record sealed down his figures, and he fell 2,371 behind his ticket on that account. In Mr. Bowman the District has secured a good representative, one who will enter Congress without any of the entanglements that beset, if they do not annoy, an old member; an advocate of honest money; a representative of the younger element of the party; and one who will neither neglect the public interests nor forget his constituents.

In Daniel Russell, of Melrose, the Sixth Middlesex District has secured a Senator of whom his friends and neighbors speak in the highest terms, and who will give his undivided attention to his duties, and honor the position to which he has been so honorably chosen.

Mr. Seelye, who was chosen Representative to the General Court by the Democratic-Greenback vote, is a young man, a native of Woburn, for four years past Town Clerk, and will make a good Representative. In our examination of matters of public policy we arrive at conclusions different from those accepted by Mr. Seelye, but on that account we have no disposition to withhold our congratulations upon this new evidence of the popular esteem in which he is held.

Speaking of bulldozing, Woburn town meeting has an instance of it whenever assembled. A prominent Democrat of foreign birth, places himself near the polls and scrutinizes every comports as he comes up. He not unfrequently takes away a ballot and substitutes one that suits him better. Gen. Butler says there was bulldozing last Tuesday, and one of his Woburn supporters can tell how it was.

As at present advised, we feel obliged to admit that Woburn is a Democratic town. The Republicans turned out well on Tuesday, and cast more votes than at any previous election, but they were not numerous enough. It is a satisfaction to them that they contributed 825 votes towards Governor Talbot's immense total, being a gain of 300 over Rice's vote of last year.

The atmosphere is clearer—not quite so green.

**THE ELECTION.**

Never before has there been such a vote cast in this town as that of Tuesday. The meeting was opened at 9.30 A. M., with prayer by Rev. J. F. Winkley. The voting then began, and was continued until 4.30 P. M. A much larger vote than usual was thrown early in the forenoon, though the large number of votes cast caused a crowd through most of the day. Some five hundred more votes were cast than at any previous election, and as all parties understood that the vote for Talbot and Butler would be nearly even, great interest was shown on both sides, and the largest vote possible. There was no challenging of votes, and the meeting was as quiet and orderly as possible for one of its size. As the time drew near for declaring the vote, the hall was crowded with those anxious to know the result, which was quickly reached, and at 5.45 the triumphant shouts of the victors came out long and loud. The streets were more or less crowded during the evening, and the telegraph offices and headquarters of the different parties were places of lively interest until a late hour.

The following is the vote of Woburn and Winchester:

FOR GOVERNOR.	Rep.	Win.
Benjamin F. Butler, of Lowell,	928	186
Thomas Talbot, of Billerica,	835	329
J. G. Abbott, of Boston,	46	17
A. A. Miner, of Boston,	1	1

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.	Rep.	Win.
John F. Arnold, of North Adams,	902	157
John D. Long, of Hingham,	856	358
William R. Plunkett, of Pittsfield,	43	21
George C. Irving, of Lowell,	1	1

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.	Rep.	Win.
Weston Howard, of Fairhaven,	906	157
Henry B. Pierce, of Abington,	852	375
Robert C. Ewing, of Holyoke,	49	21
Charles Skinner,	1	1
David B. Gurney, of South Abington,	2	2

FOR TREASURER AND RECEIVER GENERAL.	Rep.	Win.
John H. Jennings, of New Bedford,	906	155
Charles Kendrick, of Canton,	852	348
David N. Skillings, of Winchester,	51	23

FOR AUDITOR.	Rep.	Win.
Davis I. King, of Boston,	903	157
Julius L. Clark, of Boston,	852	357
John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston,	49	22
Jonathan H. Orne, of Marblehead,	1	1

FOR COMPTROLLER GENERAL.	Rep.	Win.
William D. Northrup, of Salem,	907	151
George Marton, of New Bedford,	849	357
Richard O'By, of Boston,	50	21
Orin T. Gray, of Hyde Park,	1	1

FOR COUNCILOR.	Rep.	Win.
Alonso V. Lynde, of Melrose,	951	155
Joseph A. Harwood, of Littleton,	853	357
John M. Merrill, of Lowell,	1	1

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.	Rep.	Win.
Thomas H. Hill, of Woburn,	927	187
J. Henry Reed, of Woburn,	845	357
Hosea W. Day, of Wakefield,	20	15
T. Salmon,	1	1
Franklin Cheney, of Lowell,	2	2

FOR REGISTER OF PROBATE AND INSOLVENCY.	Rep.	Win.
William V. Thompson, of Cambridge,	905	157
William H. Tyler, of Woburn,	851	343
W. W. Sherman, of Lowell,	1	1

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS 5TH DISTRICT.	Rep.	Win.
Nathan Clark, of Lynn,	897	119
Selwyn Z. Bowman, of Somerville,	899	340
Frothingham, of Boston,	1	1

FOR SENATOR.	Rep.	Win.
Sumner W. Kimball, of Stoneham,	949	87
Daniel Russell, of Melrose,	855	335
Samuel W. Kimball—no town,	12	12

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.	Rep.	Win.
Montross S. Seelye,	918	186
John Cummings,	841	329
Charles A. McDonald,	42	17
John Burke,	1	1
Samuel Richardson,	1	1
T. P. Ayer,	1	1
Samuel J. Ayer,	1	1
Samuel J. Elden,	1	1

SIXTH MIDDLESEX SENATORIAL DISTRICT.	Rep.	Win.
Daniel Russell, of Melrose,	855	335
Sumner W. Kimball, of Stoneham,	949	87

Wilmington,	87	91	
Winchester,	355	87	14
Woburn,	858	949	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	4,065	2,685	24

FIFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.			
	Bowman.	Clark.	Scammon.
Arlington,	419	259	2
Belmont,	179	136	1

Burlington,	64	57	
Boston, Ward 3,	1151	863	
Boston, Ward 4,	958	623	
Boston, Ward 5,	1108	728	1
Everett,	396	207	
Lexington,	297	118	

Lexington,	207	110	
Lynn, Ward 1,	34	92	
Lynn, Ward 2,	131	211	
Lynn, Ward 3,	503	658	
Lynn, Ward 4,	687	703	3
Lynn, Ward 5,	637	667	7
Woburn,	580	600	

Lynn, Ward 6,	578	508	
Lynn, Ward 7,	68	90	
Malden,	1064	695	
Medford,	841	348	2
Melrose,	477	244	3
Nahant,	70	62	

Saugus,	306	172	
Somerville, Ward 1,	631	265	4
Somerville, Ward 2,	543	363	4
Somerville, Ward 3,	417	114	1
Somerville, Ward 4,	377	142	3
Stoneham,	540	470	

Swampscott,	240	103	
Wakefield,	557	308	
Waltham,	1041	584	
Winchester,	340	119	
Woburn,	889	897	1

	15,541	10,856	32
--	--------	--------	----

The following is the vote of Middlesex County for Governor:—

	Talbot.	Butler.	Abbott.	Mine.
Acton,	199	107	26	13
Arlington,	404	254	24	32
Ashby,	149	35	28	11
Ashland,	225	101	9	4
Ayer,	171	144	62	3

Bedford,	115	72	5
Belmont,	184	118	13
Billerica,	340	43	
Boxboro',	23	16	10
Burlington,	60	55	5

Cambridge,	3789	2773	215	18
Carlisle,	64	33	8	
Chelmsford,	254	104	19	1
Concord,	346	101	17	
Dracut,	185	72	16	
Dunstable,	45	48	8	

Everett,	387	202	22	6
Framingham,	585	434	46	22
Groton,	227	62	9	5
Holliston,	314	258	51	61
Hopkinton,	347	424	20	8
Hudson,	309	326	18	1

Lexington,	290	117	14	
Lincoln,	103	14	4	1
Littleton,	126	47	8	3
Lowell,	3773	4236		
Malden,	967	772	41	5
Mashpee,	555	887	19	20

Marblehead,	599	581	12	39
Maynard	114	130	11	
Medford,	769	400	34	30
Melrose,	473	236	25	16
Natick,	629	904	49	29
Newton,	1887	676	57	7

North Reading,	104	35	14	
Pepperell,	223	139	44	3
Reading,	426	300	23	10
Sherborn,	105	61	11	8
Shirley,	153	46	7	
Somerville,	1667	1137	77	9

Stoneham,	503	514	27	18
Stow,	150	34	15	
Sudbury,	156	34	25	
Tewksbury,	164	93	6	
Townsend,	250	92	33	3
Tyngsboro',	37	16	11	

Wakefield,	540	315	19	2
Waltham,	954	632	56	3
Watertown,	603	334	23	8
Wayland,	151	191	6	3
Westford,	195	117	25	
Weston,	202	26	3	

Weston,	202	25	0	
Wilmington,	90	81	3	
Winchester,	336	186	28	1
Woburn,	835	928	46	1
	<hr/> 26,763	<hr/> 19,510	<hr/> 1,387	<hr/> 377

The Representatives chosen in Middlesex County, by Districts, are as follows; stars indicate a re-election :—

1—Edwin B. Hale* and George W. Park, Cambridge, Rep.
2—James H. Sparrow, A. C. Wezber and Lucius R. Paige,* Cambridge, Rep.
3—Joseph J. Kelley*, Cambridge, Dem. and G. B. Kelley, Cambridge, Rep.
4—Richard E. Nickerson,* Somerville, Rep.











# WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

NO. 46.

## COHOSH. THE COHOSH COUGH DROPS

We introduced to the public last year are prepared from a recipe which has been in use in the form of a Cough Syrup, in Salem, Mass., and vicinity, more than twenty-five years. For convenience it is prepared in Candy form and our immense sale of it last year is the best proof of its merit.

**WILLIAM W. HILL,**  
Apothecary, Opp. the COMMON, WOBURN.

**Florist.**  
**S. W. Trembly & Sons,**  
FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
**ANTIQUE POTTERY,**  
161 Tremont street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

**Professional Cards.**  
**A. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.  
Woburn, Mass.

**JOHN G. MAGUIRE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**George H. Conn,**  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

**CHARLES D. ADAMS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.  
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.,  
8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

**A. B. COFFIN,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street.

**Dr. O. P. ROGERS,**  
DENTIST,  
139½ Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.  
**CHESTER W. CLARK,**  
Counsellor at Law,  
No. 61 COURT STREET,  
Room 2, BOSTON.

**HENRY HILLER, M. D.,**  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON, 12.

**Auctioneers.**  
**WILLIAM WINN,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

**E. PRIOR,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main Street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

**Musical.**  
**Miss A. J. Campbell,**  
desires a few pupils on the  
**PIANO FORTE,**  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence, No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, Proprietor

**M. ELLIS & Co.,**  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John Solley, Chelsea.

**E. C. COLOMB,**  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practice Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

**HALL TO LET.**  
Post 33, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building, it being the second Hall in size in town), and fitted up the same with two large ante rooms and all modern conveniences, will let it to responsible parties on reasonable terms. Inquire of Trustees, GEO. P. SIMMONS, N. Z. TABOR, J. L. FAIRBANK.

**BILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter Heads,** and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at this office

## WILMOT'S CLOTHING HOUSES

Gentlemen's Pantaloon,  
--READY-MADE--  
\$1.25 1.50 1.75 2.00  
\$2.25 2.50 2.75 3.00  
\$3.50 4.00 4.50 5.00.

Gentlemen's Winter Overcoats.  
--READY-MADE--  
\$5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15  
\$16 17 18 19 20.

Boys' Overcoats.  
AGE 3 to 18 YEARS,  
\$2.50 3 3.50 4 4.50 5  
\$5.50 6 6.50 7 7.50  
\$8 8.50 9 9.50 10.

**GENTLEMEN'S  
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.**  
Garments made from measure, good work, good trimmings and a perfect fitting garment guaranteed.  
**ALL WOOL SUITS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL OVERCOATS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL PANTALOONS, \$1!**  
Buy your clothing of the manufacturer and save TWO or THREE middlemen's profits.

**WILMOT'S,**  
263  
AND  
747, 749 and 751  
Washington St., Boston.

**STEPHEN H. CUTTER,**  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street, promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

**Business Cards.**  
**A. BUCKMAN,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**  
160 Main Street, Woburn.  
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand.

**Photograph Gallery,**  
1607 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.  
Club Pictures to schools and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates by

**H. S. DUNNIE, Jr., Artist.**  
**R. C. HAYWARD,**  
Dealer in  
**GROCERIES.**  
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.  
103 Main Street, Woburn.

**Carpenters.**  
**E. K. WILLOUGHBY,**  
House and Job Carpenter,  
WALNUT ST., NEAR MAIN, WOBURN.  
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

**J. Horace Dean & Co.,**  
Carpenters and Builders,  
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.  
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly attended to.

**Machinists.**  
ESTABLISHED 1865  
**Parks & Freeman,**  
MACHINISTS,  
And Manufacturers of  
**Leather Machinery,**  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.

Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting, Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings, Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short notice.  
97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership formed January 1st, 1877.

**PORTER & YOUNG,**  
(Successors to James Buel & Co.)  
**MACHINISTS,**  
Steam and Gas Fitters,  
25 MANUFACTURERS OF  
**STEAM ENGINES.**  
Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting, Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.

**SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN.**

## Poetical Selection.

### I AM TIRED.

BY GEO. S. DORR.

Father, I am tired, and I faint would rest  
My weary head upon Thy breast;  
I faint would feel Thy tender arms enfold  
This feeble, trembling form of mine.

Faint would I drop my heavy burdens all,  
And answer, Father, to Thy call:  
Faint would I lay my earthly mantle by,  
And take my robe beyond the sky.

Father, I am tired; I would cease the strife  
That meets me on my way through life;  
I would bid farewell to earth's toil and care,  
And seek Thy pastures bright and fair.

I'm weary of the days that slowly glide—  
Weary of floating on Life's tide;  
Faint would I pass these dreary waters o'er,  
And rest me on yon golden shore.

Father, I am tired! and the way is drear,  
I'm growing weak, my life is sore;  
My feet are weary with the toilsome road—  
I faint would drop my heavy load.

Why do I linger here amid the din  
Of worldly life, of grief and sin,  
When I so long to reach Thy beautiful home,  
So long to hear Thy bidding—"Come."

Father, I am tired, and I see no light  
Beam through the darkness of earth's night;  
No light? Ah yes! a glorious light I see—  
The light of Thy dear love to me.

Around my dreary path that tender love  
Sheds golden glory from above;  
And bids me all my burdens gladly bear,  
Till Thou my robe and crown prepare.

Father, I am tired! but Thy love shall give  
Strength to endure, and so to live  
That I can say—not my will, Lord, but Thine,  
And freely wait Thy own good time.

E. WAKEFIELD, N. H.

## Selected Story.

### CORA'S BOUQUET.

As the clock struck, my wife came in,  
ready dressed for outdoors.

"Well, Charles, it is time."

I looked up from my review with a dreary yawn.

"Indeed, Cora, I can't accompany you to the theatre to-night. The very thought of the place sickens me. Gordon will be here presently, and will be glad to take you, as usual."

"You promised, Charles, and this is the last night of the piece; and you need not come till the end of the fourth act," she replied, almost imploringly. "Besides, I—I do not wish to go with Mr. Gordon, Charles. It looks so strange to be always in his company, and people gossip. You can't think how painful it is."

"Let them gossip, Cora. Gordon is a gentleman, and my best friend, and if I choose to trust you with him, I suppose it is no one's business but my own."

I was not at all in an amiable mood. I too, had heard some of this malicious chat of the couleuses, and chose to defy it.

The door-bell rang, and a servant announced Mr. Seymour Gordon. My wife glanced at me pleadingly. It was her last appeal.

"Admit him," I said, resolutely.

Gordon entered smilingly. Instantly he saw there was something in the wind, and his dark eyes met my wife's for a second with an expression I had never seen in them before; but it passed before I could fathom it.

When they had gone, I recalled that swift glance, and somehow it annoyed me. I tried to recover my interest in the review, but could not. I went out and took a long walk—tried billiards, but it was no use; that momentary flash of a pair of handsome and dangerous eyes—unfathomable, a little sinister—ranked yet in my memory, and I could think of nothing else.

I went to the theatre, walking more quickly the nearer I drew. Just as I entered the stage-door I heard the heavy thump of the curtain-pole as it struck the stage, marking the close of an act, followed quickly by a rumble like thunder, which I knew came from the auditorium. Down the passage on the right I passed, reaching the prompter's desk.

"What act was that?"

"The fourth, sir. Your wife is recalled."

"The fourth? How time had flown! Looking out from the proscenium door I saw the curtain drawn on the other side, and my wife emerged and approached the footlights with a pallid smile. There was a movement in the stalls, and I saw a gentleman stand up and pass forward a bouquet—that person was my friend, Seymour Gordon.

Cora seemed for a second petrified—the applause was louder. Mechanically she took the flowers, courtesied deeply again, and went off, while I continued to stand there in a dream. Coming to myself, I went to her dressing-room, and entered without knocking. Her maid was there, and on the table lay the bouquet.

"Your wife is gone away, sir, in a carriage."

I heard without distinctly understanding. A vague sense of unknown misery filled my breast, and mechanically I took up the flowers and smelled them, and a note dropped from them in my fist.

Cora—All is arranged. We take the train for Canada to-night, and the steamer at Halifax. I have secured a state-room by telegraph. Meet me without a moment's delay. I use this means to communicate with you to avoid suspicion.

S. G.

The globe seemed reeling under my feet. So! I was fated—she was gone!

"You are not well, sir," said the woman, frightened at my ghastly face.

"Yes—ah—no—that is, not very well; a little faint; but it will pass off."

## Poetical Selection.

### I AM TIRED.

BY GEO. S. DORR.

Father, I am tired, and I faint would rest  
My weary head upon Thy breast;  
I faint would feel Thy tender arms enfold  
This feeble, trembling form of mine.

Faint would I drop my heavy burdens all,  
And answer, Father, to Thy call:  
Faint would I lay my earthly mantle by,  
And take my robe beyond the sky.

Father, I am tired; I would cease the strife  
That meets me on my way through life;  
I would bid farewell to earth's toil and care,  
And seek Thy pastures bright and fair.

I'm weary of the days that slowly glide—  
Weary of floating on Life's tide;  
Faint would I pass these dreary waters o'er,  
And rest me on yon golden shore.

Father, I am tired! and the way is drear,  
I'm growing weak, my life is sore;  
My feet are weary with the toilsome road—  
I faint would drop my heavy load.

Why do I linger here amid the din  
Of worldly life, of grief and sin,  
When I so long to reach Thy beautiful home,  
So long to hear Thy bidding—"Come."

Father, I am tired, and I see no light  
Beam through the darkness of earth's night;  
No light? Ah yes! a glorious light I see—  
The light of Thy dear love to me.

Around my dreary path that tender love  
Sheds golden glory from above;  
And bids me all my burdens gladly bear,  
Till Thou my robe and crown prepare.

Father, I am tired! but Thy love shall give  
Strength to endure, and so to live  
That I can say—not my will, Lord, but Thine,  
And freely wait Thy own good time.

E. WAKEFIELD, N. H.

## Selected Story.

### CORA'S BOUQUET.

As the clock struck, my wife came in,  
ready dressed for outdoors.

"Well, Charles, it is time."

I looked up from my review with a dreary yawn.

"Indeed, Cora, I can't accompany you to the theatre to-night. The very thought of the place sickens me. Gordon will be here presently, and will be glad to take you, as usual."

"You promised, Charles, and this is the last night of the piece; and you need not come till the end of the fourth act," she replied, almost imploringly. "Besides, I—I do not wish to go with Mr. Gordon, Charles. It looks so strange to be always in his company, and people gossip. You can't think how painful it is."

"Let them gossip, Cora. Gordon is a gentleman, and my best friend, and if I choose to trust you with him, I suppose it is no one's business but my own."

I was not at all in an amiable mood. I too, had heard some of this malicious chat of the couleuses, and chose to defy it.

The door-bell rang, and a servant announced Mr. Seymour Gordon. My wife glanced at me pleadingly. It was her last appeal.

"Admit him," I said, resolutely.

Gordon entered smilingly. Instantly he saw there was something in the wind, and his dark eyes met my wife's for a second with an expression I had never seen in them before; but it passed before I could fathom it.

When they had gone, I recalled that swift glance, and somehow it annoyed me. I tried to recover my interest in the review, but could not. I went out and took a long walk—tried billiards, but it was no use; that momentary flash of a pair of handsome and dangerous eyes—unfathomable, a little sinister—ranked yet in my memory, and I could think of nothing else.

I went to the theatre, walking more quickly the nearer I drew. Just as I entered the stage-door I heard the heavy thump of the curtain-pole as it struck the stage, marking the close of an act, followed quickly by a rumble like thunder, which I knew came from the auditorium. Down the passage on the right I passed, reaching the prompter's desk.

"What act was that?"

"The fourth, sir. Your wife is recalled."

"The fourth? How time had flown! Looking out from the proscenium door I saw the curtain drawn on the other side, and my wife emerged and approached the footlights with a pallid smile. There was a movement in the stalls, and I saw a gentleman stand up and pass forward a bouquet—that person was my friend, Seymour Gordon.

Cora seemed for a second petrified—the applause was louder. Mechanically she took the flowers, courtesied deeply again, and went off, while I continued to stand there in a dream. Coming to myself, I went to her dressing-room, and entered without knocking. Her maid was there, and on the table lay the bouquet.

"Your wife is gone away, sir, in a carriage."

I heard without distinctly understanding. A vague sense of unknown misery filled my breast, and mechanically I took up the flowers and smelled them, and a note dropped from them in my fist.

Cora—All is arranged. We take the train for Canada to-night, and the steamer at Halifax. I have secured a state-room by telegraph. Meet me without a moment's delay. I use this means to communicate with you to avoid suspicion.

S. G.

The globe seemed reeling under my feet. So! I was fated—she was gone!

"You are not well, sir," said the woman, frightened at my ghastly face.

"Yes—ah—no—that is, not very well; a little faint; but it will pass off."

## Poetical Selection.

### I AM TIRED.

BY GEO. S. DORR.

Father, I am tired, and I faint would rest  
My weary head upon Thy breast;  
I faint would feel Thy tender arms enfold  
This feeble, trembling form of mine.

Faint would I drop my heavy burdens all,  
And answer, Father, to Thy call:  
Faint would I lay my earthly mantle by,  
And take my robe beyond the sky.

Father, I am tired; I would cease the strife  
That meets me on my way through life;  
I would bid farewell to earth's toil and care,  
And seek Thy pastures bright and fair.

I'm weary of the days that slowly glide—  
Weary of floating on Life's tide;  
Faint would I pass these dreary waters o'er,  
And rest me on yon golden shore.

Father, I am tired! and the way is drear,  
I'm growing weak, my life is sore;  
My feet are weary with the toilsome road—  
I faint would drop my heavy load.

Why do I linger here amid the din  
Of worldly life, of grief and sin,  
When I so long to reach Thy beautiful home,  
So long to hear Thy bidding—"Come."

Father, I am tired, and I see no light  
Beam through the darkness of earth's night;  
No light? Ah yes! a glorious light I see—  
The light of Thy dear love to me.

Around my dreary path that tender love  
Sheds golden glory from above;  
And bids me all my burdens gladly bear,  
Till Thou my robe and crown prepare.

Father, I am tired! but Thy love shall give  
Strength to endure, and so to live  
That I can say—not my will, Lord, but Thine,  
And freely wait Thy own good time.

E. WAKEFIELD, N. H.

## Selected Story.

### CORA'S BOUQUET.

As the clock struck, my wife came in,  
ready dressed for outdoors.

"Well, Charles, it is time."

I looked up from my review with a dreary yawn.

"Indeed, Cora, I can't accompany you to the theatre to-night. The very thought of the place sickens me. Gordon will be here presently, and will be glad to take you, as usual."

"You promised, Charles, and this is the last night of the piece; and you need not come till the end of the fourth act," she replied, almost imploringly. "Besides, I—I do not wish to go with Mr. Gordon, Charles. It looks so strange to be always in his company, and people gossip. You can't think how painful it is."

"Let them gossip, Cora. Gordon is a gentleman, and my best friend, and if I choose to trust you with him, I suppose it is no one's business but my own."

I was not at all in an amiable mood. I too, had heard some of this malicious chat of the couleuses, and chose to defy it.

The door-bell rang, and a servant announced Mr. Seymour Gordon. My wife glanced at me pleadingly. It was her last appeal.

"Admit him," I said, resolutely.

Gordon entered smilingly. Instantly he saw there was something in the wind, and his dark eyes met my wife's for a second with an expression I had never seen in them before; but it passed before I could fathom it.

When they had gone, I recalled that swift glance, and somehow it annoyed me. I tried to recover my interest in the review, but could not. I went out and took a long walk—tried billiards, but it was no use; that momentary flash of a pair of handsome and dangerous eyes—unfathomable, a little sinister—ranked yet in my memory, and I could think of nothing else.

I went to the theatre, walking more quickly the nearer I drew. Just as I entered the stage-door I heard the heavy thump of the curtain-pole as it struck the stage, marking the close of an act, followed quickly by a rumble like thunder, which I knew came from the auditorium. Down the passage on the right I passed, reaching the prompter's desk.

"What act was that?"

"The fourth, sir. Your wife is recalled."

"The fourth? How time had flown! Looking out from the proscenium door I saw the curtain drawn on the other side, and my wife emerged and approached the footlights with a pallid smile. There was a movement in the stalls, and I saw a gentleman stand up and pass forward a bouquet—that person was my friend, Seymour Gordon.

Cora seemed for a second petrified—the applause was louder. Mechanically she took the flowers, courtesied deeply again, and went off, while I continued to stand there in a dream. Coming to myself, I went to her dressing-room, and entered without knocking. Her maid was there, and on the table lay the bouquet.

"Your wife is gone away, sir, in a carriage."

I heard without distinctly understanding. A vague sense of unknown misery filled my breast, and mechanically I took up the flowers and smelled them, and a note dropped from them in my fist.

Cora—All is arranged. We take the train for Canada to-night, and the steamer at Halifax. I have secured a state-room by telegraph. Meet me without a moment's delay. I use this means to communicate with you to avoid suspicion.

S. G.

The globe seemed reeling under my feet. So! I was fated—she was gone!

"You are not well, sir," said the woman, frightened at my ghastly face.

"Yes—ah—no—that is, not very well; a little faint; but it will pass off."

## Poetical Selection.

### I AM TIRED.

BY GEO. S. DORR.

Father, I am tired, and I faint would rest  
My weary head upon Thy breast;  
I faint would feel Thy tender arms enfold  
This feeble, trembling form of mine.

Faint would I drop my heavy burdens all,  
And answer, Father, to Thy call:  
Faint would I lay my earthly mantle by,  
And take my robe beyond the sky.

Father, I am tired; I would cease the strife  
That meets me on my way through life;  
I would bid farewell to earth's toil and care,  
And seek Thy pastures bright and fair.

I'm weary of the days that slowly glide—  
Weary of floating on Life's tide;  
Faint would I pass these dreary waters o'er,  
And rest me on yon golden shore.

Father, I am tired! and the way is drear,  
I'm growing weak, my life is sore;  
My feet are weary with the toilsome road—  
I faint would drop my heavy load.

Why do I linger here amid the din  
Of worldly life, of grief and sin,  
When I so long to reach Thy beautiful home,  
So long to hear Thy bidding—"Come."

Father, I am tired, and I see no light  
Beam through the darkness of earth's night;  
No light? Ah yes! a glorious light I see—  
The light of Thy dear love to me.

Around my dreary path that tender love  
Sheds golden glory from above;  
And bids me all my burdens gladly bear,  
Till Thou my robe and crown prepare.

Father, I am tired! but Thy love shall give  
Strength to endure, and so to live  
That I can say—not my will, Lord, but Thine,  
And freely wait Thy own good time.

E. WAKEFIELD, N. H.

## Selected Story.

### CORA'S BOUQUET.

As the clock struck, my wife came in,  
ready dressed for outdoors.

"Well, Charles, it is time."

I looked up from my review with a dreary yawn.

"Indeed, Cora, I can't accompany you to the theatre to-night. The very thought of the place sickens me. Gordon will be here presently, and will be glad to take you, as usual."

"You promised, Charles, and this is the last night of the piece; and you need not come till the end of the fourth act," she replied, almost imploringly. "Besides, I—I do not wish to go with Mr. Gordon, Charles. It looks so strange to be always in his company, and people gossip. You can't think how painful it is."

"Let them gossip, Cora. Gordon is a gentleman, and my best friend, and if I choose to trust you with him, I suppose it is no one's business but my own."

I was not at all in an amiable mood. I too, had heard some of this malicious chat of the couleuses, and chose to defy it.

The door-bell rang, and a servant announced Mr. Seymour Gordon. My wife glanced at me pleadingly. It was her last appeal.















# WOBBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXVIII.

WOBBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

NO. 47.

## COHOSH.

### THE COHOSH COUGH DROPS

We introduced to the public last year a preparation from a recipe which has been in use in the form of a Cough Syrup, in Salem, Mass., and vicinity, more than twenty-five years. For convenience it is prepared in Candy form and our immense sale of it last year is the best proof of its merit.

**WILLIAM W. HILL,**  
Apothecary, Opp. the COMMON, WOBURN.

**Florist.**  
**S. W. Twombly & Sons,**  
FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
ANTIQUE POTTERY,  
161 Tremont street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

**Professional Cards.**  
**J. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.  
Woburn, - - - - - Mass.

**JOHN G. JAGUIRE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBBURN, - - - - - MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**George H. Conn,**  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBBURN, - - - - - MASS.

**CHARLES D. ADAMS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
Office: At Woburn, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.  
Hours: At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 2 to 5, 7 to 9 P. M.

**A. B. COFFIN,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street.

**DR. O. P. ROGERS,**  
DENTIST,  
139 1/2 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.

**CHESTER W. CLARK,**  
Counsellor at Law,  
No. 61 COURT STREET,  
Room 2, - - - - - BOSTON.

**HENRY HILLER, M. D.,**  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

**Auctioneers.**  
**WILLIAM WINN,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, - - - - - MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the Woburn Office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

**E. PRIOR,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, - - - - - Boston.

**M. ELLIS & Co.,**  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John Soley, Chelsea.

**E. C. COLOMB,**  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, - - - - - Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practice Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

**HALL TO LET.**  
Post 33, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall No. 164 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building), it being the second hall in size in town, and fitted up the same with two large ante rooms and all modern conveniences, will let it to responsible parties on reasonable terms. Inquire of Trustees, GEO. F. SIMMONS, N. Z. TABOR, J. L. PARKER.

**PILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at this office.**

## WILMOT'S CLOTHING HOUSES

**Gentlemen's Pantaloon,**  
--READY-MADE--  
\$1.25 | 1.50 | 1.75 | 2.00  
\$2.25 | 2.50 | 2.75 | 3.00  
\$3.50 | 4.00 | 4.50 | 5.00.

**Gentlemen's Winter Overcoats.**  
--READY-MADE--  
\$16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20.  
\$11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15.  
\$16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20.

**Boys' Overcoats.**  
AGE 3 to 18 YEARS,  
\$2.50 | 3 | 3.50 | 4 | 4.50 | 5.  
\$5.50 | 6 | 6.50 | 7 | 7.50 | 8.  
\$8 | 8.50 | 9 | 9.50 | 10.

**GENTLEMEN'S CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.**  
Garments made from measure, good work, good trimmings and a perfect fitting garment guaranteed.  
**ALL WOOL SUITS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL OVERCOATS, \$15!**  
**ALL WOOL PANTALOONS, \$4!**  
Buy your clothing of the manufacturer and save TWO or THREE millimeters' profit.

**WILMOT'S,**  
263  
AND  
747, 749 and 751  
Washington St., Boston.

**STEPHEN H. CUTTER,**  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR,  
WOBBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main street, promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill Posters in town. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

**Business Cards.**  
**A. BUCKMAN,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**  
160 Main Street, Woburn.  
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand.

**Photograph Gallery,**  
1607 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.  
Club Pictures to schools and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates by H. S. DUNSHIE, - - - - - Artist.

**R. C. HAYWARD,**  
Dealer in  
**GROCERIES.**  
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.  
103 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn.

**Carpenters.**  
**E. K. WILLOUGHBY,**  
House and Job Carpenter,  
WALNUT ST., NEAR MAIN, WOBBURN.  
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

**J. Horace Dean & Co.,**  
Carpenters and Builders,  
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.  
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly attended to.

**Machinists.**  
ESTABLISHED 1865  
**Parks & Freeman,**  
MACHINISTS,  
And Manufacturers of  
**Leather Machinery,**  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.

**Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting, Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings, Tanneries and Curing Shops fitted up at short notice.**  
**97, 99, and 101 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.**  
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership formed January 1st, 1877.

**PORTER & YOUNG,**  
(Successors to James Buel & Co.)  
**MACHINISTS,**  
Steam and Gas Fitters.  
25 MANUFACTURERS OF  
**STEAM ENGINES.**  
Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting, Pulleys and Gearing, &c. Special attention given to fitting up Tanneries and Curing Shops.

**SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBBURN.**

1879.

**Boston Weekly Journal**  
THE POPULAR HOME NEWSPAPER

—OF—  
**New England for Forty Years.**

**THE CHEAPEST PAPER FOR FAMILY READING.**  
More News, More Correspondence, and More Good Reading of All Sorts than in Any Other New England Weekly.

**A New Volume Begins with the New Year.**  
Subscription Price only \$1.50 per Annum; To Clubs \$1.20, With Liberal Cash Commissions.

**A CHANCE FOR MORE THAN DAY WAGES TO AGENTS AND POSTMASTERS.**  
The rates for 1879 will be the same as those fixed upon for 1878, viz:—  
One Copy by mail, including Postage, \$1.50  
Five Copies (all to one address) 6.00  
Ten Copies (all to one address) 12.00  
And a Copy FREE to getter-up of Club of Ten.  
Twenty Copies (all to one address) \$24.00  
And TWO COPIES FREE, or one Copy of Semi-Weekly.  
Fifty Copies (all to one address) \$60.00  
And FIVE COPIES FREE, or one Copy of Daily one year FREE.

For larger Clubs \$1.20 per Copy, and one Copy FREE for every TEN subscribers, or a commission of 10 per cent.  
Single Copies 4 cents; \$2.50 per hundred.

The Publishers of THE WEEKLY JOURNAL desire to call attention to the following announcements for 1879:—

**GENERAL FEATURES.**  
THE WEEKLY JOURNAL will contain every week thirty-six long columns.  
It will be, in the best sense, a WEEKLY NEWS-PAPER, containing the latest and freshest news, brought down to within an hour of its publication. It will not be a hasty reprint of *The Boston Daily Journal*, but the matter which it contains will be compiled with care, and will be arranged, selected and classified with special reference to the needs of the readers of a weekly paper, and in such a way as to leave no topic of importance untouched.  
In its columns of New England intelligence, and in the letters and dispatches of its special agents and correspondents, as well as by the news gathered through the agency of the Associated Press, it will present a comprehensive review of all local happenings of interest throughout New England.  
All the current intelligence, social, personal, general and political, at home and abroad, will be given place in its columns.  
Its Editorial Articles will discuss with fairness topics of practical interest, as they present themselves.  
The Markets will continue to be reported for its columns with sufficient fullness to enable those interested to know the cost of products in the leading business marts.  
In addition to the above-mentioned points relating to the general character of the paper, the publishers take pleasure in making the following

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.**  
In the first number for 1879 we shall begin the publication of  
**A NEW STORY BY EDWARD KING,**  
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR OUR COLUMNS. The story is entitled  
**"FROST AND FLOWER,"**  
A Story of New England and the South.

The scene of this new story is laid in New England and in the Southern States. The action begins among the New England hills, introducing types drawn from life; and in the second part the strange, lowland tropical scenery of our American Italy, and has drawn with careful hand. Among the characters in the story, "Lettie Frothingham," "Tom Floss," "Cynthia Brown, M. D.," and "Reconstruction Jim" are likely to be popular. We feel sure that the thousands who followed the fortunes of "Heidi's Battle" will look forward with interest to the initial chapters of "FROST AND FLOWER."

**The Kennebecker in Ireland.**  
The "Kennebecker," whose very fresh and readable letters have been a popular feature of *The Journal* in previous years, has reached Ireland in his wanderings, and will contribute to *The Weekly Journal* during the coming year a series of entertaining letters from that picturesque and interesting island.

**The Young Farmer.**  
Whose friendly and helpful talks have made his signature one of the "household words" among New England farmers, will continue to discuss the practical aspects of farm-life and work, in his "Every Day Thoughts."

**Burling.**  
Whose letters are, perhaps, as widely quoted as those of any American correspondent, will open frequent budgets of news and gossip from New York.

**Waifs from Washington.**  
"Perley," one of the most popular and best informed of Washington correspondents, in addition to the news forwarded by telegraph, will contribute weekly "Waifs from Washington," presenting an interesting summary of social and political events in the national capital.

**OTHER FEATURES.**  
The plans for which are not now sufficiently advanced to permit their definite announcement, will be introduced during the year.

**Send in Subscriptions and Renewals Promptly in order to make sure of the opening chapters of Mr. King's Story.**  
Specimen copies sent on application to any address.  
All Remittances should be by Post Office Order, Registered Letter or Bank Check.

**ADDRESS,**  
**Publishers Boston Weekly Journal,**  
BOSTON, MASS.  
No. 264 Washington St.

## Original Poetry.

Written for the Journal.  
**BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.**  
BY GEO. S. DORR.

Carefully guard thy wayward tongue,  
That its words may never wound  
The heart of a friend that is true,  
By a harsh or angry sound;  
There is many a sensitive heart,  
Where'er in this world you stray,  
Where careless words would leave a sting,  
So be careful what you say.

There is many an aged man  
Looks back to his youthful days,  
And he thinks how his heart rejoiced  
At a single word of praise;  
And how the bitter unkind word  
Had rankled deep in his heart;  
And falling from a schoolmate's tongue,  
Caused the silent tear to start.

And in climbing the steep of life,  
There are weak ones on the road,  
And we by a word of kindness  
May lighten their heavy load;  
Or a word in season of weakness  
Drive hope from their heart away;  
Then, O, as you journey along,  
Be careful of what you say.

The world is dark at its brightest,  
Heavy its burdens of woe;  
Then why should we make it darker,  
By careless words as we go?  
But by dropping smiles of sunshine,  
Let us light the lamp of hope  
To cheer the path of the weary,  
Who in dismal darkness grope.

O, a word is a little thing,  
Holding a magic power,  
And bringing joy to aching hearts,  
More prized than richest dower;  
And oftentimes it brings pain  
That never may pass away  
From hearts that are weary and sore,—  
So be careful what you say.  
E. WAKEFIELD, N. H.

## Selected Story.

### THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was a little studio, quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, a large piece of canvas glowed with the soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, pallet in hand, his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortable easy chair by the door, sat a plump, rosy little female, in a lace cap with plenty of narrow white satin ribbons fluttering from it, and silver garb poplin dress—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the basement to see how Frank "was getting along."

"Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eyes,—"just see the way the sunset light touches the topmost branches of the old apple tree. I like the brown, subdued gold of that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair."

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair.  
"Yes, it's very pretty; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a great many similitudes between Miss Teller and your pictures."

Frank laughed good-humoredly.  
"Well, mother, she is pretty."

"Yes, I don't deny that she's pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the meaning of that ambiguous tone?" demanded the young artist, pleasantly. "What have you discovered about Miss Teller that isn't charming and womanly and lovely?"

"Frank, do you know who she is?"  
"Yes, I know that she is a remarkably pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like the low, soft ripple of the little rivulet, where I used to play when I was a boy."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Seymour, sharply.  
"Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?"

Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled.  
"Mother, I know one day she will be my wife."

"Not that I know of," said Mrs. Seymour, composedly, squeezing a little blue on his pallet, out of a dainty tin tube, and mixing it thoughtfully.

"We know so little about her," thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she does live in half a house, and take in fine embroidery for a living. But then she has no style at all compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia always did fancy our Frank. Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But, dear me, a young man in love is the most headstrong creature alive."

Mrs. Seymour mused awhile longer, and then put on her house-colored silk bonnet and gray shawl, and set out upon a tour of investigation.

"I'll find out something about Miss Teller, or I'll know the reason why," thought the indefatigable widow.  
Miss Grace Teller "was at home," helping Mary Elton in an elaborate piece of fine embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was plain, carpeted with the cheapest green and white chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chirping noisily in the window, and a stand of mignonette and velvet-blossomed pansies gave a delightful tint to this pretty picture of everyday life.

Mary Elton was pale, thin, and not at all pretty; there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been different under different circumstances. Grace Teller was a lovely blonde, with large blue eyes, rose-

leaf skin, and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureole.

As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheek, but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed, and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories.

"Very warm, this morning," said the old lady, fanning herself. "Do they have as warm weather, where you came from, Miss Teller?"

"I believe it is very sultry in Factoryville," said Grace, composedly taking another needleful of white silk.

"Factoryville? Is that your native place? Perhaps then, you know Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father, who is superintendent in the great cotton mill there?"

"Very well; I have often seen him."  
"Are you acquainted with Cynthia?"  
"No—I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in this city."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour, eagerly; "Cynthia says there's no society worth having in Factoryville—only the girls that work in the factory; Cynthia is very genteel. But—excuse my curiosity, Miss Teller—how did you become acquainted with Mr. Parker and not his daughter?"

Grace colored.  
"Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak; but I never happened to meet his daughter."

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair—she was beginning to see through the mystery.  
"Perhaps you have something to do with the calico factory?"

"I have," said Grace, with calm dignity.  
"A factory girl?" gasped Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, though her own cheeks were dyed crimson.

"Disgrace! Oh, no, certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in any honorable way," returned Mrs. Seymour, absently. The fact was, she was thinking in her inmost mind, "What will Frank say?" and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.

"I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eyes, "that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread."

"Very laudable, I'm sure," said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the gaze of the clear, blue eyes; "only—there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, and—I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Mary Elton, whose family is—"

Mary came over to Grace's side, and stooped to kiss her cheek.  
"My dearest friend—my most precious companion," she murmured. "I should be quite lost without her, Mrs. Seymour."

The old lady took her leave stiffly, and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, couched in the politest and most distant terms.

"Frank!" she ejaculated, never once stopping to remove shawl or bonnet, and bursting into her son's studio like an express messenger of life and death news—"who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller is?"

"The loveliest of her sex," returned Frank, briefly and comprehensively.  
"A factory girl?" screamed the old lady, at the height of her lungs, "a factory girl?"

"Well, what of that?"  
"What of that?" Frank Seymour, you never mean to say you would have anything to say to a common factory girl?"

"I should pronounce her a very uncommon factory girl," replied the young man, with aggravating calmness.

"Frank, don't jest with me," pleaded the poor little mother, with tears in her eyes. "Tell me at once that you will give up this fancy for a girl that is in no way equal to you."

"No—she is in no respect equal," returned Frank, with reddening cheek and sparkling eye, "but it is because she is in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the noblest women that ever breathed this terrestrial air, and one of the most beautiful. Mother, I love her, and she has promised to be my wife."

ple, softer than the shadow of eastern amethysts, and the stars came out, one by one, and still Mary Elton did not succeed in finding the pattern.

Mrs. Seymour was the first guest to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soiree on the first Wednesday evening in July—the fact was, she wanted a chance to confide her griefs to Mrs. Randall's sympathetic ear.

"Crying? Yes, oft I have been crying, Mrs. Randall; I've done nothing but cry for a week."

"Mercy on us!" said Mrs. Randall, elevating her kid-gloved hands, "what is the matter? I hope Frank isn't in any sort of trouble."

"My dear," said the old lady in mysterious whispers, "Frank has been entrapped,—invigiled into the most dreadful entanglement. Did you ever fancy that he, the most fastidious and particular of created beings, could be so completely determined on marrying a—factory girl?"

Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamation of horrified surprise, and at the same moment a party of guests was announced, among whom was Miss Grace Teller, looking rather more lovely than usual.

"Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, as her hostess hurried away to welcome the newcomers, "will wonders never cease? Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's soiree! But I suppose it's all on account of Mary Elton's uncle, the judge. Here comes Mr. Parker and Cynthia—dear me, what a curious mixture our American society is; how they will be shocked at meeting Grace Teller!"

Involuntarily she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker looked as much astonished as she had expected, but somehow it was not just the kind of astonishment that was on the programme.

"Miss Grace!—you here? Why, when did you leave Factoryville?"  
"You are acquainted with Miss Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall, in some surprise.

"Quite well; in fact I have had the management of her property for some years. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico factories, from which our village takes its name."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Seymour, turning pale, and sinking down on a divan near by. "Why, they say the heiress of the old gentleman who owned the Factoryville property, is the richest girl in the country."

"Grace," said Frank, gravely and almost sternly, "what does this mean?"  
The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm.

"I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as if I didn't?"

"My little deceiver. But why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I tell you, Frank? It was so nice to leave the hearse behind, and to be plain Grace Teller for awhile. And when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willfulness rose up within me, and I resolved I would maintain my incognito, what might Mrs. Seymour," she added, turning round, and arching her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you that I owed my daily bread to the factory?"

And poor Mrs. Seymour, for once in her life was at a loss for an answer.

HE KILLED IT IN SELF-DEFENCE.—Major Samuel V. Reid always was a sympathetic, good-hearted gentleman, and a believer in the doctrine of a fair division of comforts, as the few survivors of the gallant company he led in 1861-62 can testify. One of the boys brought a lamb into camp, once upon a time, a fact which the Major (then a captain) was not long in discovering. "Carter," said he, "how did you come in possession of that lamb?" "I killed it, captain," was the unhesitating reply. "I presume you did, sir," rejoined the captain; "but don't you know that it is a violation of orders to steal the property of the people?" This seemed for a moment to pose the lover of fresh mutton; but for a moment only, for, after scratching his head, he retorted, "Captain, I didn't steal it. The confounded beast chased me all around a forty-acre field, and I had to kill it in self-defence. It would have been a shame to leave it there for the buzzards, and so I saved the meat for my mess. I'll send you round a quarter after dark." A good many officers would have doubted the soldier's statement, and confiscated the meat, but Captain Reid took it all in, and remarking—"Don't let this happen again," moved off to his quarters, satisfied with the correctness of Carter's statement.—*Covington Press.*

A little girl had been absent with her parents at camp meeting for two weeks. On her return her little playmate Ella Jones, entertained her by showing her her new playthings. At night, little Mary, in saying her prayers, said: "Oh, Lord, bless little Ella Jones; make her a good girl, so I can take all her playthings away from her, and she won't want them back again!"

"I want, and will have, a wife without a failing," was the remark of a young man. His sister, with only a country girl's philosophy, remarked,—"Then you'll never marry; because, should you find such a woman, she'll be sure to want a husband of the same character."

Whittier, being asked for his autobiography, wrote: "The name is but a shadow, which we find too often, larger than the man behind."

The name of a New Hampshire school teacher is May I. Cough. It is much more common to hear school-teachers addressed as May I Gwout.

AMATEUR PRINTERS.—Much has been said, and well said, upon the above subject; but too much can hardly be offered at the present time. That something is radically at fault about the printing business has long been manifest. No solution is more plausible to account for much of the trouble than this same superabundance of boy-printers. It is difficult to specify in every detail just how all the mischief is occasioned; but one thing is certain—the cheapness with which small work is turned out by these non-descript contrivances largely affects the patronage of legitimate printing-houses. The great majority of persons who require dodgers, cards, etc., do not discriminate about the quality of paper, ink, or style. If their advertisements can be read, they are satisfied, and "it helps the boys." It is notorious that this boys' work is the worst "black-smithing," in every way that has been worked off from a printing-press since the goodly times of John of Mentz. The prices of reputable houses, by this means, become demoralized and great harm is wrought.

Another crying evil of amateur typography is the fearful and wonderful "journeymen" that are "sent into this breathing world scarce half made up." Of all the nuisances about a printing-office commend us to a "natural, self-made" printer. It is the next thing to impossibility to instruct one of these monstrosities, for he "knows it all." He has had an office of his own! It is easily seen that this method of spawning printers will account—if it does not already do so—for the marked deterioration in the capacity of men. It would seem disreputable that juvenile printing in all its varied influences, is capable of working incalculable injury to the noblest art on earth, and it is encouraging to see that the evil must be strangled in its cradle.

IT DON'T GET INTO THE PAPERS.—The writer often meets persons on the street who remark, "You didn't put in that accident that happened a week ago," or some item of interest which has been left out, simply because reporters are not omnipresent or omniscient. Reporters hereabouts find the "slidding" hard enough in picking up items. It cannot be expected that they will know every time Bridget upsets the teapot and lets the tea run to waste, nor that John Doe has nailed a new picket upon his fence, or that the Hon. H. S. Levelhead and family have gone to Europe, or returned therefrom; that Snooks has shaved off his whiskers, or that Jones has been made happy by the birth of a ten pound boy; that Beotemall's horse trotted a mile on the Pot-dunk trotting course in 2.35 and was as fresh after she had trotted as before; that Farmer Jones has a calf with two tails, and that Farmer Brown, aged seventy, cut a cord of wood in two days. There are plenty of matters and things occurring daily which would make an item for a paper, and reporters would be pleased to know them, but they cannot always find them out. If persons would take a little pains and inform reporters of events occurring, much of interest to the general reader would be printed. Do not think, because the item is not of much account in your opinion, that you will not give it to the papers. Some one is interested in every event, no matter how trivial, which transpires. Don't forget your local papers; subscribe for them, and furnish them all the information you can in regard to what is occurring in your locality. If all will do this, no cause for complaint of a dearth of news will be made.

How a Mosquito Bites.—At this time of the year the mosquito goes about its business very quietly, but attacks as viciously as ever. Those of our readers who have recently suffered from its attacks, are interested in the exact mode of its operations. The bill of a mosquito is a complex institution. It is admirably calculated to torment. An exchange says:—We were permitted to examine one of these tormenting bills under a microscope. The bill has a blunt fork at the end, and is apparently grooved. Working through the groove, and projecting from the centre of the angle of the fork, is a lance of perfect form, sharpened with a fine bevel. Beside it the most perfect lance looks like a hand saw. On either side of this lance two saws are arranged, with the points fine and sharp and the teeth well defined and keen. The backs of the saws play against the lance. When the mosquito alights with its peculiar hum, it thrusts in its keen lance, and then enlarges the aperture with the two saws, which play beside the lance until the forked bill with its capillary arrangement for pumping blood can be inserted. The saw process is what grates the nerves of the victim and causes him to strike wildly at the sawer. The irritation of a mosquito bite is undoubtedly owing to these saws. It is to be hoped that the mosquito keeps his surgical instruments clean, otherwise it might be a means of propagating blood diseases.

Some touching and beautiful superstitions prevailed among the Indian tribes. The Seneca tribe entertained one singular beauty. When a maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to sing, then loading it with messages and caresses they liberated it over her grave, with the belief that it would not cease its flight nor close its eyes until it had flown to the spirit-land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone, absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband, the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

At spelling match one man spelt it "paspip," and got beat.







### Special Notices.

**A CARD.**  
The undersigned hereby expresses his thanks to  
Hose Co. No. 2, and the neighbors, who assisted in  
saving his property at the fire, Nov. 14.  
DIXTER CARTER.  
No. Woburn, Nov. 20, 1878.

### For Sale and To Let.

**HOUSE TO LET** on Mt. Pleasant Street, 8  
rooms, Horn Pond Water and Stable. In-  
quire of D. G. Converse.

**TO LET**—A house, with stable and garden, on  
Pleasant St., Woburn, 11 rooms, gas and Horn  
Pond Water. Inquire of WILLIAM WINS.

**TWO ROOMS TO LET**—At 211 Main Street.  
Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY.

**TO LET**—Rooms for housekeeping, or singly.  
Inquire at 135 Main Street.

### 1878 ANNUAL CONCERT, 1878

Given under the direction of  
**F. H. E. WIS.**  
Assisted by Mrs. G. P. BARRETT, Reader and  
Alto Vocalist, MR. N. M. BRIGHAM, (Harvard  
Glee Club), Tenor, MR. H. T. UPHAM, (formerly  
of the Schubert Club), 20 Violinists, E. CUTLER,  
Jr., Organist and Accompanist.  
To be given in the  
Unitarian Church, Woburn,  
WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 27, 1878,  
AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.  
Popular Admission, 25 Cents.  
Gallery, 50 Cents.  
Tickets at Hammond's and Horton's.

### YMAS "WONDER BOX."

Contains 12 Sheets Paper, 12 Envelopes, 3 Sheets Col-  
ored Paper, 1 Lead Pencil, 3 Pens, 1 Text, 12 Comic  
Cards, 40 Silhouettes, 20 Motives, 25 Patterns for  
Fancy Work, 12 Decoupage, 122 Embossed Pic-  
tures, 50 Fancy Ornaments, 1 Penholder, 2 Book  
Marks, 5 Blank Tablets, 5 Pictures Cards, 30 Scrap  
Book Pictures, 1 Xmas Banner, 1 Game Age Cards,  
2 Xmas Cards, 1 Toy Parson. Price 42 cents; by  
mail, 50 cents. Retail value, \$1.45. *Postage stamps  
taken.*  
J. JAY GOULD, 10 Broadfield St., Boston, Mass.

### Holiday Music Books!!

**CHRISTMAS CAROLS.** Now is the  
time to begin to practice CHRISTMAS MUSIC. We recommend—  
Dresser's CHRISTMAS CHIMES (20 etc.), 20  
beautiful and easy Anthems, or HOWARD'S TEN  
CHRISTMAS CAROLS (20 etc.), or HOWARD'S  
ELEVEN CHRISTMAS CAROLS (20 etc.), or  
CHRISTMAS VOICES (15 etc.), 15 Carols by  
Voicesters; or CHRISTMAS SELECTIONS  
(\$4 per hundred) containing Five choice pieces.  
A valuable book is CHRISTMAS CAROLS, Old  
and New, (40 etc.), also 100 other SINGLE  
CAROLS, (5 to 10 etc.).

**Church Offering.** (\$1.25) by L. O. Emer-  
son, and also complete set of Anthems and  
Chants for all the Festivals and Services of the  
year. A fine book.

**Noel.** By SAINT-SAËNS, (\$1.00), is a CHRIST.  
MAS ORATORIO.

**The School Song Book.** (60 etc.), by  
L. O. Emerson, is an excellent book for Girls' High or Normal  
Schools, or for Seminars. Good instructions and  
very good music.

Enrich your fingers for Christmas playing by  
practicing MASON'S PIANO-FORTE EX-  
ERCISES, (250), the best Finger Gymnasium known.  
Any book mailed post-free, for the above prices.

**OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.**

### HYDROCYANATED

### AIR.

The only certain cure for

### CATARRH,

Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, Sore Throat,  
Deafness and all affections of the air passages.

**Trial and Consultation Free.**

**Charges, \$5 00 per Month Treatment.**

**A Perfect Cure Guaranteed.**

### CHLORALINE.

The great Remedy for Coughs, Colds and Throat  
and Lung affections. Persons suffering from Con-  
sumption will find the greatest relief by using our

### CHLORALINE.

Price \$1 per Bottle. Trial Bottle 50 cts.

Advice and consultation free on all diseases.

Medicines given to the poor at cost, on Mondays.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Sundays  
included.

**Dr. F. B. CAMPBELL & CO.,**

**PHYSICIANS,**

125 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

**L. B. NORRIS & Co.,**

Manufacturers of all kinds of

### PACKING CASES,

And DEALERS in all kinds of

### HARD & SOFT LUMBER,

KINDLING WOOD, &c.

### PLANING, MOULDING,

### JIG SAWING and TURNING,

Also, Manufacturers of

### EXPRESS and JOB

### WAGONS and CARTS.

**CARRIAGE JOBBING** of all kinds executed  
at short notice.

**MILL, CORNER PROSPECT and HIGH STS.,**

WOBURN, MASS.

## Dry Goods

Having purchased a part of

### MR. J. E. McCLURE'S

Stock of

### Dry and Fancy Goods

That remained unsold, we offer the following  
bargains:—

WHITE PIQUE	For 6 cts., worth 8 cts.
WHITE PIQUE	" 10 " 20 "
BED TICKING	" 2 " 10 "
BLACK ALPACA	" 17 " 19 "
ANGORA FLANNEL	" 10 " 25 "
NAPKINS (per doz.)	" 50 " 75 "
WHITE LINES	" 27 1/2 " 50 "
CHILDREN'S MITTENS	" 17 " 25 "
LADIES' GLOVES	" 13 " 20 "
BLACK KID GLOVES	" 25 " 50 "
COTTON TRIMMINGS	" 1 " 4 "
LINEN COLLARS	" 6 " 10 "
WHALEBONES	" 2 " 4 "
MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS	" 50 " 62 "
COTTON FLANNEL	" 6 1/2 " 8 "
LADIES' LINEN HDKFS.	" 9 " 15 "
LADIES' SILK HDKFS.	" 10 " 12 1/2 "
RUSSIA CRASH	" 6 1/2 " 10 "

AGENT FOR LEWANDO'S FRENCH DYE HOUSE.

**F. S. BURGESS.**

### NOTICE!

In consequence of the prevalence of Incendiar-  
ies in this Town, the Board of Selectmen of the  
Town of Woburn, offer

### \$200 REWARD

For information which may cause the conviction of  
the person or persons who have, or who may, set  
fire to any building in this Town. The reward to be  
main offered in the present municipal year.  
By order of the Board of Selectmen,  
THOMAS H. HILL, Clerk.  
Woburn, Nov. 19th, 1878.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

TO THE next of Kin, Creditors, and all other persons  
interested in the Estate of Sarah T. Butters,  
late of Woburn, in said County, single woman,  
deceased, intestate:

Whereas application has been made to said  
Court to grant a letter of administration on  
the estate of said deceased, to Lemuel Pope, of  
Highland, in the County of Plymouth;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court  
to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex,  
on the first Tuesday of December next, at nine  
o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have,  
against granting the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give  
public notice thereof, by publishing this citation upon  
a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper  
called the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the  
last publication to be two days at least, before said  
Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of  
said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the  
year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

### "WIDE AWAKE"

—AT—

### OAK HALL.

Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered  
as a holiday gift to every boy in New England, a  
copy of the well-known magazine, for children—  
"Wide Awake"—published by D. Lothrop & Co.,  
Franklin Street.

It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen  
thousand books might be needed, but to the sur-  
prise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,  
000 were sold in the first week; and notice  
was finally given that no more orders could be  
filled. But the promise was made that another  
year enough books should be supplied to satisfy  
all.

In fulfillment of this promise made last Decem-  
ber, the proprietors of Oak Hall have contracted  
with D. Lothrop & Co., the managers of "Wide  
Awake," to print and distribute 200,000 copies of  
"Two Hundred Thousand Books" and this extraordinary  
number they propose to distribute freely to the  
children of New England. THIS IS THEIR  
OFFER, which is made one month earlier than  
last year, and is made in order to give the  
books to the children direct, and no more than  
one copy to each.

The books will be ready to mail on Monday,  
orders can be sent immediately. "The first come  
the first served."

At the retail price the cash value of these gifts  
amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the  
youth of New England with no other condition  
than above, namely, that they shall send their  
names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through  
teachers, and frequent application was made for  
two, three and four hundred at a time. This  
year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the  
books to the children direct, and no more than  
one copy to each.

The books will be ready to mail on Monday,  
orders can be sent immediately. "The first come  
the first served."

A limited number of bundles of 25 will be sent  
to teachers on receipt of 25 cents, express charges.

109 ADDRESS

**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**

OAK HALL, BOSTON,

32 to 44 North St.,

Children's Clothing Department.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

TO all persons interested in the estate of Abigail  
Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

Whereas, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of  
the will of said deceased, has presented for  
allowance the account of his administration upon the  
estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court  
to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second  
Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the fore-  
noon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same  
should not be allowed. And said executor is directed  
to serve this citation by publishing the same upon  
once a week in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper  
printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the  
last publication to be two days at least before said  
Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of  
said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the  
year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and  
seventy-eight.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

### ESTABLISHED 1846.

### STARK'S

### DINING

### ROOMS.

FOR

**LADIES and GENTLEMEN,**

23 & 27 Brattle Street, Boston.

**ROOMS TO LET by the DAY or WEEK.**

### LYCEUM HALL,

Saturday Eve'ng, Nov. 23, '78.

Seats for sale at Horton's Bookstore.

### SPALDING'S

### BELL PLAYERS!

Ladies' and Gents' Cornet Band and  
Orchestra.

—LED BY—  
**GEORGIE DEAN SPALDING,**

THE MOST WONDERFUL INSTRUMENTAL-  
IST IN THE WORLD, assisted by 15 STAR  
PERFORMERS, including

**LITTLE KITTIE and WILLIE,**

Only 5 and 7 years of age, and  
**JEPPE,**

The Greatest Living Comedian.

### 13th ANNUAL CAMPAIGN!

Popular Prices of Admission.

For full particulars see programmes of the day.  
WM. P. SPALDING,  
165 Manager and Sole Proprietor.

### IMPORTANT

### HORSE OWNERS.

These instruments, when examined by  
mechanical experts will be found to be  
of the most thorough workmanship and  
elaborate finish in every particular.

### WILL OUTLAST THREE ORDINARY ORGANS,

—AND—  
Their Capacity for Musical Effects is simply Wonderful.

The Geo. Woods style is purchased by advanced musicians in all quarters of the globe, and recog-  
nized by them as being the most complete instrument to be found in any country.

No one should purchase a Parlor Organ without examining  
this remarkable instrument.

OTHER STYLES ALMOST AS LOW AS THE ORDINARY CHEAP ORGAN.

For circulars, address **GEO. WOODS CO., Cambridgeport, Mass.**

**SHOWROOMS,**—608 Washington Street, Boston, 72 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

**LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS,** who are wanted in every town  
where these instruments are not represented.

### OVERCOATS.

A LARGE STOCK OF

### Men's, Youth's and Boy's Overcoats,

Fifty Dozen Men's, Youth's and Boy's Undergarments,  
IN ALL THE DIFFERENT QUALITIES.

### Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods,

AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES, AT

### Hammond's Clothing House,

181 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

### NEW STORE.

The undersigned would respectfully inform their friends and the  
public generally, that they have taken the store,

### No. 216 Main Street,

(formerly occupied by John S. Brown)

And have in stock a large and complete assortment of all articles in  
the Grocery line, all of which are offered at the LOWEST CASH  
PRICES.

### GRAMMER & WHITE.

141

### Our Real Kid Gloves

—AT—

**\$1 A PAIR,**

ARE A

### DECIDED BARGAIN,

A NEW INVOICE OPEN TO-DAY.

**C. A. SMITH & SON,**

177 JULY STREET, - - - WOBURN.

### OVERCOATS. OVERCOATS.

WE HAVE JUST PUT IN A STOCK OF ALL GRADES OF

### NEW AND STYLISH OVERCOATS,

And have marked them at very low prices. They are all new Fall and Winter Styles, and are sure to  
please customers.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Winter Clothing for Men and Boys',  
Hats, Caps, Cardigan Jackets, Underclothing, Hosiery, Suspenders, &c.

We have also marked at bottom prices. Give us a call. We are Agents for the celebrated

### TROY LAUNDRY.

### CUSHING & BUCK,

8 Wade Block. - - 174 Main Street, opposite Bank Block.

### NEW GOODS

FOR

### FALL and WINTER WEAR,

JUST RECEIVED BY

**G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,**

171 Main Street, - - - Woburn, Mass.

### INSOLVENCY NOTICE.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been  
appointed assignee of the estate of Jesse Clinton  
Faine, insolvent debtor, of Winchester, in said  
County, and that a second meeting of the creditors of  
said insolvent debtor will be held at the Court of  
Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County, on the  
twenty-sixth day of December next, at 9 o'clock  
in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may present  
and prove their claims.

HENRY L. RICHARDS,  
176

**BILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter  
Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and  
promptly executed at this office**

### FOR

### Thanksgiving and the Holidays!

### CHOICE FORMOSA AND JAPAN TEAS,

Liberia, Mocha, Maleberry, Old Gov't Java and Rio Coffees.

### SPICES WARRANTED STRICTLY PURE

(NO PACKAGE SPICES.)

### RAISINS, CITRONS and CURRANTS

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

**H. F. SMITH,**

154 MAIN STREET, - - - OPPOSITE COMMON.

### THE GEO. WOODS PARLOR ORGANS

These instruments, when examined by  
mechanical experts will be found to be  
of the most thorough workmanship and  
elaborate finish in every particular.

No other Month in the world can show so bril-  
liant a list of contributors; nor does any furnish its  
readers with so great a variety and so superior a  
quality of literature. —*Woburn, Boston.*

### HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

1879.

ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

Harper's Magazine is the American Magazine allied  
in literature and in art to *Boston Traveller*.  
The most popular Monthly in the world.—*N. Y. Observer.*

It is an excellent companion for the young, a de-  
light to the mature, a solace for declining age. *Louis-  
ville Courier-Journal.*

No other Month in the world can show so bril-  
liant a list of contributors; nor does any furnish its  
readers with so great a variety and so superior a  
quality of literature. —*Woburn, Boston.*

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the Num-  
bers for June and December of each year. When  
no time is specified, it will be understood that the sub-  
scriber wishes to begin with the current Number.

### HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year, . . . \$4 00

HARPER'S WEEKLY, " " " 4 00

HARPER'S BAZAR, " " " 4 00

The THREE publications, one year, . . . 10 00

Any TWO, one year, . . . 7 00

SIX subscriptions, one year, . . . 20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States  
or Canada.

A Complete Set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, now com-  
prising 5 Volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent  
by express, freight at expense of purchaser, for \$2 50  
per volume. Single volumes



## THE SUSPENDER.

"Neither should suspenders be worn by people who respect themselves."—*Harper's Bazar.*

This brief mandate from that great oracle and autocrat of fashion in America, *Harper's Bazar*, we find in that excellent household journal of November 2, in a first page article on Paris fashions, of which the opening paragraph is devoted to the fashions for our own sterner, but not less useful sex. Now, we are accustomed to defer to the *Bazar* in all things relating to the world of fashion and household decorative arts, the world so dear to the gentle lives that make our homes the brightest and purest places in the world. If we had no other reason for the high esteem in which we hold this model fashion journal, the fact that the women of America love it and hold it dear, is an all-sufficient reason. What our wives and sisters and daughters, esteem so well, is surely worthy of our honest and friendly respect, however far beyond our own stupid comprehension may be the matters treated of in its columns. And this closing clause does not apply to the *Bazar*, for its sparkling pages cover a wide range of literature, and the man who cannot tell a piece of broad satin from a plaid of Scotch wool, may regale himself in the other departments of this "repository of fashion, instruction and pleasure."

We are therefore very reluctant to oppose any mandate of the *Bazar*, made within its own proper jurisdiction. But we feel that it has touched upon a point that will interest every man who loves his country and his clothes, when it assails the suspender. We combat the position of the *Bazar* on this point, not from any love of controversy, but because we feel it to be a duty. Our highly cultured and eminently refined contemporary may perplex us with the mysteries of chenille fringe, repped silks, Breton laces and Watteau polonaises, but when it enters the domain of the suspender, mankind emerges from the domain of ignorance, into the bright white light of intelligence and experience, and defy the arm of the tyrant.

Throw away our suspenders! Are we to understand, then, that the men of the fashionable world, that men of culture, refinement and education, the merchant, the artist, the poet, are to cast away the fundamental article of their confederate apparel, the one that holds the others in the bonds of union, and substitute therefor the humble strap of the section hand? Are the men who carry this country in their brains, the men who fill the capital with the thunders of their eloquence, to break and mar the effect of their finest periods by pausing to "hitch" their unstable waistbands, after the highly effective manner of the dramatic sailor? What, shall we, who have added the weight of our voices and influence to aid the struggles of that heroic band of women, who, a few short years ago, entered upon a glorious crusade to compel all women who respected health and beauty, to "suspend from the shoulders," shall we desert them in their very moment of victory? Shall we, in service obedience to the command of fashion, now throw away the auxiliary article of raiment that was the bond of union between the dress reformers and ourselves, and laugh those our noble coadjutors to scorn, while we buckle a skate-strap around our recumbent waists? Forbid it, heaven. Or, still more potent in these matters, forbid it, good *Bazar*.

If the suspender is, on short notice, summarily abolished, think, think of the superfluous, useless suspender buttons that would find their way into the contribution baskets every Sunday morning, and would work into circulation as fiat money in the benighted realms of paganism. Think of the complication in our own home mercantile circles, that would result from such circulation. Think what would be the feeling between this country and Barnum, when an up-country bank of that pagan region should present 1,456,890 suspender buttons, bearing the imprint "R. M. Raab & Bro.," to that firm for redemption in standard coin, the pagan bank having received them on deposit from its Christian convert customers, who had received them from American Sunday School boxes. The suspender cannot be abolished. We all know the agony of the man at the evening party or at the sociable, when one suspender button, only one out of six, gives way; what tortures then, would he not suffer, if the *Bazar* with its iconoclastic hand, should reach down and tear the whole fabric of suspender from his broad shoulders?

Suspenders are intimately connected with the progress of mankind in the arts, the sciences, religious liberty and free education. Where men wear suspenders, education is liberal, religion is prosperous and progressive, and the arts of peace flourish. Where men do not wear suspenders, as in Central Africa and Patagonia, dense, all-pervading ignorance rules the hour, and degrading superstition and destroying vice fills the land. The King of the Cannibal Islands never saw a suspender. Are we then to throw away this article of enlightened and progressive raiment, and retrograde into the darkness and girth of barbarism? The best men of every age and clime have worn suspenders or their equivalent. They at least suspended their robes from the shoulder. If we banish the suspender, we must abolish the ban—ha—er um—the dual garment which they sustain. The hardy Highlander, breathing the air of freedom, and their hearts throbbing with love of country, wore no suspenders, but neither did they wear any of the appurtenances thereto appertaining. The Roman legions were without the light and aid of the suspender, and so they dressed from the shoulder down. They could never have outrun the world, and made broad the stretching boundaries of their mighty empire if they had been compelled to stop in the midst of sweeping pursuit or overwhelming charge, to re-arrange their raiment with the nautical "hitch." Socrates suspended his flowing robes from the shoulder. So did Venus, whose girdle was only for style. The Akkadians of Svat wore them. President Hayes wears suspenders. So does Secretary Evans. Wilhelm wears them. Joseph Cook wears the Argosy suspender; so does R. M. Washburn and General Grant. Edwin Booth wears suspenders. Mr. Huxley wears them. On the other hand, Sitting Bull does not wear them. Denis Kearney fastens his—he fastens them up with a strap. The Sultan ties his with a twine string. The James brothers wear straps, and filled them with revolvers to make them tight enough. The

wild man of Borneo never had a suspender on in his life.

Let us then, unite with the good men who have worn, and still wear suspenders, and protest against their abolition by the heartless edict of fashion. We warn the suspender makers and the manufacturers of suspender buttons, against the blow which the dealers in skate straps have made against their business. We call upon all men who have to work with both hands at a time, to stand by the only article of raiment that will permit them to do this with any sort of comfort and in any degree of security.

BROAD AND NARROW GAUGES.—A recent article in *Scribner's Monthly* was strongly in favor of narrow-gauge roads. In the December number, Mr. Lorenzo M. Johnson takes up the cudgels in favor of the broad or standard gauge. He says:

In regard to the relative claims of the two classes of roads, there is a tendency to exaggerate the cost of standard-gauge roads, their equipment and operation; and at the same time, to depreciate the cost of construction, equipment, and operation of narrow-gauge roads.

For instance, it has been said, in relation to the equipment of a standard-gauge road, that the weight of a car is twenty thousand pounds, its capacity twenty thousand, and its cost \$735; whereas the fact is that the capacity of such a car is at least twenty-four thousand pounds, while its cost need not be more than \$400.

At the same time, the weight of a platform car of the narrow-gauge road is given at six thousand two hundred and fifty pounds with a capacity of nineteen thousand. These cars weigh nearer nine thousand pounds, and they should be rated at sixteen thousand pounds load.

A writer in a recent number of the "Railway Gazette" has affirmed—First: That a narrow-gauge can be built and successfully operated, where a broad-gauge cannot. Second: That it can be built from one-half to two-thirds of the cost of the standard-gauge; and—Third: That it has equal capacity with the broad gauge, at about two-thirds of the cost of operation. In regard to the first assertion, I will only say that, if such a place can be found, there and there only is the proper location for a narrow-gauge road; but, in view of the tasks accomplished in South America and elsewhere, it will be difficult to discover a place where this remark will apply. I deny that under similar conditions, a narrow-gauge can be built for one-half or two-thirds of the cost of a standard-gauge.

This has been shown, I think, in the preceding pages, and I am ready to furnish further and complete evidence in support of my position, should occasion offer. Moreover, with the same cost of operation, a narrow-gauge road can never transport a greater quantity of freight; or, in other words, it will cost as much to transport a million tons of freight on a narrow-gauge as on a standard-gauge road; and if in the neighborhood of the latter, the freight cannot easily be obtained at equal rates by the standard-gauge road.

Let any man who is seeking for investment of capital in railway construction, consult those who have operated both classes of roads, and he will be advised, almost invariably, that he will save very little in cost of construction, equipment, and operation, and that he will lose business from competition, if he adopts the narrow-gauge. My experience in the management of both classes of roads does not, therefore, lead me to conclude that the multiplication of narrow-gauge roads will cheapen transportation until the standard-gauge roads are suppressed, and even then the saving will be very much less than is usually claimed.

BEFORE AND AFTER ELECTION.—A week ago and as you traveled through Illinois, there was a candidate waiting to help you off the train at every station, anxious to carry your valise to the hotel for you and give you a personal introduction to the landlord, bidding that great man to give you the big room with the open fire-place. To-day? You can get off the train and carry your trunk to the hotel quicker than you can find a dry, the landlord stares coldly at you, pretends to be unable to decipher your signature, looks amazed when you say you are going to stay all night, and casually dusts with his handkerchief the glass face of the placard that reads, "All transient guests are expected to pay in advance." The election was held last Tuesday.—*Burlington Hawk.*

TURNING.—"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything nearer than any other man in town." "Yes, Mr. Smith, I said so." "Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there's no man on earth can turn a thing as well as I can whistle it." "Pooh, nonsense, Mr. Smith! talk about whistling! What can you whistle as well as I can turn?" "Anything, everything, Mr. Jones." Just name the article that I can't whistle that you can turn, and I'll give you a dollar if I don't do it to the satisfaction of all these persons present." "Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones for trial; you may whistle, and I will turn."

It is related of two clergymen, one named Fuller, the other Partridge—both found a joke, that the former on one occasion asked the other what was the difference between the owl and the partridge. Partridge promptly replied: "The owl is fuller in the eyes, fuller in the mouth, and fuller in the body; in short is Fuller all over."

"I wish to ask the court," said a facetious lawyer, who had been called to the witness stand to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?" "Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild-mannered judge; "give it for what it is worth."

William Augustus to sleepy room mate: "Come, John Henry, why don't you get up with the lark as I do?" John Henry, grimly: "Been up with him all night."

An experienced boy says that he regards hunger and his mother's slipper as about the same, as they both make him hold his breath.

THE VENTILATION OF BEDROOMS.—There are few bedrooms, remarks the *Lancet*, in which it is perfectly safe to pass the night without something more than ordinary precautions to secure an inflow of fresh air. Every sleeping apartment should, of course, have a fireplace with an open chimney, and in cold weather it is well if the grate contains a small fire, at least enough to create an up-cast current and carry off the vitiated air of the room. In all such cases, however, when a fire is used it is necessary to see that the air drawn into the room comes from the outside of the house. By a facile mistake it is possible to place the occupant of a bedroom with a fire in a closed house in a direct current of foul air drawn from all parts of the establishment. Summer and winter, with or without the use of fires, it is well to have a free ingress for pure air. This should be the ventilator's first concern. Foul air will find an exit if pure air is admitted in sufficient quantity, but it is not certain pure air will be drawn in if the impure is drawn away. So far as sleeping-rooms are concerned, it is wise to let in air from without. The aim must be to accomplish the object without causing a great fall of temperature or a draught. The windows may be drawn down an inch or two at the top with advantage, and a fold of muslin will form a "ventilator" to take off the feeling of draught. This, with an open fireplace, will generally suffice, and produce no unpleasant consequences even when the weather is cold. It is, however, essential the air outside should be pure. Little is likely to be gained by letting in fog or even a town mist.

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent expenditure. It is not always that a pauper waives his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*J. G. Holland: Scribner for December.*

PAUPERISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through lack of a prudent



# WOBURN

VOL. XXVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

NO. 48.

1879. 1879.

**Boston Weekly Journal**  
THE POPULAR HOME NEWSPAPER

New England for Forty Years.

THE CHEAPEST PAPER FOR FAMILY READING.

More News, More Correspondence, and More

A New Volume Begins with the New Year.

Subscription Price only \$1.50 per Annum;

To Clubs \$1.20.

With Liberal Cash Commissions.

A CHANCE FOR MORE THAN DAY WAGE

TO AGENTS AND POSTMASTERS.

The rates for 1879 will be the same as those fixed

for 1878, viz:—

One Copy by mail, including Postage, \$1 50

Five Copies (all to one address) 6 00

Ten Copies (all to one address) 12 00

And a Copy FREE to get-up of Club of Ten.

Twenty Copies (all to one address) \$24 00

And TWO COPIES FREE, or one Copy of

Single Copies 4 cents; \$2.50 per hundred.

GENERAL FEATURES.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL will contain every

thing that is of interest to the people.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

It will be a hearty reprint of the *Boston Herald*.

## COHOSH.

### THE COHOSH COUGH DROPS

We introduced to the public last year a preparation which has been in use in the form of a Cough Syrup, in Salem, Mass., and vicinity, more than twenty-five years. For convenience it is prepared in Candy form and our immense sale of it last year is the best proof of its merit.

**WILLIAM W. HILL,**  
Apothecary, Opp. the COMMON, WOBURN.

156

**Florist.**  
**S. W. Twombly & Sons,**  
ANTIQUE POTTERY.

161 Tremont street, MASS.

Professional Cards.

**A. P. WOODLEY, M. D.,**

Physician and Surgeon.

Office: Pleasant & Bennett Sts.

Opp. the New Public Library Building.

Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.

Woburn, MASS.

**JOHN G. JAGUIRE,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

192 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**George H. Conn,**

INSURANCE AGENT,

NO. 159 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

**CHARLES D. ADAMS,**

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.

Office (At Boston, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., 4 to 6 P. M., 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

Woburn, Mass.

**A. B. COFFIN,**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, Boston.

Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street.

**DR. O. P. ROGERS,**

DENTIST.

301 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.

**CHESTER W. CLARK,**

Counselor at Law,

No. 61 COURT STREET,

Room 2, BOSTON.

RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON.

**HENRY HILLER, M. D.,**

4 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO

THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

**Auctioneers.**

**WILLIAM WINN,**

AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on

commission. Orders left at the *Woburn* or

at Woburn, promptly attended to.

**E. PRIOR,**

AUCTIONEER,

1100, 89 Court Street, Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 134 Main

street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

**Musical.**

**Miss J. A. Campbell,**

desires a few pupils on the

PIANO FORTE.

and will teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to

the times. For particulars call at her residence,

10, 70 Main Street, near Green St.

**CENTRAL HOUSE**

Livery, Hack & Boarding

STABLE,

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

G. F. JONES, Proprietor

**M. ELLIS & Co.,**

BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,

CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.

OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.

M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-

## Poetical Selection.

**HOPE.**

Not backward do our spirits turn,  
The bliss to find for which we yearn.  
The Past is but a graveyard where  
Our dearest hopes have long been laid;  
And though the sun shines bright between,  
Dark clouds obscure the fairest scene—  
While scattered wrecks along the shore  
But still repeat the story o'er.

Forward we gaze, and on our sight  
The Future beams with splendor bright;  
Hope ever beckons joyful on,  
And points us to the victor's crown.

O glorious vision, thought sublime,  
Which lifts beyond the bounds of time,  
And tells that, after toil and strife,  
Shall dawn the bliss of endless life.  
The Past, with its dark waves, no more  
Shall beat upon that far off shore;  
And brighter than our dreams shall be  
The land of immortality.

What matters that our path below  
Is thick with thorns, and briars grow  
Where we have thought but flowers to find,  
'Neath summer skies, by zephyrs fanned?  
The storm that beat upon us here,  
Shall only make our rest more dear;  
And 'mid the struggle and the fight,  
Our souls shall but be made more white.

Each step, as up the steep we press,  
Still nearer brings our happiness.  
O, but for Hope, divinely given,  
The sweet forecast on earth of Heaven,  
Beneath the load we soon should fall,  
And welcome death dearer than all.  
But now we wait, content to know  
Our guide is Heaven, and not below.  
Beyond his care, we cannot stray,  
Though dark and dreary be the way;  
And, where He leads, with joy we tread,  
Sure that the sun shines overhead.

O blessed hope! since Eden's hour,  
Thou hast revealed thy wondrous power.  
Long as mankind on earth shall stay,  
Do thou pour gladness on their way.  
The weary souls with courage fire;  
Bid all the noble deeds aspire;  
And, where He leads, with joy we tread,  
Sure that the sun shines overhead.

So shall our bliss at last be found,  
And Hope be with fruition crowned.

Cambridge Press.

## DISCOURSE

Delivered by Rev. J. Frank Winkley, of  
Trinity Episcopal Church, Woburn, be-  
fore the Woburn Association, on Sunday  
evening, November 24, 1878.

"Blessing and glory, and wisdom, and Thanks-  
giving and honor, and power, and might, be unto  
our God for ever and ever. Amen."—Rev. 7: 12.

To-night we come together to tell our  
gratitude to God. To speak of that which  
is food for thanksgiving and praise. Five  
years of pressing trials have tried the  
poor. The deep excitement of election  
strained the charity of all parties. Ap-  
proaching winter points to idle hands and  
empty shelves. But 'tis not all dark. There  
are lights. And to-night we turn to  
that other side. Look for the silver lining.  
Draw a line around the festive board and  
within that circle gather only fragrant  
thoughts. Look backward, look around us,  
look upward.

When the fiery Pegasus of war dashed  
madly to and fro, when dark clouds of dust  
and smoke were rising from a hundred  
battle fields, when blood was boiling in  
patriotic veins, and Southern bullets were  
inflamed, reason hushed. They called us  
"Northern mudsils." We called them "fire  
eaters." "Twas said of old: "When Greek  
meets Greek then comes the tug of war,"  
and when the "Southern chieftain" brandished  
swords with the Northern yeomanry, that  
spark which shot from Freedom's eye told the  
brave enemy that the steel-bound heel of  
war crosses the threshold of America's  
rights, had four times seven a flaming  
instead of clay, and every blow brought  
sparks that made the fire burn. Here-  
after when American meets American upon  
the battle field, let comrades run and traitors  
hide their heads. Let the popular orators  
say: "The nation was whipped." And so  
was. Two game cocks fight till one  
gives in or dies. They run. They stand.  
They fight. They fall. Round about round,  
fiery, furiously, unflinchingly, until one  
or the other gives the palm to death or victory.  
Then the proud victor flaps his wings as the  
shrill notes of triumph ring out through the  
air. But the hero has been badly whipped.  
Victorious armies leave dead and dying  
comrades by the way, while gathering  
honored scars from many a manly struggle.  
Here in his Holy Church to-night, we  
thank our God that though the nation's heart  
has bled deep streams of human gore, and  
patriot graves had four times seven a  
flaming ground; though tears and groans  
and agonies have marked the way to rest;  
though pressed and sorely tried at times,  
and every nerve of the Republic has been  
strained as the nation was in peril, the  
flag still waves. The eagle still soars. The  
temple of liberty still stands. The intense  
agonies of suspense is over. The earnest  
longing for victory has subsided. The  
bloody tracks of our father's marching  
toward Germantown are gone. The scared  
heroes of 1812 and of the Mexican war, are  
in their graves. The lurid glare of civil  
war has paled and is dying. "The blue  
great coat. The sky blue coat. That old  
blue coat which the soldier wore, is here,  
with the volunteer at rest." It was there  
the hot sun searched the very brain, where  
showers of lead rained down like hail, where  
sheets of flame belched forth death. It  
was there the agony of the battle, the  
slept on the hill-sides and dreamed of loved  
ones far away.

One hundred years ago, Sterling with 1500  
Americans, surrendered to Grant and the  
Hessians, who were led by Lord Howe,  
Putnam and Cornwallis, Hancock and Clin-  
ton, Sullivan and Heister were names that  
represented the two great struggling parties  
in America. That old battle ground is  
Greenwood's peaceful cemetery to-day.  
That little people the greatest republic of the  
world.

Those were days that tried men through  
and through. Seventeen years ago Dec. 7,  
Butler's expedition arrived at Fort Royal,  
a rebel company was captured near Glasgow,  
Miss., there was a skirmish at Dam No. Five,  
on the Potomac. Americans in arms were  
seeking what British armies had sought and  
burned, the national capital at Washington.  
Fifteen years ago Dec. 7th, battles were  
fought at Hartsville, Prairie Grove and Cra-  
ford. These were stirring times. They  
burned an impression upon the American  
heart, that should last, when dolomite marble  
shall be but dust.

The daring exploits of Sir Will Wallace,  
the brave acts of the Scottish chiefs, the

fortitude of Alfred, and self possession of

William Tell have been paralleled in the  
wars of the Republic. Washington among  
the Indians, Putnam's daring escape, the  
American companies forcing the heights of  
Circo-Gorta in '47, the Boston Tea party  
and the story of the last terrible struggle,  
will be read with the victories of Cyrus and  
the Persians. Sherman's march to the  
Atlantic will be reviewed side by side with  
Alexander's pursuit of Darius. We need  
not turn to the plains of Marathon or Water-  
loo. The plains of Abraham, Antietam and  
Vicksburg, are names full of honor, fame,  
and energetic action. But 'tis a pitiful sight  
The word glory, around which we weave  
wreaths of honor, is born of human suffer-  
ing, human agonies, and human fall. It  
tells of mortals struggling in the death  
grapple. We had thought that men were  
made for glory, and that the day of battle  
was the day of fighting were ending. An ap-  
pearance to be a relic of semi-bar-  
barous ages, and that our enlightened age  
could settle all differences by arbitration.  
We have learned a lesson that should do us  
good. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very lap of prosperity and fancied  
security. Secret societies had their ramifi-  
cations in all parts of our Union. Traitors  
appeared on both sides of the Potomac. The  
nation was taken by surprise, and patriots  
trembled. So deeply had the principles of  
universal liberty been rooted in the heart,  
that with many it was a matter of very grave  
doubt, whether the government had authority  
to open its whole system of taxation to the  
rebels. The demand of civil war sprung from  
the very







The contract for building the road leading to Daniel R. Upton's house, the amount to be paid is \$49. Amongst the competitors were C. F. Harris, whose bid was \$75; Henry Sheldon, \$80; J. Avery, \$80; Porter Pearson, \$63. The general feeling is one of relief that this question has at last been so satisfactorily settled.

John Perry is raising his blacksmith shop, and is building an addition to the same for a wheelwright shop. There is great need for this industry in our town, and we feel sure that our citizens will be pleased to patronize this sensible move of Mr. Perry's.

GETTING TO WASHINGTON.—The venerable Ben Perley Poore, writing from Washington says:—"When I first came from Newburyport to Washington—fifty years ago—the journey was tedious and expensive. There was no railroad then, but steamboats were used whenever it was possible. The programme was: By stage to Boston; by stage to Providence, getting excellent dinners at Wrentham; by steamboat to New York, the voyage occupying from 20 to 30 hours; by steamboat to New Brunswick; by stage to Burlington; by steamboat to Philadelphia; by steamboat to Newcastle; by stage to Frenchtown; by steamboat to Baltimore; and thence by stage to Washington. There were ten different conveyances used, on land or water, and with the customary stops of a day at New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, a week was consumed. It was regarded as a wonder when in 1829 General Jackson's inaugural message was taken North by mounted express riders, who went over the ground between this city and New York in sixteen hours, and thence to Boston in fifteen hours more. Now, a traveler can step into a Pullman car in Boston, get a good night's rest, and reach Washington in nineteen hours. In the old time one had to keep a sharp lookout for his own hair-covered trunk or leather portmanteau, as it was transferred from boat to stage or from stage to boat. Now the baggage is checked through, and one thus avoids a deal of trouble, besides a considerable expenditure of small change."

A NEW WAY TO PRINT.—A Washington letter says: A West Virginia man named Moore, who spent years over a type-setting machine and gave it up, has invented a very remarkable set of machinery as a substitute for type-setting, which is attracting attention here. This machine is in successful use by a leading stenographer in town, who uses it for printing briefs and reports of testimony taken in shorthand. The words are spelled out by means of a keyboard, and a rapidly revolving cylinder, turned by machinery, prints them upon an endless hand of paper. This band of paper is taken to another machine by a second operator and "justified" into the form desired. From this page lithographic copies are then taken. The stenographer dictates from his notes and the first operator spells out the report at the rate of fifty or sixty words a minute. The mechanism by which this is accomplished is a remarkable invention. The inventor believes that he can impress the words upon a soft paper matrix instead of printing them; that this matrix can then be justified into form, and that a stereotype plate can then be made of the whole. He has now building a set of machinery to accomplish this. It seems wholly impossible that a matrix for a page of a newspaper can be made up from one-line strips, but the inventor is very confident. That the strips of matrix can be struck off at a rate of fifty words a minute is certain.

Read advertisement in another column of principle triumphs of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. all over the world. It certainly amounts to demonstration, as they say, of the superiority of their Organ. The record is unparalleled among makers of instruments. Some of the new styles of Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs introduce a style of finishing with embossed gold bronze ornamentation, by a new process; at once the most elegant and chaste finish yet employed on such instruments. Prices are very low for such workmanship.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

Croaking is not confined to the Frog Ponds. At this season almost every body is hoarse. The blood of distressed lungs is heard everywhere. Why this, when the little honey of horsehold and Turp will cure any cough, cold or hoarseness in 48 hours? Sold by all Druggists. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

**Married.**  
In Woburn, Nov. 28, by Rev. John Quasey, Mr. David Wall and Miss Mary Ann Wall, all of Woburn.  
In North Woburn, Nov. 3, by Rev. Charles Anderson, Mr. Silas H. Sherman, of Boston, and Miss Jane H. Bates, of Burlington.  
In Woburn, Nov. 27, by Rev. J. F. Winkley, Mr. Thomas T. Long and Miss Margaret Ford, all of Woburn.

**ECONOMY**  
Often requires the redyeing of garments. All colors and shades of DYES with full directions for successful use, at  
**DODGE'S DRUG STORE,**  
GEO. S. DODGE, PHARMACIST,  
165 Main Street, near Bank Block.

**Died.**  
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.  
In North Woburn, Nov. 27, Warren Young, aged 24 years.  
In Woburn, Nov. 28, Bartholomew Mahoney, aged 41 years.  
In Woburn, Nov. 28, Martin, son of Roger and Bridget Flaherty, aged 5 years, 2 months.

**For Sale and To Let.**  
**TEASEMENT TO LET** on Pleasant Street, Inquire of A. V. Hayes. 204  
**HOUSE TO LET** on Mt. Pleasant Street, 8 rooms, Horn Pond Water and Stable. Inquire of D. G. Converse. 175  
**TO LET**—A house, with stable and garden, on Pleasant St., Woburn, 11 rooms; gas and Horn Pond Water. Inquire of WILLIAM WINSOR. 56  
**TWO ROOMS TO LET**—At 211 Main Street. Inquire of JOSEPH KEE. 122  
**TO LET**—Rooms for housekeeping, or singly. Inquire at 135 Main Street. 137

**WOOD**  
AT AUCTION  
IN BURLINGTON.  
ON WEDNESDAY, DEC. 4, 1878, at 12 o'clock, M., will be sold at auction, in lots, the wood standing on 15 acres of land situated in the easterly part of Burlington, bordering on Peach Orchard Road (so called), leading from the residences of Samuel and Wm. H. Walker, to North Woburn. Said growth consists of Oak, Birch and Pine, of a good quality. Access good at all seasons. Terms at sale.  
Per order of Dr. ESTIS HOWE.  
**WM. WINN, Auctioneer.**  
Burlington, Nov. 29, 1878. 209

## Dry Goods

Having purchased a part of  
**MR. J. E. McCURE'S**  
Stock of

## Dry and Fancy Goods

That remained unsold, we offer the following bargains:—  
WHITE PIQUE "10" "20"  
WHITE PIQUE "7" "10"  
RED TICKING "17" "18"  
ANGOLA FLANNEL "20" "25"  
NAPKINS (per doz.) "20" "25"  
WHITE LINEN "37 1/2" "50"  
CHILDREN'S MITTENS "17" "20"  
LADIES' GLOVES "13" "20"  
BLACK KID GLOVES "25" "30"  
COTTON TRIMMINGS "1" "4"  
LINEN COLLARS "6" "10"  
WHALEBONES "2" "4"  
MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS "40" "62"  
COTTON FLANNEL "61" "8"  
LADIES' LINEN HDKFS. "9" "15"  
LADIES' SILK HDKFS. "10" "12 1/2"  
RUSSIA CRASH "61" "10"  
Boys Colored HDKFS. "4" "5"  
Misses Bordered HDKFS. "27" "42"  
Men's Undershirts, "27 1/2" "81"  
Ladies Linen Cuffs, "15" "20"  
Ladies Fleece Hose, "12 1/2" "15"  
" " " "25" "30"  
Men's Ribbed Hose, "25" "35"  
Great Bargains in Ladies Linen HDKFS. Please examine their HDKFS. before purchasing.

AGENT FOR LEWANDO'S FRENCH DYE HOUSE,  
**F. S. BURGESS.**

## Town Warrant



COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.  
MIDDLESEX, ss.  
GREETING:  
In name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts we hereby require to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn, qualified to vote in town affairs to meet in Town Hall, in said Woburn, on Tuesday, the third day of December next, at four of the clock, P. M., to act on the following articles, viz:  
Article 1. To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.  
Article 2. To see if the Town will appropriate an additional sum of money for Highways, New Roads and sidewalks, or do anything in relation to the same.  
Article 3. To see if the Town will authorize their Treasurer to refund to Mrs. Anne R. Randall \$15.00 (fifteen dollars) cash paid on personal property, the same being in Savings Bank, or do anything in relation to the same.  
Article 4. To see if the Town will authorize the numbering of Montvale Avenue, or do anything in relation to the same.  
Article 5. To hear and act on the report of the Selectmen on the laying out and completion of new street from School street and New Boston street, to East of Boston, Lowell and Nashua R. R. Co., as a public town way.  
Article 6. To see if the Town will appropriate a sum of money for outside relief, to meet deficiency of payment of bills due from other towns, cities and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or do anything in relation to the same.  
And we are directed to serve this Warrant by causing an attested copy of the same to be posted up at each of the several Post Offices in Town seven days at least before the time of holding said meeting. Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.  
Given under our hands and the seal of the Town aforesaid, this twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1878.  
ALPHA E. THOMPSON, Selectman  
W. T. GRAMMER, of Woburn, Clerk  
[L. S.] J. I. MUNROE, HERBERT WYMAN, CHARLES E. SARGENT, S. D. SAMSON, THOMAS H. HILL, of Woburn.  
A true copy. Attest:  
EDWARD SIMONDS, Constable of Woburn.

## DRESSMAKING.

The undersigned are prepared to do Dressmaking, Machine Stitching and Sewing.  
At Mrs. B. A. Stearns, corner of Pleasant and North Warren Sts., Woburn, Mass. We intend to give good work at moderate terms.  
B. M. PAULI,  
Agents for Andrews' Bazaar Patterns. 196

## SUPPER, SALE,

**Musical Entertainment.**  
The Ladies of the Baptist Society of Woburn, propose to hold their Annual Supper and Sale, in the parlors of the Baptist Church, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY Evenings, Dec. 27th and 28th, when they will provide a Supper on the 27th, and a large and valuable assortment of useful and ornamental articles, at reasonable prices. There will be a series of vocal and instrumental exercises each evening under the direction of Mr. P. E. BANCROFT.  
N. E. H. Ladies are studying to provide what will please, and avoid what will offend the most correct taste.  
**Admission, 10 cents. Supper, 30 cents.**  
Supper served from 6 to 10 o'clock.  
199  
**NOTICE.**  
All parties owing E. McQuesten, are requested to pay the same to C. WRIGHT, No. Woburn, before Dec. 1, 1878. 183

## REMOVAL!

GEO. H. RICHARDS the former DOCK SQUARE CLOTHING has REMOVED to 296 WASHINGTON ST., OPPOSITE SCHOOL ST., where he would be pleased to receive a call from his friends and patrons when in the city—his NEW STORE is centrally located being DIRECTLY OPPOSITE SCHOOL ST., is commodious and well lighted, and his assortment of NEW STYLISH and WELL MADE FALL and WINTER CLOTHING for MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS' and CHILDREN'S wear is surpassed by no city Clothing House. His prices are also extremely moderate, as on account of the small expense (compared with the expenses of his competitors) attending the transaction of his business he can afford to, and will sell his goods at LOWER PRICES than the same or equally good goods can be bought for in any competing house in Boston or New England. He sells his goods STRICTLY FOR CASH, but ONE PRICE and GUARANTEES every article as represented. 74

## INSOLVENCY NOTICE.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed assignee of the estate of Jesse Clinton Maine, insolvent debtor, of Winchester, in said County, and that a second meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtor will be held at the Court of Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-fifth day of December next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may present and prove their claims.  
HENRY L. RICHARDS,  
Winchester, Nov. 20, 1878. 176

## ERCOATS

—AT—  
**CUSHING & BUCK'S**  
ARE BEING SOLD AT REMARKABLE BARGAINS.

## "ARGOSY" SUSPENDER,

SOMETHING NEW. The well-known  
"COMPR OMISE" UNDERCLOTHING  
Marked Down to 75 cents.  
Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., can be found here  
174 MAIN STREET, opposite Bank Building.

## L. B. NORRIS & Co.,

Manufacturers of all kinds of  
**PACKING CASES,**  
And DEALERS in all kinds of  
**HARD & SOFT LUMBER,**  
KINDLING WOOD, &c.

PLANING, MOULDING,  
JIG SAWING and TURNING.

Also, Manufacturers of  
**EXPRESS and JOB**  
**WAGONS and CARTS.**

CARRIAGE JOBBING of all kinds executed at short notice.  
**MILL, CORNER PROSPECT and HIGH STS.,**  
WOBURN, MASS.

## For WINDOW GARDENING.

Patent Flower Pot Brackets,  
Hooks and Chains for Hanging Pots,  
Bird Cage Hooks.  
A Useful and Tasty  
**Flower Stand for \$1.**  
**HARDWARE STORE.**  
KELLEY'S BLOCK,  
**L. THOMPSON, Jr.**

## "WIDE AWAKE"

—AT—  
**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a holiday gift to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "Wide Awake," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that no more orders could be filled. But the promise made that another year enough books should be supplied to satisfy all.  
In fulfillment of this promise made last December, the proprietors of Oak Hall have contracted with D. Lothrop & Co., the managers of "Wide Awake," to print for them 200,000 BOOKS—Two Hundred Thousand Books—and this extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in New England they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of "WIDE AWAKE."  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above, namely, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were sent to teachers, and frequent application was made for free, three or four hundred at a time.  
Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be sent immediately. "The first come, the first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, express charges.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To the next of Kin, Creditors, and all other persons interested in the Estate of Sarah T. Butters, late of Woburn, in said County, single woman, deceased.  
WHEREAS application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Lemuel Pope, of Ringham, in the County of Plymouth.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.  
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## ERCOATS

—AT—  
**CUSHING & BUCK'S**  
ARE BEING SOLD AT REMARKABLE BARGAINS.

## "ARGOSY" SUSPENDER,

SOMETHING NEW. The well-known  
"COMPR OMISE" UNDERCLOTHING  
Marked Down to 75 cents.  
Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., can be found here  
174 MAIN STREET, opposite Bank Building.

## L. B. NORRIS & Co.,

Manufacturers of all kinds of  
**PACKING CASES,**  
And DEALERS in all kinds of  
**HARD & SOFT LUMBER,**  
KINDLING WOOD, &c.

PLANING, MOULDING,  
JIG SAWING and TURNING.

Also, Manufacturers of  
**EXPRESS and JOB**  
**WAGONS and CARTS.**

CARRIAGE JOBBING of all kinds executed at short notice.  
**MILL, CORNER PROSPECT and HIGH STS.,**  
WOBURN, MASS.

## For WINDOW GARDENING.

Patent Flower Pot Brackets,  
Hooks and Chains for Hanging Pots,  
Bird Cage Hooks.  
A Useful and Tasty  
**Flower Stand for \$1.**  
**HARDWARE STORE.**  
KELLEY'S BLOCK,  
**L. THOMPSON, Jr.**

## "WIDE AWAKE"

—AT—  
**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a holiday gift to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "Wide Awake," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that no more orders could be filled. But the promise made that another year enough books should be supplied to satisfy all.  
In fulfillment of this promise made last December, the proprietors of Oak Hall have contracted with D. Lothrop & Co., the managers of "Wide Awake," to print for them 200,000 BOOKS—Two Hundred Thousand Books—and this extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in New England they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of "WIDE AWAKE."  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above, namely, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were sent to teachers, and frequent application was made for free, three or four hundred at a time.  
Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be sent immediately. "The first come, the first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, express charges.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To the next of Kin, Creditors, and all other persons interested in the Estate of Sarah T. Butters, late of Woburn, in said County, single woman, deceased.  
WHEREAS application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Lemuel Pope, of Ringham, in the County of Plymouth.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.  
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.  
GREETING:  
WHEREAS, Lucius C. Chase, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is directed to serve this citation cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BODLEY'S ON WHEELS. With seventy-seven illustrations. Houghton, Osgood & Co. pp. 222. \$1.50.

The Bodley family have a noble record. The two preceding volumes of their history have delighted thousands of the young, by their splendid stories and beautiful illustrations, while the desire to possess this when once seen will be irresistible. It is one of the handsomest juvenile books ever issued. The frontispiece "Paul Revere's Ride" so beautifully told by Longfellow, is one of the seventy-seven splendid pictorial attractions, while the great variety of scenes and incidents which go to make up the record of this noted family, both at home and when on their travels, give to it a charm which the children cannot resist and older people will not wish to. All will read it with pleasure. Among the many new and valued works which the demands of the Holidays will call forth, we do not look for any juvenile to excel this.

BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES. "Conscience." By Joseph Cook. Houghton, Osgood & Co. pp. 276. \$1.50.

The large representation of the broadest scholarship, the profoundest philosophy, the acutest scientific research, and finest intellectual culture found in the crowds who have attended Mr. Cook's lectures, leave no room for doubt that he has a hold on the mass of cultivated minds not gained by any other public speaker in the country. However much thoughtful minds may dissent from some of his peculiar views in biological science, he stands the peer of all who have attempted to explain the mysteries of the subjects to which he has given the deepest research, and the most scholarly study. The lectures in the present volume, on conscience, makes it a valuable addition to the series, and a rich contribution to the solid literature of the day.

PLAY DAYS. By Sarah O. Jewett. Houghton, Osgood & Co. pp. 213. \$1.50.

For girls from eight to twelve, this will prove a most welcome gift. It has a variety of stories written so plain and simple that any one can understand them, and still free from too much of what we call baby talk, which is a failing in some works designed for children who are able to read well. The history of the happy family in their various labors and enjoyments from the season when the heat of summer caused them to seek the cooling breeze of the sea shore and mountains, on to the ever happy days of Christmas and New Year is told so charmingly that the interested reader will not care to lay it down till the end is reached. The more such books we have for children the easier will they be governed, and reading them will create a desire for other works adapted to their wants as they advance in life.

ROCK OF AGES. By Augustus Montague Toplady. Lee & Shepherd. \$1.50.

A companion to those well known beautiful volumes, "Oh why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" "Nearer my God to Thee," and "Abide with Me." Written over a century since, this hymn has lost none of its sacred charm, has ranked as one of the brightest gems of Christian harmony, and been a source of consolation to thousands in hours of the deepest affliction. The designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey, and engraving by John Andrew & Son, are perfect, and the publishers have spared nothing to make this one of the most attractive gift books of the season. We wish it might find a place on every book table.

JUST HOW. A key to the Cook Books. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Houghton, Osgood & Co. pp. 311. \$1.50.

The author very modestly disclaims any intention of adding to the number of cook books, which is now legion, but while calling it only a key to other more ponderous volumes, she has so simplified the whole art of cooking that the young beginner can hardly fail of doing whatever she attempts in this line right, if the directions are closely followed. Most books on this important part of house-keeping merely give general directions as to quantity of articles to be used, and the manner in which they should be put together, but here the whole system is made so plain that a child can understand it. The author truly says, "more than half of the difficulty and bewilderment of kitchen work is from taking things wrong end foremost or plunging into the middle and so making an anxious muddle of it instead of a clear, clean, successful process." To all who are interested in cooking easy and well, we say purchase one of these books, and then you can surely know "Just How" to succeed every time.

The man who can run a newspaper stands in the saloon with his back to the stove and tells how he would do it; how he would be independent as a hog on ice, and call things by their right names; how he would expose corruption in high places; how he would write good, sound common sense, and none of your frivolous, try-to-be-funny stuff. Then he criticizes other people's method of conducting newspapers, and just wishes that somebody would give him a chance to show his journalistic ability. The way to cure one of these chaps is to get him to agree to write a sensible article every day for a week. Before the week is out he is sure to be pumped dry, and will gaze worse for an idea than a chicken with the pip.

A CANNON BALL IN THE HAT.—A writer recounting the exploits of other early days when he was "a Boston boy" tells how on visiting Charleston Navy Yard, he was led to covet a six pound cannon ball, which he managed to "appropriate." "I think that is the word used in financial circles? It was stealing when I was a boy,—and which he concealed and carried home in his hat, at the expense of an unusual amount of trouble and trepidation, headache and upright walking only to find that as a reward of his pains, he had got something which he did not need, could not use, and dare not keep. Thus he writes: "When I reached home I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare to show it in the house, nor tell where I got it; and after one or two solitary riffs, I gave it away on the same day to a Prince street boy."

It was a Denver man who, after having had a doctor sew on a piece of his ear that had been bitten off in a fight, went off humming, "Thou art sown-ear and yet so far."

A small boy, arrested for throwing stones at the windows of Independence Hall, the other day, got off on the plea that he was "only rocking the cradle of liberty."

## THE PROBLEM OF THE GROCER-SHOP.

Has not the temperance movement in this country been too exclusively a moral appeal? Has it not forgotten too much the nature and the circumstances of the evil? Temperance addresses are largely descriptions of the effects of drunkenness. They are tragicomedies, in which the speaker seeks to make his audience laugh at the antics of the drunkard, and cry over the broken heart and ruined home of his wife and family. This strain is varied with thundering denunciations of "the moderate drinker," compared with whose insidious infamy the immoderate drinker who totally inebriates himself, is an object of pity rather than of reprobation, and with these are mingled chemical and sanitary statistics. The appeal, however, is moral, and the remedy usually proposed is absolute prohibition. The friends of "license," however stringently regulated are regarded as mere Laodiceans, or worse. But this mere moral appeal to renounce drunkenness because it produces crime and unhappiness and disease is too arid. It forgets the persons to whom it is addressed, and the conditions of their life. Consequently there are the excitement and fury of a revival, vast temporary enthusiasm, and swift backsliding.

For what is drunkenness? It is in its origin the perversion of a natural taste for social enjoyment, and it is most prevalent among those who have the least opportunity for such enjoyment. When it has fixed itself upon its victim, it is largely dependent upon physical conditions. The usual temperance appeal to him is by the mere moral strength of his moral will to break up the habit. His home is bare and desolate, and the preacher argues him to prefer to the cozy and warm and social "saloon." His system, enfeebled by excess, craves the stimulant, and the exhortation is simply not to take it. He needs especially every kind of support and assistance and diversion, and he is told to help himself. This is a relief which forgets the nature of the disease. That of itself suggests the remedy. The drunkard seeks social enjoyment illicitly. Supply it to him lawfully, show him that he can gratify his natural tastes without shame to himself or harm to his family or society. Give to the weak system which craves "a little something," a little something that will cheer and not inebriate. The drunkard knows the misery that drunkenness produces, for he is its victim. He does not wish to hear of that. The inebriated drunkard knows it also. What they want is something to take the place of drunkenness, something that will help them to help themselves. If all the money that is yearly given to support talking upon the subject were devoted to doing something in the way suggested, the "liquor interest" would be confronted with something that it would fear. "Holly-Tree" inns upon a great and general scale, "public coffee-houses" like those in Liverpool, neighborhood clubs which would develop and illustrate the neighborly sympathy which is now not suspected, and the supposed absence of which is most mischievous—all these and similar enterprises would be a temperance movement which would aid the moral appeal and the sanitary argument with those social sympathies and supports which are indispensable to the prosperity of the work.—*Harpers Magazine for Dec.*

INSTRUCT THE VOTER.—Men should be talked to after election, and not merely just before election, when all is excitement and the still voice of reason has little chance to be heard. They should be warned against the machinations of demagogues, and should particularly be put on their guard against the flatteries of office-seekers who are perpetually telling "how much they love the dear people and especially the horny-handed sons of toil?" They should be instructed in the fundamental principles of government, and taught to see that the true functions of an organized State are not to favor particular classes, but to protect all classes and all men; not to furnish employment or business, but to see to it that the earnings of both rich and poor are secured to them by the operation of just and equitable laws; not to fix the hours of labor or the price of commodities, but to enforce lawful contracts through the instrumentalities of just tribunals; not to issue "promises to pay nothing at no time," but to place the stamp of authority and authenticity upon articles of intrinsic value; not to place "workmen" or any other particular class of men in office, but to encourage every class to become so wise, so efficient and so evidently capable as to make impossible that any other than the best shall be called upon to fill positions of trust. Lessons like these should be industriously inculcated from the day after the election to nearly the day before the next election, and if this is done with zeal and thoroughness, and a hearty desire to impart useful information there will be good results flowing from the effort. There is no reason why men in this country should be so ignorant as thousands upon thousands of them are; no reason why the demagogue and the charlatan should find so much material always ready to his hand; no reason why so many votes should be given with not the slightest knowledge or care on the part of those who cast them as to the influence which they exert or the consequences to which they contribute.—*Cambridge Press.*

This is what the Boston Journal says: "Another thing to be borne in mind by advertisers—and a very important one—is the place where the newspaper is read. As a rule, the paper which goes regularly into the family, and is read by all its members, is vastly more valuable as an advertising medium than that which is read principally on the cars or in the stores. The former is consulted on all matters where information is required on every topic, while the latter is only purchased for the current news and generally thrown away as soon as perused."

His wife caught him with his arm around the hired girl's neck, but his courage even in this tiring extremity never forsook him. "I suspected some one of stealing the whiskey on the preserves, Jane, for some time, and you know her breath would have told it if she was the guilty party."

Among the items in a plumber's bill are: To searching gas leakage, fifty cents; to having found it, one dollar.

## AWFUL WARNING TO SERVANTS.—A man

out on South Hill had reason to believe that his superintendent of *cuisine* was in the habit of using kerosene to start the morning fires. He placed his suspicions in the form of a charge, which was indignantly denied and proof demanded. He wasn't ready and the case was dismissed for want of evidence. But his suspicions increased, and he ordered a secret investigation, and appointed himself chairman of the committee, with power to send for persons and papers.

He laid his plans with care, and the next morning he followed his maid servant down stairs at a careful and respectful distance, and hid himself near the kitchen door, where he could see nor be seen, while he could hear very distinctly whatever was said or done. The rustle of paper and the plop of dry, light wood, was succeeded by hasty steps toward the closet in the cellar-way. Then he heard the gurgling of the liquid, as though it was bubbling out of a small tin spout. He heard the can set down and then the scrape of a match.

"H'm," he heard the maid servant remark. Then another match snapped, and a barely audible fizzle succeeded. Grimly smiled the silent man by the outer door.

"H'm," remarked the maid servant rather petulantly. Another match snapped and a barely audible fizzle succeeded. Grimly smiled the silent man by the outer door.

"Well, I never!" came from the kitchen and there was heard the sound of more pouring on the light wood. Another match and more silence.

"Well, did you ever?" queried the queen of the range, evidently anxious to obtain testimony corroborative of her own experience as set forth in her previous statement that she never did. The man sitting outside the door throttled himself with both hands and softly pounded the ground with his heels. Something evidently excited him, and when the next match snapped he caught himself by the legs and bit fiercely into the corner doorframe in frenzied effort to smother a hollow groan.

"The old scratch is in the oil I do believe," said a troubled voice in the kitchen and more pouring ensued. Another match, another, another. And the man crawled off behind the cistern box and hugged his knees with many insane expressions and silent demonstrations of interest, when he heard the angry voice in the kitchen say:—

"Plague on such oil! I'd like to pour it down Will Darling's back."

Another match, and then a confused sound of rattling and scraping, and a fearful woman came to the door and hurled an armful of soaked paper and lightwood out into the yard and kicked an oil can after it. The smiling man crept back up stairs unseen.

Breakfast was late that morning and when the queen of the kitchen was asked what the cause wherefore, she said somebody had left the shed door open and the light wood was damp. And no man who had ever filled an oil can with non-explosive cistern water ever looked half so innocent as the man who sat at the head of that table, chocking over a graham muffin.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A parrot that was always plunged into cold water as a punishment for swearing, happened to see passing his cage one rainy day some dripping, drenched chickens, and called out, "You miserable fools, been swearing, eh?"

## "VEGETINE,"

Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory, and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from bark, roots, and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

Is the great Blood Purifier.

Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.

Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.

Has effected some marvelous cures in cases of Cancer.

Cures the worst cases of Canker.

Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial diseases.

Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.

Removes Pimples and Humors from the face.

Cures Constipation and regulates the Bowels.

Is a valuable remedy for Headache.

Will cure Dyspepsia.

Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

Removes the cause of Dizziness.

Relieves Faintness at the Stomach.

Cures Pains in the Back.

Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.

Is effective in its cure of Female Weakness.

Is the great remedy for General Debility.

Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

## CATARRH

THE EYE, EAR AND THROAT  
Successfully Treated with  
SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Success is the test of merit, and success in the treatment of Catarrh of the Eye, Ear and Throat, means undoubted specific curative properties. The remedy used, Dr. Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh, possesses such properties. The evidence in the shape of uncontradicted testimonials from the most respectable people in all stations of life, is conclusive on this point. Never, we believe, in the history of popular medicine has such a cure been effected so speedily, freely offered, in favor of any remedy than this. The evidence in the shape of uncontradicted testimonials from the most respectable people in all stations of life, is conclusive on this point. Never, we believe, in the history of popular medicine has such a cure been effected so speedily, freely offered, in favor of any remedy than this.

## INVALUABLE.

Means, Weeks & Potter, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass., have for some months been selling this great remedy for Catarrh of the Eye, Ear and Throat, and have received many testimonials from the most respectable people in all stations of life, is conclusive on this point. Never, we believe, in the history of popular medicine has such a cure been effected so speedily, freely offered, in favor of any remedy than this.

Very truly yours, HENRY WELLS, Attorney, N.Y., June 15, 1878.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

WELLS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

## DR. HALE'S

CHAMPION  
STEAM COOKER.

COOKS EVERY VARIETY OF FOOD  
WITHOUT MINGLING THE  
FLAVORS.

Economy of Food,  
Economy of Fuel,  
Economy of Space,  
Economy of Time & Temper.

Sold after trial. No chance for deception. Highly recommended by every one who uses it, and pronounced by Miss Parlow to be the only common steam cooker she ever saw.

Mr. C. F. ESTABROOK

will call upon the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, and afford them an opportunity to test the merit of the Cooker.

DR. HALE,  
No. 243 Tremont Street, BOSTON.

It may be examined at the store of  
C. M. STROUT, Agent,  
203 Main St., Woburn,

Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces,  
Tin, Plated and Britannia Ware,  
And KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

SPAULDING'S  
SPANISH CHOLERA REMEDY,  
WOBURN, MASS.

We, the undersigned, most cheerfully bear witness to the efficacy of the Cholera Remedy, put up and sold by Dr. R. S. Spaulding. We have experienced the greatest benefit from it, when other remedies have failed to afford us relief. It is our firm conviction that the mixture is fully able to cope with any case of Cholera, Dysentery or Bilious Complaint.

C. M. STROUT, High Street,  
JAMES H. SKELTON, Mt. Pleasant Street,  
W. F. STEARNS, Main Street,  
SEWALL TAYLOR, Willow Street,  
W. E. PARKS, Willow Street,  
C. E. WATERS, Foster Street,  
W. E. CLARK, Wey's Court,  
ROBERT HENNING, Summer Street,  
MRS. MARY ANN REYNOLDS, Summer St.,  
MRS. BRIDGET JOHNSON, Summer Street.

The Spanish Cholera Remedy can be obtained at the Woburn Drug Store, Alex. Ellis' "Rail Road Store," Porter's Cigar Store, and at G. P. Brown, Winchester. Try it.

W. F. ESTABROOK,  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Bread, Cake, Pastry,  
AND  
FANCY CRACKERS  
OF ALL KINDS.

219 Main Street, Woburn.

NEW BOOK NOW IN PRESS  
AGENTS WANTED!

THE INDUSTRIAL  
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

Using a complete history of all the important industries of America, including Agriculture, Mechanical, Manufacturing, Mining, Commercial and other Enterprises, 300 Fine Engravings. No work like it ever published. Will sell at eight Agents, this is the book for you. Introduce. Address: Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn.

DON'T BUY  
Gent's White Shirts,  
WORKING SHIRTS,  
Underwear or Hosiery,  
Without INSPECTING our stock in that line.

Also bargains in  
BLACK DRESS GOODS.  
Red, White, and Blue Flannels, and Table Linens.

J. D. DECELLE,  
140 Main Street, Woburn

New and Second-hand  
CARRIAGES  
In great variety and at Low Prices.

Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and the best Drivers for the money in the World. Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, &c., at low prices for good goods.

INGALLS, WYER & Co.,  
147 to 150 Front St., 54 to 60 Canal St., BOSTON.

SHERIFF'S SALE.  
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,  
MIDDLESEX, ss. Nov. 9, 1878.

Taken on execution of Nelson vs. Johnson, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the 14th day of December next, at nine o'clock, A. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, Woburn, in said County, all the right in and to the following described Mortgage Real Estate, the record title to which now stands in the name of Charles E. Johnson, wife of Alden S. Johnson, viz: A certain lot of improved land containing about thirteen and one-half acres with all the buildings thereon, standing situate in the westerly part of Reading in said County, and is bounded southerly on road leading from said Reading to Woburn, there measuring thirty-one rods and seventeen links, being the same premises which Nancy Ball and others sold and conveyed to Alden S. Johnson, by their deed dated the 10th day of September, A. D. 1866, and recorded in Middlesex South Registry of deeds, book 965, page 369, reference to the above named deed for a more full description of the premises.

Also one lot of improved land situate in Woburn in said County containing ten acres with all the buildings thereon, and situate in the northwesterly part of said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz: southerly on the lot of Stephen Richardson, and one Tract, Easterly on land of Goodell and Teller, southerly on other land of A. S. Johnson, and westerly on other land of Stephen Richardson, being the same premises described and recorded in Middlesex South Registry of deeds, book 1131, page 76.

151 HORACE COLLAPORE, Deputy Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.  
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,  
MIDDLESEX, ss. Woburn, Nov. 9, 1878.

Taken on execution of Ferris vs. Ferris, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday the 14th day of December next, at nine o'clock, A. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, Woburn, in said County, all the right in and to the following described land, the same was specially seized and taken on the 31st day of October last, and in the following described Mortgage Real Estate, the record title to which now stands in the name of Stephen A. Ferris, viz: A certain parcel of land with all the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, near the center, and bounded as follows, viz: southerly on the lot of Daniel Fay, as the fence now stands, to a well, then turning and running westerly by land of Henry Bishop, and then turning and running southerly by land of said Bishop and P. Kelly, to Davis street, then turning and running westerly by said Davis street to land of Mrs. Timothy Winn, and then turning and running southerly by land of said Winn, to land of J. Kelley, then turning and running easterly by land of said Kelley and Munroe, then turning and running southerly on land of said Munroe, to said Church street, then turning and running easterly on said Church street to the point of beginning.

151 HORACE COLLAPORE, Deputy Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.  
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,  
MIDDLESEX, ss. Woburn, Nov. 9, 1878.

Taken on execution of Ferris vs. Ferris, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday the 14th day of December next, at nine o'clock, A. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, Woburn, in said County, all the right in and to the following described land, the same was specially seized and taken on the 31st day of October last, and in the following described Mortgage Real Estate, the record title to which now stands in the name of Stephen A. Ferris, viz: A certain parcel of land with all the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, near the center, and bounded as follows, viz: southerly on the lot of Daniel Fay, as the fence now stands, to a well, then turning and running westerly by land of Henry Bishop, and then turning and running southerly by land of said Bishop and P. Kelly, to Davis street, then turning and running westerly by said Davis street to land of Mrs. Timothy Winn, and then turning and running southerly by land of said Winn, to land of J. Kelley, then turning and running easterly by land of said Kelley and Munroe, then turning and running southerly on land of said Munroe, to said Church street, then turning and running easterly on said Church street to the point of beginning.

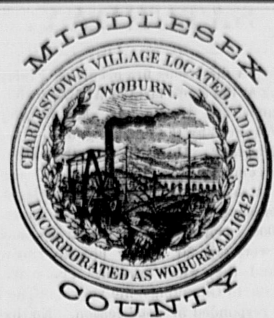
151 HORACE COLLAPORE, Deputy Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.  
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,  
MIDDLESEX, ss. Woburn, Nov. 9, 1878.

Taken on execution of Ferris vs. Ferris, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday the 14th day of December next, at nine o'clock, A. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, Woburn, in said County, all the right in and to the following described land, the same was specially seized and taken on the 31st day of October last, and in the following described Mortgage Real Estate, the record title to which now stands in the name of Stephen A. Ferris, viz: A certain parcel of land with all the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, near the center, and bounded as follows, viz: southerly on the lot of Daniel Fay, as the fence now stands, to a well, then turning and running westerly by land of Henry Bishop, and then turning



# WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

NO. 49.

1879. 1879.

Boston Weekly Journal

THE POPULAR HOME NEWSPAPER

New England for Forty Years.

THE CHEAPEST PAPER FOR FAMILY READING.

More News, More Correspondence, and More Good Reading of All Sorts than in Any Other New England Weekly.

A New Volume Begins with the New Year.

Subscription Price only \$1.50 per Annum; To Clubs \$1.20.

With Liberal Cash Commissions.

A CHANCE FOR MORE THAN DAY WAGES TO AGENTS AND POSTMASTERS.

The rates for 1879 will be the same as those fixed upon for 1878, viz:—  
One Copy by mail, including Postage, \$1.50  
Five Copies (all to one address) 6.00  
Ten Copies (all to one address) 12.00  
And a Copy FREE to get-up of Club of Ten.  
Twenty Copies (all to one address) 24.00  
And TWO COPIES FREE, or one Copy of Semi-Weekly.  
Fifty Copies (all to one address) 60.00  
And FIVE COPIES FREE, or one Copy of Daily one year FREE.  
For larger Clubs \$1.20 per Copy, and one Copy FREE for every TEN subscribers, or a commission of 10 per cent.  
Single Copies 4 cents; \$2.50 per hundred.

The Publishers of THE WEEKLY JOURNAL desire to call attention to the following announcements for 1879—

## GENERAL FEATURES.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL will contain every week thirty-six long columns. The action begins in the best sense, a WEEKLY NEWS-PAPER, containing the latest and freshest news, brought down to within an hour of its publication. It will not be a hasty reprint of the Boston Daily Journal, but the matter which it contains will be compiled with care, and will be arranged, selected and classified with special reference to the needs of the readers of a weekly paper, and in such a way as to leave no topic of importance untouched.  
In its columns of New England intelligence, and in the letters and dispatches of its special agents and correspondents, as well as by the news gathered through the agency of the Associated Press, it will present a comprehensive review of all local happenings of interest throughout New England.  
All the current intelligence, social, personal, general and political, at home and abroad, will be given place in its columns.  
Its Editorial Articles will discuss with fairness topics of practical interest, as they present themselves.  
The Markets will continue to be reported for its columns with sufficient fulness to enable those interested to know the cost of products in the leading business marts.  
In addition to the above-mentioned points relating to the general character of the paper, the publishers take pleasure in making the following

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In the first number for 1879 we shall begin the publication of

A NEW STORY BY EDWARD KING,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR OUR COLUMNS. The story is entitled

"FROST AND FLOWER,"

A Story of New England and the South.

The scene of this new story is laid in New England and in the Southern States. The action begins among the New England hills, introducing types drawn from life; and in the second part is changed to Florida. Mr. King is familiar with the strange, lowland tropical scenery of our American Italy, and has drawn with careful hand. Among the characters in the story, "Lettie Frohisher," "Tom Ploss," "Cynthia Brown, M.D.," and "Reconstruction Jim" are likely to be popular. We feel sure that the thousands who followed the fortunes of "Helen's Battle" will look forward with interest to the initial chapters of "FROST AND FLOWER."

The Kennebecker in Ireland.

The "Kennebecker," whose very fresh and readable letters have been a popular feature of the Journal in previous years, has reached Ireland in his wanderings, and will contribute to the Weekly Journal during the coming year a series of entertaining letters from that picturesque and interesting island.

The Young Farmer.

Whose friendly and helpful talks have made his signature one of the "household words" among New England farmers, will continue to discuss the practical aspects of farm life and work, in his "Every Day Thoughts."

Burleigh.

Whose letters are, perhaps, as widely quoted as those of any American correspondent, will open frequent budgets of news and gossip from New York.

Waifs from Washington.

"Perley," one of the most popular and best informed of Washington correspondents, in addition to the news forwarded by telegraph, will contribute weekly "Waifs from Washington," presenting an interesting summary of social and political events in the National Capital.

OTHER FEATURES.

The plans for which are not now sufficiently advanced to permit their definite announcement, will be introduced during the year.

To any who will take the trouble to step into our store as they are passing, we will show with pleasure the finest assortment of **NOTE PAPER** in elegant boxes, ever exhibited on our counters. This invitation is extended to all, whether they wish to purchase or not.

WILLIAM W. HILL, - - - - - Dateover,  
Opposite the Common. 211

**Florist.**

**S. W. Twombly & Sons,**  
**FLORISTS.**  
And dealers in  
**ANTIQUE POTTERY.**  
161 Tremont street,  
BOSTON, - - - - - MASS.

**Professional Cards.**

**A. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,**  
**Physician and Surgeon,**  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M. 3  
Woburn, - - - - - MASS.

**JOHN G. MASURE,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, - - - - - MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. 4

**George H. Conn,**  
**INSURANCE AGENT,**  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, - - - - - MASS.

**J. CHARLES D. ADAMS,**  
**Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,**  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.  
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.)  
Hours (At Woburn, 9 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.) 5

**A. B. COFFIN,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street.  
9 Dr. O. P. ROGERS,  
**DENTIST,**  
139 1/2 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.  
**CHESTER W. CLARK,**  
**Counsellor at Law,**  
No. 61 COURT STREET,  
Room 2, - - - - - BOSTON.  
RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON.  
**HENRY HILLER, M. D.,**  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON. 12

**Auctioneers.**

**WILLIAM WINN,**  
**AUCTIONEER,**  
BURLINGTON, - - - - - MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the *FORWARD* Office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 13

**E. PRIOR,**  
**AUCTIONEER,**  
Office, 89 Court Street, - - - - - Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 134 Main Street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention. 14

**Miss J. A. Campbell,**  
desires a few pupils on the  
**PIANO FORTE,**  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence, No. 70 Main Street, near Green St. 15

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
**Livery, Hack & Boarding STABLE,**  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, 16 Proprietor

**H. ELLIS & Co.,**  
**BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,**  
**CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.**  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-ley, Chelsea. 17

**E. C. COLOMB,**  
**TAILOR,**  
Church Street, - - - - - Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practice Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. 53

**Musical.**

**Miss J. A. Campbell,**  
desires a few pupils on the  
**PIANO FORTE,**  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence, No. 70 Main Street, near Green St. 15

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
**Livery, Hack & Boarding STABLE,**  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, 16 Proprietor

**H. ELLIS & Co.,**  
**BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,**  
**CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.**  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-ley, Chelsea. 17

**E. C. COLOMB,**  
**TAILOR,**  
Church Street, - - - - - Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practice Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. 53

**HALL TO LET.**

Post 33, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building, it being the second Hall in size in town), and fitted up the same with two large ante rooms and all modern conveniences, will let it to responsible parties on reasonable terms. Inquire of Trustees, GEO. P. SIMMONS, N. Z. TABOR, J. L. PARKER.  
PILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at this office.

**Original Poetry.**

**THE MOSSGROWN ROCK.**  
BY GEORGE S. DORR.

There stands a mossgrown rock,  
In a sweet vale where bloom the orchard trees,  
And, dropping fragrance on the summer breeze,  
Their branches interlock.

There on that mossy seat  
I oft have sat 'mid summer heated reign,  
When the hot breath of August o'er the plain  
Swept with its burning heat.

And there amid the shade  
I've lingered, when the autumn's glorious crown  
Of golden leaves, that softly dropping down,  
A rustling carpet made.

The sweet-voiced birds of spring  
Built their nests in the branches overhead,  
And when the forest leaves grew brown and red,  
A sweet good-bye would sing.

In the old-time happy days,  
What pleasure I have found in that retreat;  
But now as I tread the busy street,  
And walk life's dreary ways.

But 'mid the cares of life  
The mossgrown rock is forgotten still,  
And sweetly falls the music of the rill,  
Amid the worldly strife.

I long to rest once more  
Beneath the shadows of the apple trees,  
Ere God shall call me o'er these turbid seas,  
To His bright golden shore.

**HYDROCYANATED AIR.**

The only certain cure for  
**CATARRH,**  
Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, Sore Throat,  
Deafness and all affections of the air passages.

Trial and Consultation Free.

Charges, \$5.00 per Months Treatment.

A Perfect Cure Guaranteed.

**CHLORALINE.**

The great Remedy for Coughs, Colds and Throat and Lung affections. Persons suffering from Consumption will find the greatest relief by using our

**CHLORALINE.**

Price \$1 per Bottle. Trial Bottle 50 cts.

Advice and consultation free on all diseases.  
Medicines given to the poor at cost, on Mondays.  
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Sundays included.

**Dr. F. B. CAMPBELL & CO.,**  
**PHYSICIANS,**  
125 Main St., Woburn, Mass. 178

**Business Cards.**

**A. BUCKMAN,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**  
160 Main Street, Woburn.  
Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 19

**Photograph Gallery,**  
1607 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.  
Club Pictures to schools and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates by hand. 20

**H. S. DUNSHIEE, - Artist.**

**STEPHEN H. CUTTER,**  
**TOWN BILL POSTER**  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street, promptly attended to. 21  
Has control of all Bill Boards in town. 22  
Orders by mail promptly attended to. 18

**R. C. HAYWARD,**  
Dealer in  
**GROCERIES,**  
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.  
103 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn.

**Carpenters.**

**E. K. WILLOUGHBY,**  
**House and Job Carpenter,**  
WALNUT ST., NEAR MAIN, WOBURN.  
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 22

**J. Horace Dean & Co.,**  
**Carpenters and Builders,**  
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.  
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly attended to. 23

**Machinists.**

**ESTABLISHED 1865**  
**Parks & Freeman,**  
**MACHINISTS,**  
And Manufacturers of  
**Leather Machinery,**  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.  
Mill and Steam work of all kinds, Shafting, Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to fitting up Tanneries and Curing Shops.  
97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership formed January 1st, 1877. 24

**PORTER & YOUNG,**  
(Successors to James Buel & Co.)

**MACHINISTS,**  
Steam and Gas Fitters.

25 MANUFACTURERS OF  
**STEAM ENGINES.**

Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting, Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to fitting up Tanneries and Curing Shops.  
SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

**Selected Story.**

**MISS MINT'S FRIEND.**

"Frank do you know anything about the queer little person who sits opposite us at the dinner table? Miss Mint they call her. Is she a teacher or what?"

Frank Hastings—a young man who for six months had enjoyed "all the comforts and conveniences of a private home" at Mrs. Starkweather's select boarding house, No. 16—street—lighted a fresh cigar before he answered, rather languidly—

"No, she's something ten times worse—a sort of reporter. She goes to churches and lecture-rooms, trying to pick up a few stray crumbs the other reporters leave behind 'em. There's only one paper employs her regularly, and that at a starvation price. She wears one dress all the year round, sports a bonnet handed down to her by her great-grandmother, and rooms in the attic, for which precious privilege and her dinner she pays Mrs. Starkweather three dollars a week. Bah!" concluded Frank, in a tone of disgust, as he threw one leg over another, and sat gazing into the fire.

"Poor soul! She's to be pitied, I'm sure," said Caleb Darley, who being a hard working reporter himself, and a tender-hearted man besides, felt some sympathy for the little creature they were discussing.

"Nonsense!" said Frank, sharply. "Why don't she try her hand at something else?—dress-making, or teaching, or some other work fit for a woman?"

"Perhaps she hasn't the chance or talent to do either," Darley replied.

"Then let her stay at home and help about the house. Come to think of it, though, I believe she has no home. She's an orphan." "S'pose 'tis rather rough for the poor thing," said Frank, with a slight tinge of compassion in his voice. "But come, Darley, let's drop Miss Mint as a seedily subject. Have a cigar?"

"Thank you, no; I must be off. I've got to report—'s sermon to-night."

"Poor fellow! Glad I'm not in your line of business," said Frank, who was clerk in a large wholesale store. "Wonder if little Mint's going? You might escort her home, Darley. It would be quite a new sensation for her, and just think how all the fellows on the street would envy you?"

"Oh, leave poor little Miss Mint alone!" said Darley as he walked towards the door. "Remember she's swimming against a stiff stream, like the most of us, and finds it hard work to keep her head above water. Don't throw stones at her."

"Pon my word you're developing a poetical vein. This is really getting dangerous. Well, good-bye for the present, old chap; look in again after church, will you?"

"No; I must go to the office," said Caleb as he went out.

In her little room, two stories higher up, Miss Mint was putting on her bonnet, quite unconscious of how she was being discussed below.

She was very small and slight, this poor little heroine of ours, with a face that might have been pretty before privation and anxiety stole its bloom and plumpness away. Her glossy brown hair was brushed in smooth waves over her forehead; she had large tender gray eyes, and a mouth that, for all its resolution and character, had a pathetic droop at the corners that seemed to have become habitual. She was nearly twenty-three, but looked at least two years older.

Her little room was as bare and comfortable a place as could be imagined. No furnace heat could penetrate up here, and Miss Mint's hands were so numb with cold she could scarcely pin her shawl. The floor of the room unpainted and bare save for a strip of rag-carpet by the bed; the ugly little wash-stand in one corner, with its clumsy bowl and pitcher; the stiff-looking wooden chair that made your back ache to look at it; and the bed itself, with its tawdry faded counterpane—it was a dreary picture for poor little Ellen Mint's beauty-loving eyes to rest on. She did her best to brighten it; two or three pictures she had brought with her hung on the walls; the little table by the window was covered with books and a delicate glass vase she was too poor to fill with flowers she loved, stood on the bureau.

There were a couple of hanging shelves on the wall, of which only the upper one, with her work basket on it, was visible; a green and white calico curtain hid the rest. This was her cupboard.

But we return to Miss Mint herself, who is down stairs and out of the door by this time. She is a quick walker and in a few moments finds herself at the entrance to the church, already besieged by an anxious crowd, who are kept in check by the ushers and a couple of policemen. Miss Mint does not attempt to press in here; she slips round the corner by a side door, and an usher, who knows her by this time, plants a chair for her at no great distance from the pulpit. She sinks mechanically into it, and sits in a sort of stupor for a while—the change from her dark chilly room to this warmth and dazle of light makes her head swim and her heart tremble. But her nerves are naturally strong and steady, and she soon rouses herself, determined not to give way to a weakness she had never felt before, and which for a moment filled her with dismay.

The grand voice of the organ echoes through the church, and Ellen, who loves music, is soon absorbed in listening, and feeling for a time uplifted above the cares and sorrows of this world. The music and the prayers are the richest part of the service to her; in reporting the sermon she has to follow every word so closely that it takes away the enjoyment of listening.

Caleb Darley, seated among the other reporters, catches a glimpse of her, and after that his keen eyes wander in that direction pretty often. There is a mingling of pity and interest in his glance—he is a large-hearted, chivalrous sort of a fellow, all the more ready to befriend a woman because she is lonely and unprotected.

The services were over, and little Miss Mint, slipping her note-book and pencil into her pocket, threaded her way through the crowd to the side door.

"Good evening, Miss Mint," said a voice at her elbow as she stepped out into the fresh air.

Ellen started and looked up. "Oh good-evening, Mr. Darley," she said, a little confusedly, as she recognized him.

"Will you take my arm?" said Caleb, offering it in such a matter-of-fact way that Ellen complied at once, though feeling more embarrassed than pleased by the attention.

"I see that you are in my line of business, Miss Mint," said Caleb, pleasantly, as they left the crowded street for one that led to their boarding-house. Ellen smiled a little; and he went on, with a kindness of manner that made you pardon his bluntness: "And how do you like the life? Excuse me if I'm rude, but I can't help taking an interest in a fellow laborer, you know."

"You are very kind," said Ellen, simply. "As for the life, I try to like it, because there's nothing else I can do. I've tried to find sewing to do; but it was of no use. I'm sure I'm thankful there is a way I can earn my bread. Wasn't the music beautiful to-night, Mr. Darley?"—anxious to change the subject.

"Yes," said Caleb, rather absently, for his heart was full of pity for the little creature beside him, and he was already debating in his mind various plans for her relief.

"What a chill there is in the air to-night!" he said, raising himself. His overcoat was hardly a protection, and he thought, with dismay, how his companion must be shivering under her thin shawl.

"Well, here we are, Miss Mint. I must be off to the office. Sit by the fire till you are thoroughly warm, and tell our landlady to make you something hot and comforting. I see you have a cold coming on."

"Thank you, Mr. Darley; you are quite a doctor," laughed Ellen. "I hope it has not taken you out of your way coming home with me."

"Oh, it won't take me ten minutes to walk to the office," said Caleb. "Good night, Miss Mint," and he walked briskly away.

Caleb Darley was between thirty-seven and thirty-eight—a big broad shouldered giant of a man, with strongly marked features, a profusion of sandy hair, and an expression of mingled good-nature and determination. He had had to fight his own way in life since he was twelve years old, but the battle though a tough one, has never made him forgetful of the sufferings of others.

"I wonder, Norah, how long Miss Mint means to keep this up?"

"Kape what up, ma'am?"

"Why, lying in bed this way, and to be waited on like a lady. I don't doubt she's as well as I am."

"Well, I guess you wouldn't say so, if you was to see her. She can't speak above a whisper, and is as white as the wall. As for 'waiting on,' it's not much she gets off of, poor thing, for Bridget and I have our hands full already."

"What's the matter with her?" spoke out Caleb, from the corner where he sat reading a newspaper. He had been away for three days, and only returned the night before.

"Sakes alive! Mr. Darley, are you there?" said Mrs. Starkweather, a little startled. "I never saw you. What's the matter with Miss Mint, did you say? Oh, she's got a bad cold, and so have I. But I can't go to bed, for all that."

"Is she very ill, Norah?" asked Caleb, as his landlady flounced out of the room in quest of something.

"Indeed, sir, you'd think so if you saw her," said Norah, lowering her voice, that her mistress might not hear. "It's my belief the poor thing won't get over it. Her lungs and throat is that sore she can scarcely breathe; and her room is cold as all out doors, and the water a lump of ice in her pitcher this morning. I do my best for her,

but it's a shame the way Miss Starkweather treats her—she's no more feelin' than my shoe!"

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting so for your breakfast, Mr. Darley," said Mrs. Starkweather, re-entering. She was generally very gracious to Caleb—he always paid her promptly, never complained of his meals, and gave her very little trouble in any way.

"Do you know if poor little Miss Mint has any friends or relatives anywhere, Mrs. Starkweather?" asked Caleb, ignoring her remark.

"No, I don't," said the widow, a little snappishly. Then, in a bantering tone, which ill-concealed spiteful feeling— "You and she seem to have grown to be great friends these last three months, Mr. Darley."

"The poor young lady seems to need friends," said Caleb coldly. Then, altering his voice a little— "You are the most suitable person to befriend her, Mrs. Starkweather, and I am sure you will."

"Well, sir, I do my best, but you must remember—"

"See that she has a comfortable room, and a fire; and a doctor, and all the care she needs," said Darley, cutting her short, and putting a roll of bills into her hands. "Say nothing about this to her, remember!" with emphasis. "I don't wish my name mentioned."

"Well, sir, you're a generous man, I must say," said Mrs. Starkweather, as she turned away. But her inward comment was— "The great fool! to throw his money away on this miserable little Miss Mint, when the overcoat he's wearing don't look fit to go out in the street with! But it's all one to me!" smiling to herself, as she reflected that the result would certainly be some money in her own pocket.

"Well, how is Miss Mint?" she said, entering the poor girl's room, an hour later. Ellen turned her head feebly, too weak to show the surprise she felt. "How are you?" repeated Mrs. Starkweather, trying to twist her acid face into a gracious smile as she took the thin hand in hers.

"Pretty weak," whispered Ellen, faintly.

"Well, this won't do, I see. We must have you down stairs, where you'll be comfortable. Is the bed all ready, Norah, and have you made the fire?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, do you think you can walk, with my help and Norah's?" said Mrs. Starkweather. "But you must let me help you on with this wrapper first."

Ellen looked at her with a strange mingling of anxiety, gratitude and distrust in her eyes. She scarcely knew what to make of this unforseen kindness, but she was faint, sick almost "unto death," and could not feel welcoming it. Yet she managed to gasp out:—"You know how it is with me; I gave you all the money I had last night. You had better send me to the hospital."

"Nonsense of hospitals!" said Mrs. Starkweather, as she put back a stray lock from Ellen's face. "We're not going to serve you in that way. Don't say another word about it. All you must think about now is to get well."

A tear trickled down Ellen's cheek. "If I get well, your kindness shall not—I will sew for you—anything." Her voice died away.

The quick thought darted through Mrs. Starkweather's mind that there was a splendid chance to get her brown merino made over free from charge. But she said aloud— "Now don't say another word. You don't s'pose I'm so hard-hearted as not to feel for you when you're sick, do you? Here, Norah, raise her up, and we'll put this wrapper on her. We mean to take good care of you, and get you well again, my dear."

"Th' old crocodile," said Norah, indignantly, to Bridget, when she found herself in the kitchen again. "To see her plaverrin over the poor thing as if she was the best friend she'd got! Hospital, indeed. Only last night she talked of sendin' her there herself; and she'd be there before the day is out only for Mr. Caleb. He's a good young man, and kind-hearted; there's not many like him, I can tell you."

"Miss Ellen, Mr. Darley sends his regards to you, and would you like to take a little ride? He's got a couple of hours to spare, and you know the doctor said it would do you good to go out to-day."

"Yes, I would like to very much," said Ellen, her eyes lighting up with pleasure. "Tell Mr. Darley I'm much obliged to him. How soon must I be ready?"

Norah returned with the message that she must be ready in twenty minutes, and made haste to bring Ellen's wrappings, and help her on with them.

"There!" said Ellen suddenly; "I promised to rip Mrs. Starkweather's dress to-day."

"Bother Mrs. Starkweather's dress!" said Norah, indignantly.

"Oh, Norah, think how very kind she's been to me! Will you please bring it after I get back—"

But Norah could bear this no longer. "No, Miss Ellen, I won't. It passes my patience—to have that scaly old cretur get the credit of everything. It's Mr. Caleb, bless him! that's done everything for you, just as if he were your brother."

Ellen turned red and pale, alternately. "Norah, what do you mean?"—in a trembling voice.

Then Norah told her everything, though begging her not to speak of it to "Mr. Caleb." "For he'd be fit to kill me, ma'am."

But Ellen would make no promises. "I'm glad you told me, Norah"—in the same tremulous voice. "I think I might move up stairs again," she added, "I am so much better."

"Indeed you won't, and get a collapse, perhaps," said Norah, sharply. "There's

Mr. Caleb!"—as there came a rap at the door.

Caleb took Ellen to the Park, where he drove about for some time. It was a beautiful spring day; the sun was shining, the grass and infant foliage of the trees so fresh and green.

"Well, Miss Ellen, you are getting a little color into those pale cheeks," said Caleb, breaking the long silence. "You don't know how I've missed you"—with a tender glance into the downcast face beside him. Ellen's lip trembled, and in a minute more a tear rolled down. She tried to speak, but could not.

"Ellen, what is the matter?" said Caleb, taking her hand.

Then Ellen sobbed out—"Oh, I can't bear it! I've just found out all you have been doing for me, and how kind you've been, and I can't bear it! How can I ever repay"—her voice was choked.

"Dear Ellen, shall I tell you how? Say 'yes' to a question I've longed to ask you these three weeks, and you will make me the happiest man in the world."

Ellen looked up, bewildered, and met Caleb's tender, questioning gaze. She crimsoned to the temples.

"Will you be my wife, Ellen, and shall we set up our 'ain fireside' together?"

"Do you really care so much for me as that?" said Ellen, with a laugh that was half a sob. "And what will your relatives say to your marrying a poor little reporter?"

"Relatives! I have no very near ones, and should please myself if I had. Come, Ellen, will you have me? I can't promise you a very pleasant future; I'm a poor hard-working dog, and expect to be to the end of my days. A strong arm to serve you—that's all I can offer you, Ellen dear."

"All!" said Ellen, and laid her little hand in his.

"Thank God!" said Caleb, fervently. "We'll join hands, and swim the stream of life together."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT. — "Nearly all of the ornaments in this room have a story attached to them," I said to a friend, as she was admiring an exquisite little bust of Charles Dickens, that stood on top of one of the book-cases in my library.

"O! one sunny day last autumn, a little Italian boy came along to my door, with a basket of plaster of Paris wares on his head. They were very pretty, and the children almost went wild over them, as country children always do over any unusual display.

"You have no bust of Dickens?" said I, to the little fellow, after I had looked over the articles, and had bought a lovely vase.

"Dickens?" he said, in his funny, broken English, looking puzzled at first; but presently a smile broke over his fair, bronzed face, as he went on, "Dickens' busto, writes stories—little Nell—no. 'Snow come' I bring him from there. Snow all go away, I come again; then I bring Dickens, lady."

"We were preparing grapes for preserving, and when Minnie gave him a nice, large bunch, which, running into the garden she had picked from the trellis purposely for him, and I had given him a few pleasant words, the gratification he showed was touching to see.

"Le sono infinitamente obligato," as we might say, 'I am ever so much obliged to you,' he said, the tears glistening in his shining black eyes. 'God bless ladies!' he continued, bowing and smiling, and turning around to bow again as he passed out of the yard. We spoke of him several times during the winter, and planned idly, as we then thought, where our prospective bust of the great story-teller should be placed. One pleasant morning in May, as I was assisting John in getting my flower-beds ready for the bulbs and seeds, I heard the latch in the dooryard gate rattle, and turning around, saw it was another plaster of Paris vender coming up the walk, smiling pleasantly as he placed his long tray of busts and vases upon the ground.

"My thoughts immediately flew to the little Italian boy who had called the autumn previous, and seemed so grateful for the bunch of grapes my sister had given him, and had promised us to bring the bust of Dickens. But this young Italian man was not the same person; he resembled him very much, but he was a good deal older.

"I had bring ze bust of Dickens to ze lady," he said, bowing, as I approached him.

"But you are not the one who was told to bring it?"

"No, no, lady," he replied, very sadly; "he was my brother. He now in Heaven. He died it was so cold. But he say many times, 'Some day ze cold snow go away, and I sal carry ze busto of Dickens to ze lady where ze grapes grow.' But he died, and I had come to carry it."

"How did you find the place?" we asked as we brushed away the tears we could not suppress at the touching little recital.

"Oh, he told me, my brother, to come by ze church wize ze clock, and ze yellow house, and I sal come to ze house wize many grapes—vine—one in ze apple tree, wize ze seat under it."

"How much shall I pay you for the Dickens?" I asked as I handed the bust to my sister, and started to go for my portemonnaie.

"Notting, notting, you speak so kind to my little brodder, and she," pointing to my sister, "did gif him ze sweet grapes, and he was so tired and homesick—and he come not again; oh, I sal now go!" And the poor Italian, with the tears streaming down his olive cheeks, hurriedly turned away. Before we could speak a word of comfort to him he had replaced the tray upon his head and trudged along alone with his grief.—*Youth's Companion.*

There were a couple of hanging shelves on the wall, of which only the upper one, with her work basket on it, was visible; a green and white calico curtain hid the rest. This was her cupboard.

But we return to Miss Mint herself, who is down stairs and out of the door by this time. She is a quick walker and in a few moments finds herself at the entrance to the church, already besieged by an anxious crowd, who are kept in check by the ushers and a couple of policemen. Miss Mint does not attempt to press in here; she slips round the corner by a side door, and an usher, who knows her by this time, plants a chair for her at no great distance from the pulpit. She sinks mechanically into it, and sits in a sort of stupor for a while—the change from her dark chilly room to this warmth and dazle of light makes her head swim and her heart tremble. But her nerves are naturally strong and steady, and she soon rouses herself, determined not to give way to a weakness she had never felt before, and which for a moment filled her with dismay.

The grand voice of the organ echoes through the church, and Ellen, who loves music, is soon absorbed in listening, and feeling for a time uplifted above the cares and sorrows of this world. The music and the prayers are the richest part of the service to her; in reporting the sermon she has to follow every word so closely that it takes away the enjoyment of listening.

Caleb Darley, seated among the other reporters, catches a glimpse of her, and after that his keen eyes wander in that direction pretty often. There is a mingling of pity and interest in his glance—he is a large-hearted, chivalrous sort of a fellow, all the more ready to befriend a woman because she is lonely and unprotected.

The services were over, and little Miss Mint, slipping her note-book and pencil into her pocket, threaded her way through the crowd to the side door.

"Good evening, Miss Mint," said a voice at her elbow as she stepped out into the fresh air.

Ellen started and looked up. "Oh good-evening, Mr. Darley," she said, a little confusedly, as she recognized him.

"Will you take my arm?" said Caleb, offering it in such a matter-of-fact way that Ellen complied at once, though feeling more embarrassed than pleased by the attention.

"I see that you are in my line of business, Miss Mint," said Caleb, pleasantly, as they left the crowded street for one that led to their boarding-house. Ellen smiled a little; and he went on, with a kindness of manner that made you pardon his bluntness: "And how do you like the life? Excuse me if I'm rude, but I can't help taking an interest in a fellow laborer, you know."

"You are very kind," said Ellen, simply. "As for the life, I try to like it, because there's nothing else I can do. I've tried to find sewing to do; but it was of no use. I'm sure I'm thankful there is a way I can earn my bread. Wasn't the music beautiful to-night, Mr. Darley?"—anxious to change the subject.

"Yes," said Caleb, rather absently, for his heart was full of pity for the little creature beside him, and he was already debating in his mind various plans for her relief.

"What a chill there is in the air to-night!" he said, raising himself. His overcoat was hardly a protection, and he thought, with dismay, how his companion must be shivering under her thin shawl.

"Well, here we are, Miss Mint. I must be off to the office. Sit by the fire till you are thoroughly warm, and tell our landlady to make you something hot and comforting. I see you have a cold coming on."

"Thank you, Mr. Darley; you are quite a doctor," laughed Ellen. "I hope it has not taken you out of your way coming home with me."

"Oh, it won't take me ten minutes to walk to the office," said Caleb. "Good night, Miss Mint," and he walked briskly away.

Caleb Darley was between thirty-seven and thirty-eight—a big broad shouldered giant of a man, with strongly marked features, a profusion of sandy hair, and an expression of mingled good-nature and determination. He had had to fight his own way in life since he was twelve years old, but the battle though a tough one, has never made him forgetful of the sufferings of others.

"I wonder, Norah, how long Miss Mint means to keep this up?"

"Kape what up, ma'am?"

"Why, lying in bed this way, and to be waited on like a lady. I don't doubt she's as well as I am."

"Well, I guess you wouldn't say so, if you was to see her. She can't speak above a whisper, and is as white as the wall. As for 'waiting on,' it's not much she gets off of, poor thing, for Bridget and I have our hands full already."

"What's the matter with her?" spoke out Caleb, from the corner where he sat reading a newspaper. He had been away for three days, and only returned the night before.

"Sakes alive! Mr. Darley, are you there?" said Mrs. Starkweather, a little startled. "I never saw you. What's the matter with Miss Mint, did you say? Oh, she's got a bad cold, and so have I. But I can't go to bed, for all that."

"Is she very ill, Norah?" asked Caleb, as his landlady flounced out of the room in quest of something.

"Indeed, sir, you'd think so if you saw her," said Norah, lowering her voice, that her mistress might not hear. "It's my belief the poor thing won't get over it. Her lungs and throat is that sore she can scarcely breathe; and her room is cold as all out doors, and the water a lump of ice in her pitcher this morning. I do my best for her,

but it's a shame the way



## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

## INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisement	Page	Col.	No.
Administrators Notice	3	2	9
Dr. Sanford	3	2	10
Daniel Adee	3	2	11
G. S. Dodge	3	2	12
G. P. Rowell & Co.	3	2	13
Hosie To Let	3	2	14
J. B. McDonald	3	2	15
J. W. Turner	3	2	16
Levi	3	2	17
Mortgage Sale—Wheeler	3	2	18
—Woodside	3	2	19
O. Dison	3	2	20
Vegetable	3	2	21
Weeks & Potter	3	2	22
W. W. Hill	3	2	23

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

As to the late Southern outrages the President says that previous to the recent Congressional elections, "all disturbing influences, real or imaginary, had been removed from all of these States," as if one should put a cat and mouse together and then say "Stand off. Give them both fair play. Give the cat a full chance to show her magnanimity, her chivalry of soul." The President expresses his purpose to do all in his power to bring the offenders to justice, and he is "unwilling," he says, "to forego a renewed appeal to the legislatures, the courts, the executive authorities and the people of the States where these wrongs have been perpetrated," to assist him in the matter. Will the cat assist in the good work of bringing herself to justice? Or, perhaps the mouse is to take the matter in hand. The President urges the vital importance, to the whole country, of fair Congressional elections in every district.

The report of Secretary Sherman is reviewed, from which it appears, that for the year ending June 30, 1878, there was a surplus revenue, over expenditures, of more than \$200,000. The reduction of the public debt since 1862 has been over \$202,000,000, in excess of what the sinking fund act required. For the year ending Nov. 1, 1878, the debt has been reduced over \$23,000,000. The sale of the 4 per cent. bonds during the year, has been large, \$100,270,900. The Secretary wants to bring the 4 per cent. bonds within reach of those who have only small sums to invest, and hence he recommends that amounts as small as \$10 be received and certificates bearing 3.65 per cent interest be given in return, which certificates shall be exchangeable within one year after their issue, for the 4 per cent. bonds. As to the silver question, about \$19,800,000 has been coined, less than \$5,000,000 of which are in circulation. The Secretary has done his best to give the measure a fair trial. He expects that redemption will take place at the appointed time, and that it will be successfully and easily maintained, and with good results.

The report of the Secretary of War, the President says, shows that the army has been well and economically managed, and that it is in excellent condition. The expenses of the Navy Department, for the year, have been about \$13,000,000—less than for the previous year.

In the Postal Service the excess of expenditures over receipts for the year ending June 30, 1878, is about \$4,500,000. The Postmaster-General inquires whether the Department should be made self-sustaining by a reduction of expenses or an increase of revenue. The Postal Union, established by the International Postal Congress, will comprise by next April, forty-three countries and colonies, with a population of more than six hundred and fifty millions of people; and it will soon be, in fact as well as name, a universal union.

In Indian affairs all has been peaceful, except two local disturbances. The Secretary of the Interior and of War, unite in recommending the organization of a corps of mounted "Indian auxiliaries," which shall aid the army in keeping the Indians in order. The idea is to give the Indian young men congenial employment, and so weaken the restless element among the Indians. The President approves of peaceful measures as far as possible, in dealing with the Indians. He says there is a steadily increasing desire among the Indians of the wilder tribes, to have their children educated. Reference is made to the experiment of Captain Pratt (recently of St. Augustine, Fla.) who took fifty Indian children, boys and girls, from different tribes, to the Hampton Normal Agricultural Institute in Virginia. It is said that Captain Pratt could have brought thousands of young Indians with him if provision had been made for them.

The President extols Agriculture in which, he says, about one-half of our population are engaged. Our foreign relations continue peaceful. Our country was finely represented at the Paris Exposition. At the international conference held in Paris, no common ratio between gold and silver could be agreed upon. The Halifax award of \$5,000,000 was paid by the President, but under protest, because the two governments had failed to agree. A revision of the commercial treaty with Japan is under favorable consideration, on the request of that country. A permanent Chinese legation has been established at Washington. Our relations with Mexico are more friendly. The border incursions along the Rio Grande are more energetically by United States troops on our side of the river, and it is said, also by Mexican troops on the other side. An international exhibition in Mexico, is proposed for next year, which it is hoped will unite the two countries more closely in friendly and commercial intercourse. Some advance has been made in our intercourse with South American countries.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—Hereafter the Boston & Lowell, Lawrence & Boston, Lowell & Lawrence, Salem & Lowell and Middlesex Central railroads and branches will be managed and operated by the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation, with the following staff of officers: William M. Parker, superintendent; J. S. Lincoln, general ticket agent; Charles E. A. Bartlett, treasurer and cashier.

## TOWN MEETING.

A Town meeting was held in Lyceum Hall on Tuesday, at 4 P. M. About a hundred persons were present. The Town Clerk called the meeting to order, and Mr. E. W. Hudson was chosen Moderator.

Article 2. To see if the Town will appropriate an additional sum of money for Highways, New Roads and sidewalks, or do anything in relation to the same.

Mr. Wm. B. Harris moved that the article be dismissed without discussion. Mr. L. Thompson Jr., called for his reasons.

Mr. Mark Allen said that a law was made about two years ago whereby no Article of a Town Warrant could be dismissed without the reasons of those interested in its success, being given. Mr. Harris talked with much vehemence about the cruelty and uselessness of sending out men to pick at the frosty ground in severe winter weather. It breaks the tools and half freezes the men. Mr. L. Thompson Jr., explained that the regular appropriation was already used for repairing old streets and building five new ones. The steep road from Frye's mill to East Woburn centre should be graded. The East Woburn people demand it, and it would cost only from \$500 to \$1,000. If we do not attend to it the County Commissioners will be petitioned by the Reading people to run a new and shorter road from Frye's mill, straight across the Abajona River. 100 rods in distance would be saved, but the bridging of the river would require high abutments and there would be some deep cuts which would roll up a bill of \$50,000. We can take our choice of the two horns of the dilemma.

The new road from the junction of Merrimack and New Boston streets requires completion. Mr. Harris said he was sorry to hear the roads are in so poor a condition after the Selectmen had had all summer to work in. The Clerk now read, by request, Rule 6th which provides that no Article of a Town warrant shall be dismissed before it was discussed. Mr. L. Thompson, Jr., moved that \$3,000 be appropriated for repairs of highways and sidewalks, and laid out under the direction of the Selectmen.

Mr. John Johnson thought there was no reason in spending \$3,000 in that way this winter. Mr. Harris said he had supposed that all money needed by the Selectmen for 1878 had been granted long ago. It is unreasonable. Our expenses have been too much during the past years. I am willing to pay my taxes but not to pay for building roads besides. Mr. L. Thompson, Jr., said that \$7,000 had been already spent on Mr. Harris' own road and he ought to be willing that other roads which need it should have their roads attended to. Mr. Harris answered that \$5,000 would have done that \$7,000 job on his road. Mr. L. L. Whitney thought that doubtless the Selectmen had well considered the \$3,000 appropriation, and he for one, was willing to trust the matter in their hands. He thought the roads should be well cared for through the winter. As to breaking out the roads in winter rich people can get along very well because they keep their carriages, but the poor need and appreciate good clear sidewalks. The motion was carried.

Article 3. To see if the town will authorize their Treasurer to refund to Mrs. Anne R. Randall \$136.00 (thirteen dollars and six pence) paid in 1877 on personal property, the same being in Savings Bank, or do anything in relation to the same.

Mr. T. H. Hill moved that the Town Treasurer be authorized to refund the amount subject to any reductions for discount which she may have received. The motion was carried.

Article 4. To see if the Town will authorize the numbering of Montvale Avenue, or do anything in relation to the same.

Mr. L. L. Whitney moved that the Selectmen be authorized to number the Avenue. Carried.

Article 5. To hear and act on the report of the Selectmen on the laying out of and completion of new street from School street and New Boston street, to last of Boston, Lowell and Nashua R. R. Co., as a public town way.

The report in question was read by the Clerk. Mr. A. E. Thompson moved that it be accepted and adopted. Carried.

Article 6. To see if the Town will appropriate a sum of money for outside relief, to meet deficiency of payment of bills due from other towns, cities and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or do anything in relation to the same.

Mr. J. I. Munroe moved that the town appropriate a sum not exceeding \$1,500, and that the Town Treasurer be authorized to hire the same to be expended under directions of the Selectmen. A discussion followed which evinced a general misunderstanding of the exact meaning of the Article. The moderator said that he understood it to be in anticipation of money due this Town from other towns and from the State. Mr. E. Thompson wanted to know whether, when calling for the appropriations last Spring the Selectmen anticipated a deficiency in the Fall. Col. W. T. Grammer expressed ignorance of the precise meaning of the Article and inquired whether this call for more money was in anticipation of a reimbursement from other towns and from the Commonwealth, or whether the money was really needed to make up deficiencies. Mr. A. E. Thompson said that the amounts returned from the State could never be exactly counted upon. Mr. J. I. Munroe said that outside relief was a matter which no one could forecast. The Article was voted upon and passed. The meeting then adjourned.

REMOVAL.—The Woburn Dispensary removed on Thursday to 211 Main street, nearly opposite the old rooms, and over Kelley's shoe store. There will be two good sized rooms, the front one for men, and the one back of it for women; a third smaller room, will be partitioned off for private consultations. In the women's apartment is a fixed marble wash stand, with water pipes attached. Carpentry and painting is in progress there and will make the rooms both pleasant and convenient. The women patients can enter by a back stairway and separate door, thus securing to themselves all desirable privacy. A key to the rooms of the Dispensary is kept at police headquarters ready for use at all times day or night. Since the Dispensary opened, July 5, and up to Dec. 1, 482 cases have been treated by Dr. Bartlett. This enterprise is a private affair, supported by the contributions of individuals, and we understand that there is more help needed financially, to enable the Doctor to make the Dispensary all that it should be.

ACCIDENT.—At the Cummings School, on Wednesday, Minnie Stearns fell down on the cement in the cellar and fainted away. A hack was sent for and she was carried to her home on East St.

Y. M. C. A.—The first regular meeting of the Woburn Young Men's Christian Association was held on Monday evening, in the vestry of the Congregational church. The question of hiring a room was discussed, and the Finance Committee were directed to solicit or appoint persons to solicit contributions sufficient for securing a room for one year, and for furnishing the same. The question of engaging space in the weekly papers for the regular use of the Association was referred to the Board of Directors. President Palmer recommended that the different Committees meet, plan out their work, and engage in it as soon as possible. The following are the standing committees:

**Directors.**—E. E. Thompson, G. F. Fosdick, J. Henry Symonds, W. H. McCarthy, Thomas Wilson.

**Finance.**—James Given, L. W. Fowle, C. A. Jones, John L. Parker, Charles A. Sweetser.

**Churches.**—Frank Greyden, Frederic A. Flint, William Dobson, John Given, Frank W. Gleason.

**Devotional Meetings.**—C. Willard Smith, J. Henry Symonds, Frank W. Gleason, Thomas Hartz, W. W. Hill.

**Missionary Work.**—G. W. Holland, T. T. Long, Elmore Nichols, Charles A. March, J. P. Barrett.

**Employment.**—G. W. Pollock, J. B. McDonald, W. E. Clarke.

**Sick.**—S. H. Cochran, Charles F. Hayes, James Cowdry, Brainerd Barnum.

**Music.**—Jonas P. Barrett, James M. Kimball, Henry W. Johnson.

**BAPTIST CHURCH.**—The monthly concert of prayer for foreign missions, was held on Sabbath evening, in the lecture room of the Baptist Church, and was unusually interesting, the services consisting chiefly of thanksgiving and congratulatory remarks for the wonderful work of grace and salvation in connection with the Telvogo Mission, India. Missionary intelligence was read by several persons, remarks were made by the Pastor, and a thanksgiving taken for the Missionary Union. The audience present seemed deeply interested in the attractive and inspiring services. Rev. E. Mills, the pastor, closed a course of eight sermons on the "Beatitudes of Christ," last Sabbath afternoon, and by request, commenced to re-deliver a course on "Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress," next Sabbath afternoon.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. Abner Rice, who is remembered by old residents as a former principal of Warren Academy, was in Woburn this week. Mr. Rice, after leaving Woburn taught school in Natick, and for the past twenty years has been principal of the High School in Lee, where he is much esteemed.

Mr. George P. Mayhew, formerly connected with the Journal is in town. Bro. Mayhew is no longer tied to the treadmill of journalism, and the change seems to have improved him in body and estate.

Hon. John Cummings and E. D. Hayden, Esq., have returned from their shooting expedition, well pleased with their luck.

Rev. F. H. Allen has been engaged to supply the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, New Boston, N. H., and leaves town to-day for his new field of labor.

**MASONIC ELECTION.**—The following officers were re-elected on Wednesday evening: C. A. Jones, W. M.; C. A. Sweetser, S. W.; S. W. Trull, J. W.; S. Horton, Secretary; F. B. Dodge, Treasurer.

At the annual election of Woburn Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, Nov. 27th, the following were re-elected officers for the ensuing year:—Nathan J. Simonds, M. E. H. Priest; Fred A. Flint, E. King; D. Webster Wight, E. Scribe; Horace Collamore, Treasurer; Sparrow Horton, Sec.

**MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.**—A meeting of this association was held on Tuesday evening in the vestry of the Congregational Church. There was some debate as to whether to continue the organization for another year. It was decided to leave the matter in the hands of the Directors, who are to report at the next meeting, on Monday evening. Efforts will probably be made to obtain the services of a superior musical director.

**SIGHT FIRE.**—On Friday evening of last week, some lamproquin curtains caught fire from a gas jet in Mr. Benjamin Champney's house. A strong draught of air coming through an open window, blew the flame and the curtains together. Mr. Champney fortunately heard the roaring noise made by the flames, ran in and tore down the blazing material. A slight delay would have been serious.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Mr. J. W. Turner, a former resident of Woburn, has just remodelled and refitted his photograph rooms, at No. 6 Winter street, Boston, where he will be happy to meet his old Woburn friends and give them as good photographs as in former days. Mr. Turner has done some very good work in his line. See advertisement.

**THROWS OUT.**—On Tuesday morning, as Mr. J. B. Sawtelle was turning his horse from Winn into Main street, the seat of the wagon slipped down at one end, throwing him out. Unfortunately his feet caught in the reins and he was dragged a short distance, bruising his face.

**SELECTMEN.**—Regular monthly meeting. All present but Cummings. Permission granted to Mattie Colby to appear in the Star Course. A 6th class license was granted F. B. Campbell. Usual bills passed.

**FAIR AND FESTIVAL.**—There will be a fair and festival by the Ladies of Trinity Church, at Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evening next, Dec. 11. Sale of useful and fancy articles; chicken pie supper, ice cream, &c., for benefit of the church.

**Choice grades of coal now on hand at J. I. Munroe & Co's. Please give them a trial before purchasing. Also, all kinds of builders' materials in stock.**

**FIRE.**—A disastrous fire occurred Friday morning at the stock farm of A. B. Winship, on Winn street, Burlington. Mr. Winship was awakened by the crackling of the fire about 2 o'clock. He worked in the smoke and heat entirely alone for a time, and succeeded in saving six horses, two carriages, and a mowing machine. One horse, valued at \$1,000, owned by Boston parties, and a cow, were too far in for him to rescue them, and they were burned. The alarm was given in Cummingsville very soon, and Hose 3 responded in good season. No hydrants being in the vicinity, the Steamer was set to work at the brook back of the barn, and put two streams on the fire. On the arrival of Hose 2 and 5 a line was laid across the field to a hydrant on Sheridan street, the line being 200 feet in length. The house was saved, owing to the fact that the wind was west. Besides the horse and cow, two pigs, about one hundred hens, forty or more tons of hay, and a large quantity of farm tools were burned. The fire, Mr. Winship thinks, started in the middle barn, which was well filled with hay and straw. The wind being west, carried the flames and dense smoke into the upper barn, where the stock was kept, the horses and cows on the upper floor, the hens and pigs beneath. Hence the difficulty of rescuing any animals was great. Two horses with one exception, were boarded horses. Mr. Winship was so affected by the smoke that after it was all over he could hardly speak above a whisper. There was an insurance of about \$2,500 on the barns, \$1,250 of which was in the Insurance Company of North America. Mr. Winship on a hasty estimate puts the loss at \$1000 on hay and tools, \$3,000 on the buildings, and about \$5,000 he thinks would barely cover the loss.

The Hose 3 met with a slight accident. While driving rapidly through a burning shed with the hose paying out, some one stopped the horse. The sudden stoppage forced the hose back upon the rear box of the carriage tearing off the cover.

W. H. S. G. A.—A new departure is to be made by the Woburn High School Graduates Association, on next Tuesday evening. It has been thought best to endeavor to cultivate the social element among the members, and to this end, a general meeting has been called, at which those who have been in the habit of meeting each other from week to week, but who are, nevertheless, strangers, on account of certain hobbies of etiquette, can be made acquainted. The Hall will assume a somewhat home-like appearance, social singing, and music will be indulged in without form or ceremony, and the evening will be spent in social conversation, and home amusements.

G. A. R.—Post 33 was visited on Thursday evening by delegations from Post 57 of Cambridge, and 75 of Stoneham, and were inspected by Commander Howard, of the former. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—A. L. Richardson, commander; T. Marvin Parker, S. V. C.; B. F. Story, J. V. E.; N. Z. Tabor, Q. M.; Joseph Johnson, Surgeon; Rev. J. H. Mason, Chaplain; J. W. Field, O. of D.; J. H. Canton, O. of G.; T. H. Hill, A. P. Barrett, Delegates to the Department Convention; C. K. Conn, B. F. Smith, alternates.

**POLICE COURT.**—James Mallowney, drunk, committed for non payment of fine. James Farrell, drunk, second offence, \$5 and costs. Catherine Farrell, common drunkard, committed to the Reformatory Prison for women, for one year. John Keating, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. John Shehan, disturbing the peace, paid \$10 fine and recognized in the sum of \$100 bail to keep the peace for six months. Daniel McDermott, assault and battery, placed on file on payment of costs.

**A RELIC.**—Mr. Dickson has on exhibition at his hardware store, a brass pistol which was exhumed some time last year at Dorchester. The barrel is of brass, of heavy bore and flaring at the muzzle, the handle delicately inlaid with silver tracery, a flint lock, and most curious of all, a small bayonet, which, when not in use, can be turned back under the barrel.

**APRON SALE AND SUPPER.**—The ladies of the Baptist Society hold their annual supper and sale in the Baptist vestry, on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week. We can safely predict a very social time, a good supper, an attractive display of fancy articles, and satisfactory concerts under Mr. Bancroft's direction.

**A PARTICULARLY FINE PROGRAMME** has been arranged for the concert to be given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club next Wednesday evening. It will prove a great musical treat to all who attend. Such talent will surely fill the hall.

**SURPRISE PARTY.**—A large party of friends of John D. Gilman surprised him at his home on Montvale Avenue, Thursday evening. Friends from Boston and Somerville were present. Capt. E. F. Weyer presented an elegant ice pitcher in behalf of the company.

**OUR MUSICAL PEOPLE** are not likely to forget that the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, the finest organization of its kind in the country, appear at Lyceum Hall next Wednesday evening.

**RUNAWAY.**—On Thursday while Cyrus Cummings, Jr., was harnessing his horse into the wagon she broke from the shafts and ran through Green, Prospect, and High streets as far as Main street, where she was stopped by George Lord.

**OVERCOATS.**—Cushing & Buck are selling overcoats at prices that can not help supplying the popular demand for such a garment. Try the "Argosy" suspender and the "Comromise" underclothing which they advertise in another column.

**BAPTIST SOCIABLE.**—A large number of the friends of Mr. & Mrs. F. S. Burgess, were entertained at their residence, on Salem street, Thursday evening, a few pleasant hours were passed in social converse and music.

**THE RAILROAD SEPARATION.**—Manager Hosford, of the Boston & Lowell Railroad has stated to an interviewer that negotiations with the directors of the Nashua & Lowell road had failed in consequence of their refusal to accept the offer made by the Boston & Lowell corporation to lease their road for 99 years and pay them 64 per cent. per annum on their capital stock, and assume the leases of their branches, viz: the Wilton, Stony Brook and Peterboro roads, the latter a losing affair. This offer, Mr. Hosford said, would not be made for a few years' lease, as the Boston & Lowell corporation could not, in the present condition of the earnings of the roads, afford to pay it; but felt able to make such an offer from the prospect of an increased business in the future. The separation of the corporations Mr. Hosford regarded as unfortunate, and as likely to entail additional expense in operating them. "We are, that is, both our roads, only links in a main trunk line, and it is well known," said Mr. Hosford, "that the less these great arteries of commerce are hampered by the local management of their sections, and the nearer the approach is made to an undivided management of their whole lines, the better it will be for them and for the interests which they are created to serve. We, of course, regret the turn affairs have taken, but cannot promise more than we have offered. We have quite a system of branches to look after, among them the Middlesex Central road, which we are about to extend to the State Prison at Concord, where a junction can be made with the Nashua, Acton & Boston road, which would give us an independent line to Nashua, if we needed such a line for freight purposes."

Mr. F. A. Brooks, President of the Nashua & Lowell Railroad, on being asked about the cause of the separation of the two roads said:—"The pretence that an offer of 64 per cent. has been made to us is not correct. The facts are, that last spring, in view of the near termination of the existing contract between the roads, the Boston & Lowell directors offered to continue the arrangement, giving us 24 per cent. of the net earnings, instead of the 31 per cent. we had been receiving, and taking to themselves 76 per cent. This we at once declined. They then concluded that they would take a lease of our road for 99 years, paying us 64 per cent. on our capital stock of \$800,000, provided we give up certain claims for a rectification of an interest account, which had been created from the earnings of the Nashua & Lowell road being set off to pay a portion of the interest on cost of the depot building in Boston, and the Mystic River Railroad. During the six years in which the proportion of the Nashua & Lowell road's interest in these enterprises had been deducted from the gross amount to which it was entitled under the old contract—that is, it was held to pay its 31 per cent. of the interest on the cost—the sum of \$210,385 was taken from it, for which no equivalent of right of ownership in the enterprises named was given. Such an offer, coupled with such a condition, was no offer at all. It was rejected because it required our road to forego 25 per cent. of an amount equal to 25 per cent. of the capital stock, the interest on which, if lost, would reduce the offer of 64 per cent. to 5 per cent. per annum. In regard to our leased branches being losing concerns, they have not been more so in proportion to our share of the net earnings of the two lines, than the branches under lease to the Lowell road have been to its share. The Boston & Lowell corporation has some very unproductive leases—the Phillips wharf at Salem, for instance, which is of no appreciable benefit whatever. The branches of that road, and especially such enterprises as the one which aims at getting into Lawrence, are not all remunerative investments, and we have as much right to complain of their cost of operation as the Boston & Lowell people have to complain of that of our branches. Our running expenses will be increased undoubtedly; but then we shall save in not having to pay our proportion of the large salaries of a manager and his two superintendents—enough, I think, to compensate for such increase. Indeed, I do not see why we cannot render as good service as the road has been made to yield heretofore under the old management, and make it earn at least \$6.50 per annum on each share in the future, which, as I have shown, is more than the \$5 a share which the Boston & Lowell corporation offered us in reality, though they want to make it appear to be \$6.50 a share."

**MILITIA CHANGES.**—There has been a change in the Massachusetts Militia which is quite radical. The companies are formed in battalions of four, and a regiment consists of two or three battalions, with a major to each battalion. The Fifth Regiment will consist of two battalions, including the Charlestown Cadets, Co. A; Cambridge City Guards, Co. B; Claffin Light Guard, of Newton, Co. C; Boston Independent Fusiliers, Co. D; Lawrence Light Guard, of Medford, Co. E; Waltham Light Infantry, Co. F; Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Co. G; Charlestown City Guards, Co. H. There is a second major to be appointed.

**THIS IS ONLY THE SECOND WEEK** since the promise was made by G. W. Simmons & Son of Boston, to send 200,000 "Wide Awakes" to the children, but such a flood of letters has been received from all directions that it is now thought the whole supply will soon be exhausted. Read the advertisement in another column headed "Wide Awake at Oak Hall," and let your little ones wait their address to-day.

**THE CHURCHES.**—The monthly missionary concerts were held at the Congregational and Baptist Churches last Sunday evening. At the former church the Sunday School orchestra opened the exercises by playing that selection from Handel's "Saul" which begins: "Strike the cymbal; roll the timbrel." Reports from several missionary countries were given.

**Y. M. A.**—The Y. M. A. held their regular monthly meeting, on Tuesday evening last. There was a good attendance of its members, and a very interesting programme was rendered. They adjourned until Tuesday evening Dec 17, and all members are requested to be present. Young men who have not joined them are invited to do so.

**BURGALARIES.**—A bold and successful burglary was perpetrated at H. A. Emerson's coal office, last week, between Friday evening and Saturday morning. Mr. Emerson, on returning to his office, Saturday morning, found the windows open on the side toward the Depot, the room full of smoke, and the safe standing two feet out from its usual corner, open and empty. The outer leaf of the safe door was nearly torn off, and two drilled holes were to be seen in the middle, as if for the introduction of powder. Probably the effect of the explosion was followed up by the use of a powerful lever. Prying up this outer leaf would push in the bolts and open the safe, which fact the burglars were probably well aware of. The floor, near by, was blackened. Almost the entire contents of the safe were taken, \$150 in cash, insurance papers, checks, notes &c. The ledger books and some pictures were left. The desk was broken open also and some coppers which lay there were taken. The men entered by the front window is evident from the fact that the window catch is broken off. On Sunday a tin box which contained the papers, was discovered under the depot platform. The papers were intact, and an envelope containing \$50, was found among them, it having escaped the eyes of the burglars. This "rebate" makes Mr. Emerson's loss only \$100.

The same night entrance was made to the depot, but nothing was taken.

On the night of Oct. 30, Mrs. Mary C. Cordeiro, housekeeper in charge of Mr. Sonnel's house, discovered a man in the house in the act of taking some clothing from the sofa. She raised an alarm and the burglar escaped. Recently she recognized Valentine Sargent, a man employed in the neighborhood, as the burglar, and he was arrested, and on Monday, held in \$500 bail.

Some time the past month, the vacant house of James A. Magee, on the corner of Pond and Chestnut streets, has been entered and mattresses, pillows &c., taken. On Thanksgiving day, some boys were chasing a squirrel in the woods near by, when they found three pillows and a bolster, which were part of the stuff taken from Mr. Magee's house.

**REFORM CLUB.**—The following officers have been elected in the Winchester Reform Club:—President, John R. Cobb; Vice Presidents, Henry Wilson, Edward Robinson, John Heminway; Treasurer, A. E. Rowe; Secretary, S. C. Small; F. S. C. E. Kendall; Steward, William Doten; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Stoddard; Marshals, J. D. Sharon, Paul Racine.

**WILLIAM F. SPICER.**—Commander Wm. F. Spicer, U. S. N., Commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yard, died at 5 o'clock Friday morning, in the 57th year of his age. His death was caused by a tumor in the chest, which has troubled him for a number of months. He was born in the city of New York, October 19, 1821, and was appointed as a midshipman June 21, 1839, serving on the west coast of Africa from August of that year until July, 1840. On July 2, 1845, he was promoted to be Passed Midshipman, and again went to the Western coast, where he served until 1847. After having been on duty on several home ports he was ordered to the Mediterranean squadron in September, 1852, and remained until February, 1855, being promoted to be master, June 28, 1853. His commission as Lieutenant was issued February 25, 1854. From October, 1856, to August, 1858, he was again attached to the Mediterranean squadron, and on his return home was ordered to the Charlestown Navy Yard, where he remained until the spring of 1860, when he joined the Niagara, serving in China, Japan and on the blockade, promoted to be Lieutenant Commander in 1862, he was again placed on duty at the Boston Station, his duty, however, being only from October, 1862, to February, 1863, when he was ordered to the Mediterranean, serving in that short interval. He was ordered to the Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and during his service here he participated in the action at Fort Fisher. In 1865 he was on special duty at Portsmouth Navy Yard, and was once more in Boston from 1869 to 1872, on equipment duty. On April 22, 1870, he was promoted to be Captain, and commanded the USS Albatross, a gunboat, on duty as a Commodore. From March, 1875, to July, 1876, he was in command of the rendezvous in Boston. His promotion to the rank of Commodore was made April 23, 1877. Of the 39 years and 6 months which Commander Spicer has spent in the service of the United States, over 20 years have been passed at sea, and 10 years on shore or other duty, the remainder of his time having been unemployed. His first duty as Commodore was performed at the Charlestown yard as Commandant. He was ordered there May 31, 1878, and reported for duty June 25. Soon after his arrival, he submitted to an operation for the removal of water from his chest. He experienced much relief at first, but gradually the old symptoms returned, and last week a second operation was performed. This time but about three points of water was removed, affording him but little relief from his sufferings. The water checked the free action of the heart and seriously affected his respiration, and for the past few days his death has been expected. Intelligence of his death was at once forwarded to the Navy Department at Washington, and Captain Huxton will be acting Commandant until the arrival of his successor. Commander Spicer was a man of excellent qualities and generous impulses, and his loss to the service at the Charlestown yard, during the past year, will be a great one. He experienced much relief at first, but gradually the old symptoms returned, and last week a second operation was performed. This time but about three points of water was removed, affording him but little relief from his sufferings. The water checked the free action of the heart and seriously affected his respiration, and for the past few days his death has been expected. Intelligence of his death was at once forwarded to the Navy Department at Washington, and Captain Huxton will be acting Commandant until the arrival of his successor. Commander Spicer was a man of excellent qualities and generous impulses, and his loss to the service at the Charlestown yard, during the past year, will be a great one.

**BETWEEN THE SEA.**—Mrs. Mary A. Liver-

more lectured on this subject at the Baptist church, last Saturday evening. The church was well filled. We give a few striking points of the lecture. American tourists are very welcome everywhere in Europe, because, like geese, they pluck well. There is a class of Americans who, when abroad, ape the French or English, and affect to despise the democratic institutions of their own country. Nothing pleases them so much as to be mistaken for English or French people. Nothing in European scenery surpasses what we have in our West. To go to Europe and not to go to Rome, is a great mistake. The excellent water used in Rome is brought by aqueducts which were built before the time of Christ, and the water supply of Rome is ten times greater than that of London. The pictures in St. Peter's are nearly all mosaics, and the stones used are of ten thousand different shades of color; \$35,000 are spent yearly for repairs in this church. The office of repairer of St. Peter's is considered so honorable that it is transmitted from father to son. The "prisoner of the Vatican" can go 124 miles without leaving the Vatican grounds. A Scapitlan talks all day and as long into the night as he can keep awake. In Naples everybody talks and nobody listens. The English in their own homes are the politest people in the world. Mrs. Livermore found herself, once at the London dress party and entirely unprepared for it. The hostess set about relieving her embarrassment,



camp of the Massachusetts veterans during the summer of 1879 feasible?" and if determined in the affirmative, preliminary arrangements will be next in order. The press of the State will confer a favor on the committee by giving the notice general circulation.

**THE SIEGE OF PARIS.**—We ask the attention of our readers to the mammoth cyclorama, "The Siege of Paris," now on exhibition at the corner of Columbus Avenue and Ferdinand St., Boston. It has won the warmest encomium of the press and public as the greatest work of art ever shown on this continent. It is an oil painting 400 feet round by 50 feet high, hung in a circle. So admirably realistic is the perspective that it requires a strong mental effort to dispossess the visitor of the idea that they are not standing on an actual hill, in the open air, looking over miles of surrounding country. On all sides are seen picturesque villages with river and streamlet, woods in autumnal foliage, rolling landscape, houses, cannon, uniformed men, camps, hospitals, ambulance and foraging wagons. A fierce hand to hand battle rages desperately in the foreground, while skirmishing lines are deployed over the field. Here the Prussian sharpshooters, here by a ruined wall, are picking off the concealed French. There clouds of smoke curling from the cannon's mouth and drifting in the wind, shows the great siege guns in fierce contact with the French forts. In the distance lies the grand city with its historical monuments and buildings, domes, spires, towers, bridges, parks and palaces. In the foreground, real effects are so blended with the painting, that there is no break in the continuity of the scene, and the illusion is thus rendered absolute and complete. A wonderfully executed masterpiece of Deshayes, the Assassin of the Archbishop of Paris and the hostages in the yard of the Prison La Roquette by the Commune, is also shown in the same exhibition. The Management have the entire building heated by steam and have fitted up elegant parlors for the comfort of their patrons. Historical descriptions of the pictures are given by an experienced lecturer every half hour, and there are Afternoon and Evening Courses by a Royal Military Band. The Exhibition is open daily from 8.30 A. M. to 10.30 P. M.—*Boston Daily Herald.*

**THIS WILL PAY.**—Many times the small cost will be returned to every person, in the country, or village, or city, who supplies himself and family with the plain, practical, reliable, useful, *paying* information given in the *American Agriculturist*. It was so named because started 37 years ago as a rural journal, but it is now greatly enlarged in size and scope, and profusely illustrated, so that it meets the wants of all classes—of cultivators of the smallest plots, or of the largest farms—of Housekeepers and Children—of owners of cattle, horses, sheep, and swine—of Fruit Growers, Florists, Builders, Mechanics, etc. From 600 to 800 original engravings in every volume, bring right to the eye and understanding, many useful, labor-saving and labor-saving contrivances, largely home-made, and for outdoor and indoor work; also plants, animals, constructions of dwellings, etc., etc. These numerous engravings make this journal greatly superior to every other one treating on the same subjects. The persistent, caustic exposures of humbugs and swindlers are of great value to all its readers. Over \$25,000 a year are expended in collecting useful and interesting information and engravings, the benefit of all which can be enjoyed at the reduced price of only \$1.50 a year, post-free; or four copies at \$1.25 each, or ten copies at \$1 each. A specimen copy, 10 cents. Try it a year. It will pay. Published by Orange Bird Co., 245 Broadway, New York. N. B.—A copy of Marshall's magnificent Steel Plate Engraving, "The Farmer's Pride," is delivered free to every subscriber of the *American Agriculturist* who sends 20 cents extra to cover cost of packing and postage.

**Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup** has been before the public for years, and is pronounced by thousands superior to all other medicines for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza and all Pulmonary Complaints.

**Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.**

Reflect that in every cemetery 1 of the silent tenants are the victims of neglected Coughs and colds; and if you are thus afflicted, avoid their fate by resorting at once to *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar*, an immediate, agreeable, and certain means of cure. Sold by Druggists. Fike's Footbath drops cure in 1 minute.

**Married.**  
In Quebec, Vt., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. George H. Cheney, Mr. Charles H. Boutwell, of Popper, Mass., and Miss Lucy E. Dutton, of Quebec, Vt.

**A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF,**  
**Stationery, Fancy Goods & Wallets,**  
—AT—  
**DODGE'S DRUG STORE,**  
105 Main Street, near Bank Block.

**Died.**  
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.  
In Winchester, Dec. 1st, Edmund Parker, aged 86 years, 8 months.  
In Woburn, Dec. 2nd, Mary, daughter of David and Mary Lynch, aged 8 years, 4 months, 15 days.

**For Sale and To Let.**  
**HOUSE TO LET** on Green Street. Inquire of H. E. Cochran, 42 Mt. Pleasant St. 217  
**TENEMENT TO LET** on Pleasant street. Inquire of A. V. Haynes. 204  
**HOUSE TO LET** on Mt. Pleasant Street, 8 rooms, Horn Pond Water and Stable. Inquire of D. G. Converse. 175  
**TO LET.**—A house, with stable and garden, on Pleasant St., Woburn, 11 rooms; gas and Horn Pond Water. Inquire of WILLIAM WYNN. 56  
**TWO ROOMS TO LET.**—At 211 Main Street. Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY. 123  
**TO LET.**—Rooms for housekeeping, or singly, inquire at 133 Main Street. 127

**Lost.**—November 23, a receipt book, with bank deposit book inside. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the Journal Office.

**Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.**  
To George H. Woodside, and to any and all other persons having or claiming to have interest in and to the hereinafter described premises.  
**PURSUANT** to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Joseph H. Parker to Benjamin T. H. Porter and William S. York, dated October 2, A. D. 1871, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., Lib. 189, fol. 457, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said Mortgage, on Tuesday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1878, at half past three o'clock, in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, containing fourteen thousand and eighteen square feet, situated on the northerly side of a private way called Spring Street, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake at the southerly corner of said premises, and thence the line runs westerly by and with said Spring Street, one hundred and forty-five feet and six inches to a stake; thence a little west of north by land formerly of George W. Allen, ninety-nine feet to a stake; thence easterly by and with the line of John G. Page, as the wall now stands, one hundred and forty-four feet to a stake; thence a little east of south by land formerly of said Allen, ninety-five feet to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed by said Allen to said Woodside, on or about the 1st day of October, 1869, and also being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption, of said George H. Woodside, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.  
PARKER L. CONVERSE,  
Assignee of said Mortgage.  
Wm. Wynn, Auctioneer.  
Woburn, December 7th, 1878. 220

## SUPPER, SALE, AND Musical Entertainment.

The Ladies of the Baptist Society of Woburn, propose to hold their Annual Supper and Sale, in the lecture room and parlors of the Baptist Church, on WILHELM and FIDELITY Avenues, Dec. 12th and 13th, when they will provide a Supper on the American plan, and offer for sale a large assortment of useful and ornamental articles at reasonable prices. There will be a series of vocal and instrumental concerts each evening, under the direction of Mr. P. E. Hancock.  
N. B.—The Ladies are studying to provide what is pleasant and avoid what will offend the most correct taste.  
Admission, 10 cents. Supper, 30 cents.  
Supper served from 6 to 10 o'clock. 199

**NOTICE** is hereby given that the Subscriber has of Sarah T. Butters, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and taken upon him self trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the undersigned at the time and place named.  
LEWEL POPE, Administrator.  
Woburn, Dec. 3rd, 1878.

## IMPORTANT TO CONSUMPTIVES.

A Gentleman having been so fortunate as to cure his son of Consumption in its worst stages, after being given up to die by the most celebrated physicians, desires to make known the cure which proves successful in every case to those afflicted with Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all the pulmonary affections of the Throat and Lungs, and will send the Receipt, free of charge to all who desire it, if they will forward the name and address to the undersigned.  
LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK. 210

## Dry Goods

Having purchased a part of  
**MR. J. E. McCURE'S**  
Stock of  
**Dry and Fancy Goods**  
That remained unsold, we offer the following bargains:—  
WHITE PIQUE For 6 cts., worth 8 cts.  
WHITE FLUTE " 7 " 10 "  
BLACK TICKING " 7 " 10 "  
ANGLO ALPACA " 17 " 18 "  
ANGLO FLANNEL " 10 " 25 "  
NAPKINS (per doz.) " 50 " 75 "  
WHITE LINEN " 37 1/2 " 50 "  
CHILDREN'S MITTENS " 17 " 25 "  
LADIES' GLOVES " 13 " 20 "  
BLACK KID GLOVES " 25 " 50 "  
COTTON TRIMMINGS " 1 " 4 "  
LINEN COLLARS " 6 " 10 "  
WHOLEBONES " 2 " 4 "  
MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS, " 40 " 60 "  
COTTON FLANNEL " 6 1/2 " 8 "  
LADIES' LINEN HDKFS. " 9 " 15 "  
LADIES' SILK HDKFS. " 10 " 12 1/2 "  
RUSSIA CRASH " 6 1/2 " 10 "  
Boys Colored HDKFS. " 4 " 8 "  
Misses Bordered HDKFS. " 3 " 5 "  
Men's Undershirts, " 27 " 42 "  
" " " 87 1/2 " 81 "  
Ladies Linen Cuffs, " 15 " 20 "  
Ladies Fleece Hose, " 12 1/2 " 15 "  
" " " 25 " 30 "  
" " " 27 1/2 " 33 "  
Men's Ribbed Hose, " 25 " 33 "  
Great Bargains in Ladies Linen HDKFS. Please examine their HDKFS. before purchasing.  
**AGENT FOR LEWANDO'S FRENCH DYING HOUSE.** 192  
**F. S. BURGESS.**

**DRESSMAKING.**  
The undersigned are prepared to do Dressmaking, Machine Stitching and Pleating.  
At Mrs. B. A. Stearns, corner of Pleasant and North Warren Sts., Woburn, Mass. We intend to give good work at moderate terms.  
C. H. PAUL,  
C. G. ELKINS.  
Agents for Andrews' Bazaar Patterns. 196

## FERNALD'S

185 Main St. (Lyceum Hall Building).  
WOBURN, MASS. 163

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above named, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through teachers, and frequent application was made for two, three and four hundred at a time. This year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be immediately filled. "The first come, first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, expressing charges.  
199  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
OAK HALL, BOSTON,  
32 to 44 North St.,  
Children's Clothing Department.

**Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.**  
To W. H. Wheelock, W. R. Wheelock, J. H. Parker, and any and all other persons having or claiming to have interest in and to the hereinafter described premises.  
**PURSUANT** to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Joseph H. Parker to Benjamin T. H. Porter and William S. York, dated October 2, A. D. 1871, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., Lib. 189, fol. 457, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said Mortgage, on Tuesday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1878, at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Highland street, in Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the easterly corner of the premises, at the junction of said Highland street, and a street leading southwesterly therefrom; thence the line runs southerly on and by said land named street, eighty-five feet to a stake; and thence southerly by and with said Highland street, one hundred and sixty-nine feet and one-half feet to a stake at the corner of said land formerly of John G. Page, as the wall now stands, one hundred and forty-four feet to a stake; thence a little east of south by land formerly of said Allen, ninety-five feet to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed by said Allen to said Woodside, on or about the 1st day of October, 1869, and also being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption, of said George H. Woodside, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.  
PARKER L. CONVERSE,  
Assignee of said Mortgage.  
Wm. Wynn, Auctioneer.  
Woburn, December 7th, 1878. 220

## OVERCOATS

—AT—  
**CUSHING & BUCK'S**  
ARE BEING SOLD AT REMARKABLE BARGAINS.  
CALL AND SEE THE

## "ARGOSY" SUSPENDER,

SOMETHING NEW. The well-known "ARGOSY" UNDERCLOTHING, Marked Down to 75 cents. Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., can be found here 174 MAIN STREET, opposite Bank Building.

## Norfolk and New Brunswick All-Wool UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS, \$2.00 EACH.

These are Winter weight, regular made goods and are generally sold for \$2.50 and \$3.00 each. Also, a full line of the cheaper grades of UNDERWEAR.  
A FULL LINE OF  
Neck-wear, Hosiery, Kid, Dogskin, Castor, Fur-Top, Cotton and Woolen Gloves, Wristers, Mufflers, Silk and Worsted Braces, Fine White Shirts, Canes, Umbrellas, &c., &c.  
INITIAL and HEM-STITCHED LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, made from samples shown at the Paris Exposition, 1875.  
Also, a complete line of  
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, and OVERCOATS.

## THE COMING WEEK, FERNALD'S

—AT—  
FULL SIZE  
**11-4 Wool Blankets \$3.00.**  
**ALL WOOL 11-4 BLANKETS, \$5.00.**

These are warranted all wool and are made to retail at \$7.50.  
**Large All Linen Towels, 25 cents.**  
This is the greatest bargain yet, being superior to the knotted fringe we have been selling at the same price.  
**Good Unbleached Cotton, 4 Cts.**  
**Yard Wide Sheeting, 5 "**  
**Very Heavy 4-4 Cloth, 6 1/4 "**  
**Langdon G. B. Bleached, 10 "**  
**Job in Cheviot Shirtings, 8 "**  
These goods have always been sold at 12 1/2 cents, and are an astonishing bargain.

**Ladies' Fine All Linen Hemstitched HDKFS. 12 1/2 cts.**  
**Pure Linen Napkins, white 50 cts. per dozen.**  
These are special bargains for one week only.

## Millinery Goods

Hats Trimmed for Nothing  
—AT—  
**FERNALD'S**  
185 Main St. (Lyceum Hall Building).  
WOBURN, MASS. 163

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above named, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through teachers, and frequent application was made for two, three and four hundred at a time. This year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be immediately filled. "The first come, first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, expressing charges.  
199  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
OAK HALL, BOSTON,  
32 to 44 North St.,  
Children's Clothing Department.

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above named, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through teachers, and frequent application was made for two, three and four hundred at a time. This year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be immediately filled. "The first come, first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, expressing charges.  
199  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
OAK HALL, BOSTON,  
32 to 44 North St.,  
Children's Clothing Department.

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above named, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through teachers, and frequent application was made for two, three and four hundred at a time. This year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be immediately filled. "The first come, first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, expressing charges.  
199  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
OAK HALL, BOSTON,  
32 to 44 North St.,  
Children's Clothing Department.

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above named, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through teachers, and frequent application was made for two, three and four hundred at a time. This year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be immediately filled. "The first come, first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, expressing charges.  
199  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
OAK HALL, BOSTON,  
32 to 44 North St.,  
Children's Clothing Department.

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above named, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through teachers, and frequent application was made for two, three and four hundred at a time. This year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be immediately filled. "The first come, first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, expressing charges.  
199  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
OAK HALL, BOSTON,  
32 to 44 North St.,  
Children's Clothing Department.

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above named, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through teachers, and frequent application was made for two, three and four hundred at a time. This year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be immediately filled. "The first come, first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, expressing charges.  
199  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
OAK HALL, BOSTON,  
32 to 44 North St.,  
Children's Clothing Department.

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above named, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through teachers, and frequent application was made for two, three and four hundred at a time. This year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be immediately filled. "The first come, first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, expressing charges.  
199  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
OAK HALL, BOSTON,  
32 to 44 North St.,  
Children's Clothing Department.

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above named, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through teachers, and frequent application was made for two, three and four hundred at a time. This year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be immediately filled. "The first come, first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, expressing charges.  
199  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
OAK HALL, BOSTON,  
32 to 44 North St.,  
Children's Clothing Department.

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40,000, and this is offered to the youth of New England with no other condition than above named, that they shall send their names, the place where they live, and six cents.  
Last season these books were offered through teachers, and frequent application was made for two, three and four hundred at a time. This year Messrs. Simmons & Son prefer to send the books to the children direct, and no more than one copy to each.  
The books will be ready to mail on Monday, orders can be immediately filled. "The first come, first served."  
A limited number in bundles of 25 will be sent to teachers on receipt of 35 cents, expressing charges.  
199  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
OAK HALL, BOSTON,  
32 to 44 North St.,  
Children's Clothing Department.

## OVERCOATS

—AT—  
**CUSHING & BUCK'S**  
ARE BEING SOLD AT REMARKABLE BARGAINS.  
CALL AND SEE THE

## "ARGOSY" SUSPENDER,

SOMETHING NEW. The well-known "ARGOSY" UNDERCLOTHING, Marked Down to 75 cents. Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., can be found here 174 MAIN STREET, opposite Bank Building.

## Norfolk and New Brunswick All-Wool UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS, \$2.00 EACH.

These are Winter weight, regular made goods and are generally sold for \$2.50 and \$3.00 each. Also, a full line of the cheaper grades of UNDERWEAR.  
A FULL LINE OF  
Neck-wear, Hosiery, Kid, Dogskin, Castor, Fur-Top, Cotton and Woolen Gloves, Wristers, Mufflers, Silk and Worsted Braces, Fine White Shirts, Canes, Umbrellas, &c., &c.  
INITIAL and HEM-STITCHED LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, made from samples shown at the Paris Exposition, 1875.  
Also, a complete line of  
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, and OVERCOATS.

## THE COMING WEEK, FERNALD'S

—AT—  
FULL SIZE  
**11-4 Wool Blankets \$3.00.**  
**ALL WOOL 11-4 BLANKETS, \$5.00.**

These are warranted all wool and are made to retail at \$7.50.  
**Large All Linen Towels, 25 cents.**  
This is the greatest bargain yet, being superior to the knotted fringe we have been selling at the same price.  
**Good Unbleached Cotton, 4 Cts.**  
**Yard Wide Sheeting, 5 "**  
**Very Heavy 4-4 Cloth, 6 1/4 "**  
**Langdon G. B. Bleached, 10 "**  
**Job in Cheviot Shirtings, 8 "**  
These goods have always been sold at 12 1/2 cents, and are an astonishing bargain.

**Ladies' Fine All Linen Hemstitched HDKFS. 12 1/2 cts.**  
**Pure Linen Napkins, white 50 cts. per dozen.**  
These are special bargains for one week only.

## Millinery Goods

Hats Trimmed for Nothing  
—AT—  
**FERNALD'S**  
185 Main St. (Lyceum Hall Building).  
WOBURN, MASS. 163

## "WIDE AWAKE"

**OAK HALL.**  
Last season the proprietors of Oak Hall offered as a *holiday gift* to every boy in New England, a copy of the well known magazine for children, "*Wide Awake*," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin street.  
It was supposed at the time that ten or fifteen thousand books might be needed, but to the surprise of Messrs. Simmons & Son, more than 50,000 were asked for in the first week; and notice was finally given that the extraordinary number they propose to distribute freely to the children of New England. THIS IS THEIR OFFER, which is made one month earlier than last year, that all may have an OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING IT. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY READ.  
To each boy or girl in *New England* they will send by mail, on receipt of name, address and six cents for expense of sending, one copy of the *Superbly Illustrated Holiday Number of WIDE AWAKE*.  
At the retail price the cash value of these gifts amounts to \$40



## MRS. BROWN'S HUSBANDS.

Mr. Wells, the minister, was a stranger in the town, and when he was called upon to visit Mrs. Brown, who had just lost her husband, and to console her, he went around to see Deacon Will, so that he could post himself about the situation.

"I understand you to say," said Mr. Wells, "that Mrs. Brown has been married three times?—or was it four?"

"I say," replied the Deacon, "that she was Mr. Brown's third wife, while he was her fifth husband. But she was the fourth wife of her second husband, and the second wife of her first, so that she—"

"Let me see," said the parson, "the second wife of her first and the—well, then, three and five are eight, and four are twelve, and two are fourteen—if I get the hang of the thing, Mrs. Brown has been married fourteen times, and Mr. Brown was her—"

"No, you don't understand. Mr. Brown was only her fifth husband."

"Oh, her fifth. But you said she was the fourth wife of her second husband, and she had three more, so that—four and three are seven—she must have had seven husbands, and where are the other two?"

"Why, don't you see? Her second husband was married three times before he met her. She had been married once—"

"How could she be married only once when he was her second husband?"

"Only once before she met him, and when she married him she was his fourth wife, so that while he had four wives, she had only one—"

"Is this Brown you are speaking of?"

"No, no! Brown was her fifth. He had been married twice before."

"Her second husband had?"

"I mean Brown of course. Let me explain. Mrs. Brown, say, married John, Thomas, Jacob, William and Henry. Thomas married Lulu, Mary, Hannah and Susan—"

"Before he married Mrs. Brown or after?"

"Before. Well, then, Brown married Emma and Matilda, and John married Agnes. Agnes died and John married Mrs. Brown. Then John died and Lulu, Mary, Hannah and Susan died, and then Thomas married Mrs. Brown. Then Thomas died, Jacob's wife died, and Jacob married Mrs. Brown. Then Jacob died and William's wife died, and William married Mrs. Brown. When William died Emma and Matilda died, and then Brown married Mrs. Brown. Everybody came to Mrs. Brown, you see!"

"I see," said Mr. Wells. "I think I grasp the facts. I'll go right around to see her."

Mrs. Brown was at home. And after alluding to the weather and one or two other topics, Mr. Wells said:

"I am deeply grieved, Mrs. Brown, to hear of your bereavement. It must be very, very terrible, even for a person who is so used to it."

"So used to it! What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, I merely meant to suggest that experience cannot reconcile us to these afflictions. But there is this consolation, dear madam—time dulls the edge of our bitterest grief. You wept for John as if you could not be comforted; but you see—"

"John! I do not understand you, sir."

"You wept for John, but Thomas came. When Thomas was taken you thought yourself utterly inconsolable; but there was Jacob—he brought new joy. When Jacob was wafted to a better land your heart was nearly broken, but William healed the wound; and when William drifted off to the unknown, Henry assuaged your grief. Perhaps there are other Henrys, Williams and Thomases to whom this blessed duty will fall again. Perhaps—"

"You are talking very strangely, sir," said Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, no; I merely say that now that John, and Thomas, and Jacob, and William, and Henry have been called away to join Susan, and Hannah, and Agnes, and Matilda, and Emma, and Lulu, and Mary, and the rest, there is some hope that—that—"

"Why, Mrs. Brown, what on earth is the matter?"

Mrs. Brown flew out of the room without replying, and Mr. Wells, filled with amazement, when around to ask Deacon Will to explain the mystery.

"I was merely telling her," he said, "that Brown had followed John, and Thomas, and Matilda, and the others into a better world, when she—"

"Good gracious!" shrieked the deacon; "you didn't allude to her dead husbands and wives by those names, did you?"

"Of course. You said that—"

"Oh, thunder, man! Why, those were only imaginary names, that I used by way of illustration. Brown's first name was Alcibiades. No wonder she was mad."

Mr. Wells groaned and went home in dismay. And now Mrs. Brown has left his church and gone over to the Episcopalians. She is to be married soon, they say.—*Maz Adler.*

How BOYS' MARBLES ARE MADE.—Almost all the marbles which boys everywhere amuse themselves in, season out of season, on sidewalks and in sandy spots, are made at Osterstein, Germany.

There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to knock with. The stone is broken into small cubes, by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelful into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bedstone, having its surface grooved with concentric furrows. Above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bedstone where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a half bushel of good marbles all ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 100,000 marbles a week. The very hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however, to the other.

It makes a young man feel very much as if some things in the world were all vain to sing, "Come to my bosom, come love," under a window, and then happen to see a sign "To let" on the door.

## MORAL STATUARY.—A man passing by a shop heard severe blows that sounded like strokes upon a granite rock. He paused a moment, then turned to look in. Opening the door, he saw a man standing beside a large piece of white marble, holding a chisel and hammer in his hands with which he was at work. He gazed in silence for a moment, then, fearing that the man was not himself, and would spoil the valuable block that was before him, he simply said: "To dust do you intend to reduce that?" The man answered: "Please call again at some future day, and you will see." In the course of a few months, travelling that way he did call, but what saw he then? A trophy of the man's skill, a splendid specimen of his art—the full, and perfect form of a man, standing erect on a pedestal, with features of a beautiful cast, one hand outstretched in front, the other pressed upon his bosom. He gazed with admiration, feeling that he would say no more, except by way of applause of the man's workmanship. Is it not thus, sometimes, with men in regard to God's dealing with them? They resemble blocks of marble, rough hewn, unshaped; i.e., they bear no resemblance, have no moral likeness to Him who is the "Image of the invisible God." Heavy strokes of affliction may be sent upon them—the loss of worldly estate till they are reduced to extreme want—the loss of relatives and friends whom they almost idolized; or the loss of what is more valuable than all the rest, viz., health, and physical strength. The man, always active in business of this world, and the pleasures of sin, is laid aside and so long, that life almost becomes a burden. What was the design of all this in Him, the great Designer? Not to sport with the sufferings of the man? Nay, we are told that He does not "afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men: but in all their afflictions, He himself is afflicted!"

Is it then asked, why are trials and afflictions sent? We reply, to remodel human characters, "create them anew in Christ Jesus." Then, in after years, those thus dealt with may look back to the "rock from whence they were hewn, to the hole of the pit from whence they were digged." Severe afflictions may seem, for a season, uncalculated for and unprofitable; but, in process of time, the mystery will be solved, the end obtained. The hands of the artist, holding the chisel and hauling the hammer, appear careless, reckless, but the final issue showed the contrary. Storms of adversity are healthful, sent to increase, and strengthen the faith, and to improve the heart—as winds, swaying the tree's branches, strengthen and spread its roots.

We should not be like one of that sect, founded by Zeno, a stibic, he, seated above his fellow men, wrapped in devout self-complacency, regarded with unmingled satisfaction the workings of his own mind—viewed alike, with rigid and imperturbable countenance, the triumphs of his countrymen, and the desolation of pestilence and famine.

To him there was no God, no pain, no pleasure, no distress, no delight, no love, no hatred; and, as the wheels of Divine Providence rolled on, buried axle-deep in human hearts as if Jehovah rode on men's shoulders, the world was nothing in his view but a great animal. Seasons of affliction are times when, as it were, "the Almighty's form glances itself in tempests." "His way is in the sea, His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known." But to use the language of Burke, we say, "let grasshoppers under a fern make the fields ring with their importunate chinks; but let great cattle, reposing beneath the shadow of a gigantic oak, chew the cud and be silent," for the promise is, that "all things shall work together for good to them that love God."—*Peabody Press.*

A CIGAR PUFF.—An ingenious Yankee has put a new brand of cigar in the market and the following eulogy which he pronounced upon it, couldn't be bettered by Bannum himself:

No cigar ever met with such an enthusiastic reception since the invention of tobacco. The doer hadn't been open ten minutes before the house was crowded, and the standing room was so full of eager purchasers, that their feet struck out through the transom. President Grant sent for the first box, and said he would rather be the man who made that cigar than be President.

The tobacco from which these cigars are made is grown entirely in conservatories, and the cigars are manufactured on mahogany tables by thoroughbred Cubans, in claw-hammer coats and white kids. When a smoker one of these cigars he walks on air and dreams he has a diamond scarf pin and a sixty-five dollar suit of clothes, and has just married rich. It makes the breath sweet and keeps the teeth white, and will force a mustache on the mouthless lip in five weeks. It improves and beautifies the complexion, eradicates tan, freckles and dandruff, and imparts to the oldest countenance the rosy freshness of youth.

It permeates the house, window curtains, closets and clothes with delicate odors and exquisite fragrance of heliotrope, frangipani, jockey club and white rose. It will fasten the front gate every night, carry in the paper in the morning, chase the hens off the garden and blister the boy with a rubber gun. No Christian family can properly keep house without it, for the man who smokes this cigar will never cut wood too long for the stove, stop on a trail, join a club, or go "down to the post-office" after supper.

People who smoke this cigar will live longer, make more money, wear better clothes, drive faster horses, pay bigger pew rent and go to church more regularly, and marry pretty wives than any other class of men. It burns with an ash so white that chalk would make a black mark upon it, and it wouldn't break off and fall inside your vest, not if you were to strike it with an earthquake.

An uncle recently found his nephew playing the violin, and the following hits took place: "I fear, nephew, you lose a great deal of time with this fiddling!" "Sir, I endeavor to keep time." "You mean rather to kill time?" "No. I only beat time."

If a beggar stops you on Christmas day, tell him you are cent-nickel-less and he will go away.

## SOME MEN'S WIVES.—"I tell you what it is," said one of a small coterie of wealthy men who had met in the office of one of the number, "they may say what they please about the uselessness of modern women, but my wife has done her share in securing our success in life. Everybody knows that her family was aristocratic and exclusive, and all that, and when I married her she had never done a day's work in her life; but when W. &amp; Co. failed, and I had to commence at the foot of the hill again, she discharged all of our servants, and chose out a neat little cottage, and did her own house-keeping until I was better off again."

"And my wife," said a second, "was an only daughter, caressed and petted to death; and everybody said, 'Well, if he will marry a doll like that, he'll make the greatest mistake of his life;' but when I came home the first year of our marriage, sick with the fever, she nursed me back to health, and I never knew her to murmur because I thought we couldn't afford any better style or more luxuries."

"Well, gentlemen," chimed in a third, "I married a smart healthy, pretty girl, but she was a regular blue-stocking. She adored Tennyson, doted on Byron, read Emerson, and named the first baby Ralph Waud, and the second Maud; but I tell you what 'tis," and the speaker's eyes grew suspiciously moist, "when we laid little Maud in her last bed at Auburn, my poor wife had no remembrances of neglect or stunted motherly care, and the little dresses that still lie in the locked drawer were all made by her own hands."—*Journal of Commerce.*

WHAT ADVERTISING DID.—In Paris, last summer, I saw a dainty friend using a pen so made as to keep the ink from ever staining the fingers. "Where did you get that," I asked. He answered, "From Omaha, in America. See here is the advertisement," he added, opening a scrap-book. "At once sent to Omaha, regardless of expense, for that pen. By the last steamer it came to me. There had been a little delay. The stationer at Omaha was out of them, but he sent up to Sioux City to the man that advertises them, for another lot. And now here is where the laugh comes in. The pens are an English invention, and tons of them can be bought in London, if desired. At the stationer's next door I could have got what I had sent for, across the ocean to Sioux City. But how could I know that? I dealt with the man that advertised."—*English Letter.*

The average boy is not afraid of work. He will labor hard six hours to make a peachstone ring, the value of which is not over ten cents a bushel, and will carry trunks ten hours a day for a minstrel troupe for an admission ticket worth twenty-five cents. If the same boy's mother asks him to perform an errand occupying fifteen minutes' time, he growls, and threatens to run away from home and become a pirate.

The careful Betty the pillow beats, And airs the blankets, and smooths the sheets, And gives the mattress a shaking, But vainly Betty performs her part, If a ruffled head and a rumpled hair, As well as the couch, want making.

"Tommy, my son, what is longitude?" "A clothes-line, papa." "Prove it, my son." "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUD & TAR FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR-BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest tree ABIES BALSAMICA, or Balm of Gilead. The Honey of Horehound SOOTHES AND SCATTERS all irritations and inflammations, and the Tar-Balm CLEANSES AND HEALS the throat and air-passages leading to the lungs. FIVE additional ingredients keep the organs cool, moist, and in healthful action. Let no prejudice keep you from trying this great medicine of a famous Doctor, who has saved thousands of lives by its in its large practical experience.

N.B.—The Tar Balm has NO BAD TASTE or smell. PRICES 50 CENTS AND \$1 PER BOTTLE. Great saving to buy large size. "Pike's Toothache Drops" Cure in 1 Minute. Sold by all Druggists. C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop., N.Y.

Markets

CENTRAL MARKET 151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of Beef, Pork and Mutton, AND ALL KINDS OF SEASONABLE VEGETABLES, and everything usually found in a Meat and Vegetable Market.

GEO. P. SIMMONS, Woburn Fish Market, 190 Main Street, Woburn.

Mr. Simmons having had a large experience in the fish business, is fully capable of supplying the wants of the public with satisfaction.

JOSEPH BANCROFT, 139½ Main Street, Woburn. (SOLE'S BLOCK.) SEWING MACHINES of all kinds sold on Monthly Installments Liberal Prices allowed. Old Machines in exchange for new ones.

NOTICE. The subscribers wish to give notice that they are prepared in connection with their Store and Furnace business, to do all kinds of Plumbing in a workmanlike manner and at short notice.

J. W. ADAMS & CO. Winchester, May 10, 1878.

VEGETINE Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

## DR. HALE'S CHAMPION STEAM COOKER.

COOKS EVERY VARIETY OF FOOD WITHOUT MINGLING THE FLAVORS. Economy of Food, Economy of Fuel, Economy of Space, Economy of Time & Temper.

Sold after trial. No chance for deception. Highly recommended by every one who uses it, and pronounced by Miss Parson to be the only common sense cooker she ever saw.

Mrs. C. F. ESTABROOK will call upon the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, and afford them an opportunity to test the merit of the Cooker.

DR. HALE, No. 243 Tremont Street, BOSTON. Manufacturer.

It may be examined at the store of C. M. STROUT, Agent, 203 Main St., Woburn.

Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces, Tin, Plated and Britannia Ware, And KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

SPAULDING'S SPANISH CHOLERA REMEDY. Woburn, Mass.

We, the undersigned, most cheerfully bear witness to the efficacy of the Cholera Remedy, put up and sold by Mr. H. S. Spaulding. We have experienced the greatest benefit from it, when other remedies have failed to afford us relief. It is our firm conviction that the mixture is fully able to cope with any case of Cholera, Dysentery, or Bowel Complaint.

JAMES H. SKELTON, Mr. Pleasant Street, T. F. STEARNS, Main Street, S. M. STROUT, High Street, R. W. E. CLARK, Willow Street, G. E. WATERS, Foster Street, GEORGE REYNOLDS, Summer Street, Mrs. MARY ANN REYNOLDS, Summer St., Mrs. BRIDGET JOHNSON, Summer Street.

The Spanish Cholera Remedy can be obtained at the Woburn Drug Store, ALLEN, ELIAS, & CO., 100 Main Street, Woburn, and of G. P. BROWN, Winchester. Try it.

W. F. ESTABROOK, Best Suit of Clothes FOR THE MONEY.

The answer to that conundrum is at A. GRANT'S, 169 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

He gives you the best fitting and most stylish garment every time. Suits made to order for \$13.00 and upward. Pants \$1.00 and upwards. So grant him a call and get more for cash than anywhere else.

A. GRANT, 169 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

NOTES OF THE PRESS. The Weekly begins with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

## DR. HALE'S CHAMPION STEAM COOKER.

COOKS EVERY VARIETY OF FOOD WITHOUT MINGLING THE FLAVORS. Economy of Food, Economy of Fuel, Economy of Space, Economy of Time & Temper.

Sold after trial. No chance for deception. Highly recommended by every one who uses it, and pronounced by Miss Parson to be the only common sense cooker she ever saw.

Mrs. C. F. ESTABROOK will call upon the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, and afford them an opportunity to test the merit of the Cooker.

DR. HALE, No. 243 Tremont Street, BOSTON. Manufacturer.

It may be examined at the store of C. M. STROUT, Agent, 203 Main St., Woburn.

Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces, Tin, Plated and Britannia Ware, And KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

SPAULDING'S SPANISH CHOLERA REMEDY. Woburn, Mass.

We, the undersigned, most cheerfully bear witness to the efficacy of the Cholera Remedy, put up and sold by Mr. H. S. Spaulding. We have experienced the greatest benefit from it, when other remedies have failed to afford us relief. It is our firm conviction that the mixture is fully able to cope with any case of Cholera, Dysentery, or Bowel Complaint.

JAMES H. SKELTON, Mr. Pleasant Street, T. F. STEARNS, Main Street, S. M. STROUT, High Street, R. W. E. CLARK, Willow Street, G. E. WATERS, Foster Street, GEORGE REYNOLDS, Summer Street, Mrs. MARY ANN REYNOLDS, Summer St., Mrs. BRIDGET JOHNSON, Summer Street.

The Spanish Cholera Remedy can be obtained at the Woburn Drug Store, ALLEN, ELIAS, & CO., 100 Main Street, Woburn, and of G. P. BROWN, Winchester. Try it.

W. F. ESTABROOK, Best Suit of Clothes FOR THE MONEY.

The answer to that conundrum is at A. GRANT'S, 169 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

He gives you the best fitting and most stylish garment every time. Suits made to order for \$13.00 and upward. Pants \$1.00 and upwards. So grant him a call and get more for cash than anywhere else.

A. GRANT, 169 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

NOTES OF THE PRESS. The Weekly begins with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Measles, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, leading to Consumption.

HALE'S CATARRH OF Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

## Funeral Undertakers.

L. H. ALLEN, FUNERAL and FURNISHING UNDERTAKER, COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTVALE AVE., NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.

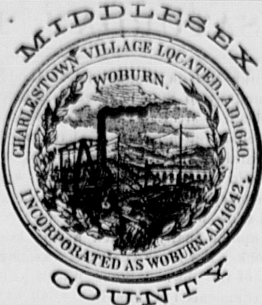
CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. Robes in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead, furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without the direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for the burial of the dead, and the neighboring towns.



# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

NO. 50.

1879. 1879.

Boston Weekly Journal

THE POPULAR HOME NEWSPAPER

New England for Forty Years.

THE CHEAPEST PAPER FOR FAMILY READING.

More News, More Correspondence, and More  
Reading of All Sorts than in Any  
Other New England Weekly.

A New Volume Begins with the New Year.

Subscription Price only \$1.50 per Annum;

To Clubs \$1.20.

With Liberal Cash Commissions.

A CHANCE FOR MORE THAN DAY WAGES  
TO AGENTS AND POSTMASTERS.

The rates for 1879 will be the same as those fixed  
upon for 1878, viz:—

One Copy by mail, including Postage, \$1 50  
Five Copies (all to one address) 12 00  
Ten Copies (all to one address) 22 00  
And a Copy FREE to get-up of Club of Ten.

Twenty Copies (all to one address) \$24 00  
And TWO COPIES FREE, or one Copy of  
Semi-Weekly.

Fifty Copies (all to one address) \$60 00  
And FIVE COPIES FREE, or one Copy of  
Daily one FREE.

For larger Clubs \$1.20 per Copy, and one Copy  
FREE for every TEN subscribers, or a commission  
of 10 per cent.

Single Copies 4 cents; \$2.50 per hundred.

The Publishers of THE WEEKLY JOURNAL  
desire to call attention to the following announce-  
ments for 1879:—

## GENERAL FEATURES.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL will contain every  
week thirty-six long columns.

It will be, in the best sense, a WEEKLY  
PAPER, containing the latest and freshest news,  
brought down to within an hour of its publication.

It will not be a hasty reprint of the *Boston Daily  
Journal*, but the matter which it contains will be  
compiled with care, and will be arranged, selected  
and classified with special reference to the needs  
of the readers of a weekly paper, and in such a way  
as to leave to topic of importance untouched.

In its columns of New England intelligence, and  
in the letters and dispatches of its special agents and  
correspondents, as well as by the news gathered  
throughout the agency of the Associated Press, it will  
present a comprehensive review of all local hap-  
penings of interest throughout New England.

All the current intelligence, social, personal,  
general and political, at home and abroad, will be  
given place in its columns.

Its Editorial Articles will discuss with fairness  
topics of practical interest, as they present them-  
selves.

The Markets will continue to be reported for its  
columns with sufficient fullness to enable those  
interested to know the cost of products in the leading  
business marts.

In addition to the above-mentioned topics relating  
to the general character of the paper, the publishers  
take pleasure in making the following

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In the first number for 1879 we shall begin the  
publication of

A NEW STORY BY EDWARD KING,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR OUR  
COLUMNS. The story is entitled

"FROST AND FLOWER,"

A Story of New England and the South.

The scene of this new story is laid in New England  
and in the Southern States. The action begins  
among the New England hills, introducing types  
drawn from life; and in the second part is changed  
to Florida. Mr. King is familiar with the strange,  
lowland tropical scenery of our American Italy, and  
has drawn with careful hand the characters in the  
story, "Lettie Froisher," "Tom Floss,"  
"Cynthia Brown, M.D.," and "Reconstruction Jim,"  
are likely to be popular. We feel sure that the  
thousands who followed the fortunes of "Helen's  
Battle" will look forward with interest to the initial  
chapters of "FROST AND FLOWER."

The Kennebec in Ireland.

The "Kennebec," whose very fresh and readable  
letters have been a popular feature of *The Journal*  
in previous years, has reached Ireland in its wander-  
ings, and will contribute to *The Weekly Journal*  
during the coming year a series of entertaining letters  
from that picturesque and interesting island.

The Young Farmer.

Whose friendly and helpful talks have made his  
signature one of the "household words" among  
New England farmers, will continue to discuss the  
practical aspects of farm-life and work, in his "Every  
Day Thoughts."

## Burleigh.

Whose letters are, perhaps, as widely quoted as those  
of any American correspondent, will open frequent  
budgets of news and gossip from New York.

## Wafers from Washington.

"Perley," one of the most popular and best in-  
formed of Washington correspondents, will contribute  
weekly "Wafers from Washington," presenting an  
interesting summary of social and political events in  
the National capital.

## OTHER FEATURES.

The plans for which are not now sufficiently advanced  
to permit their definite announcement, will be intro-  
duced during the year.

Send in Subscriptions and Renewals  
Promptly in order to make sure of  
the opening chapters of Mr.  
King's Story.

Specimen copies sent on application to any address.

All Remittances should be by Post Office  
Order, Registered Letter or Bank Check.

ADDRESS,  
Publishers Boston Weekly Journal,  
BOSTON, Mass.

No. 264 Washington St.

**UNTIL DEC. 21st,**  
WE WILL CUT ANY NAME OR INITIALS ON  
**COLOGNE BOTTLES**  
**FREE OF CHARGE.**  
Orders received before that date will be delivered promptly.  
**WILLIAM W. HILL, Apothecary,**  
OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

**Florist.**  
**S. W. Twombly & Sons,**  
**FLORISTS,**  
And dealers in  
**ANTIQUE POTTERY,**  
161 Tremont street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

**Professional Cards.**  
**J. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,**  
**Physician and Surgeon,**  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.,  
Opp. the New Public Library Building,  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.  
Woburn, - - - - - Mass.

**JOHN C. HAGURE,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, - - - - - MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**George H. Conn,**  
**INSURANCE AGENT,**  
NO. 150 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, - - - - - MASS.

**CHARLES D. ADAMS,**  
**Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,**  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.  
Office: (At Woburn, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.,  
Hours: (At Boston, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

**A. B. COFFIN,**  
**ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW**  
Entrance from Court Street and 32 School Street.  
**DR. O. P. ROGERS,**  
**DENTIST,**  
139 1/2 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.

**CHESTER W. CLARK,**  
**Counselor at Law,**  
No. 61 COURT STREET,  
Room 2, - - - - - BOSTON.  
RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON.

**HENRY HILLER, M. D.,**  
**24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS**  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 5. Residence, WILMINGTON.

**Auctioneers.**  
**WILLIAM WINN,**  
**AUCTIONEER,**  
BURLINGTON, - - - - - MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms. Orders left at the *JOURNAL* Of-  
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

**E. PRIOR,**  
**AUCTIONEER,**  
Office, 89 Court Street, - - - - - Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

**Musical.**  
**Miss A. A. Campbell,**  
desires a few pupils on the  
**PIANO FORTE,**  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to  
sit the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
**Livery, Hack & Boarding**  
**STABLE,**  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, 16 Proprietor

**M. ELLIS & Co.,**  
**BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,**  
**CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.**  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.

**E. C. COLOMB,**  
**TAILOR,**  
Church Street, - - - - - Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practical  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

**HALL TO LET.**  
Post St. G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall  
No. 144 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building), it being  
the second Hall in size in town, and fitted up with  
the same with two large ante rooms and all modern  
conveniences, will let it to responsible parties on reason-  
able terms. Inquire of Trustees, GEO. F. SIM-  
MONS, N. Z. TABOR, J. L. PARKER.

**BILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter  
Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and  
promptly executed at this office.**

**HYDROCYANATED**  
**AIR.**  
The only certain cure for  
**CATARH,**  
Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, Sore Throat,  
Deafness and all affections of the air passages.

**Trial and Consultation Free.**  
**Charges, \$5.00 per Months Treatment.**  
**A Perfect Cure Guaranteed.**  
**CHLORALINE.**  
The great Remedy for Coughs, Colds and Throat and  
Lung affections. Persons suffering from Consump-  
tion will find the greatest relief by using our

**CHLORALINE.**  
Price \$1 per Bottle. Trial Bottle 50 cts.  
Advice and consultation free on all diseases.  
Medicines given to the poor at cost, on Mondays.  
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Sundays  
included.

**Dr. F. B. CAMPBELL & CO.,**  
**PHYSICIANS,**  
125 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

**Business Cards.**  
**A. BUCKMAN,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**  
160 Main Street, Woburn.  
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on  
hand.

**Photograph Gallery,**  
1607 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.  
Club Pictures to schools and families, 12 tickets  
for \$10. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates by  
hand.

**H. S. DUNSHIEE, - - - - - Artist.**  
**STEPHEN H. CUTLER,**  
**TOWN BILL POSTER**  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 129 Main street,  
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill  
boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

**R. C. HAYWARD,**  
Dealer in  
**GROCERIES,**  
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.  
103 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn.

**Carpenters.**  
**E. K. WILLOUGHBY,**  
**House and Job Carpenter,**  
WALNUT ST., NEAR MAIN, WOBURN.  
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly at-  
tended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

**J. Horace Dean & Co.,**  
**Carpenters and Builders,**  
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.  
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-  
tended to.

**Machinists.**  
**ESTABLISHED 1865**  
**Parks & Freeman,**  
**MACHINISTS,**  
And Manufacturers of  
**Leather Machinery,**  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.  
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting,  
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings,  
Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short  
notice.  
97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership  
formed JANUARY 1st, 1877.

**PORTER & YOUNG,**  
(Successors to James Buel & Co.)  
**MACHINISTS,**  
Steam and Gas Fitters.  
25 MANUFACTURERS OF  
**STEAM ENGINES.**  
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting,  
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.

**SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN**

## Poetical Selection.

**Parson William's Sabbath-Breaking.**  
On the grave of Parson Williams  
The grass is brown and bleached.  
It is more than fifty winters  
Since he lived and laughed and preached.  
But his memory in New England  
No winter snows can kill;  
Of his goodness and his drollness  
Countless legends linger still.

And among those treasured legends  
I hold this one a boon,  
How he got in Deacon Crosby's hay  
On a Sunday afternoon.  
He was midway in a sermon,  
Most Orthodox, on grace,  
When a sound of distant thunder  
Broke the quiet of the place.

Now the meadows of the Crosbys  
Lay full within his sight,  
As he glanced from out the window  
Which stood open on his right.  
And the green and fragrant haycocks  
Not a man could run more swiftly  
Far or near in all the land.

Quick and loud the claps of thunder  
Went rolling through the skies,  
And the Parson saw his Deacon  
Looking out with anxious eyes.  
"Now, my brethren," called the Parson,  
And called with might and main,  
"We must get in Brother Crosby's hay,  
'Tis our duty now most plain!"

And he shut the great red Bible,  
And tossed his sermon down,  
And among the stormy pines  
Than the Parson in that town.  
And he ran now to the meadow,  
With all his strength and speed;  
And the congregation followed  
All bewildered in his lead.

Had not often on a Sunday  
Such sight as this, I ween,  
Of a Parson and his people,  
A New England town had seen.  
With a will they worked and shouted,  
And cleared the fields apace;  
And the Parson led the singing,  
While the sweat rolled down his face.

And it thundered fiercer, louder;  
And dark grew east and west;  
But the hay was under cover,  
And the Parson had worked best.  
Not a moment had been wasted;  
The rain was falling fast;  
As the Parson and his people  
Through the village breathless passed.

And again in pew and pulpit  
Their places took the choir;  
And the Parson preached his sermon  
To a "frequent," where it closed.  
When the services had ended  
The people talking staid,  
And among the stormy pines  
There were bitter comments made.

And the good old Deacon Crosby,  
A meek and godly man,  
Hardly dared rejoice his haycocks  
Had been saved on such a plan.  
But the Parson came down, striding  
In haste, the narrow aisle,  
And the Deacon's bent old shoulders  
He patted, with a smile.

And he said: "No fear, my brother,  
Least God think it a sin;  
For he sent the sun to make your hay,  
And your friends to get it in."  
—N. Y. Independent.

**Selected Story.**  
**Story of Baptiste Lulli:**  
THE BOY MUSICIAN.

It was a fine afternoon in May, 1647, in  
one of the most beautiful parts of Italy.  
As the sun was setting, a carriage, em-  
blazoned with the arms of the noble family  
of Guise, and escorted by a number of  
squires, pages and grooms, drew up before  
hotel of Santo Spirito in Florence. "Make the  
way for my lord of Guise," cried the grooms  
as they kept off the curious crowd with their  
whips. "An apartment for my lord of  
Guise," said the valets, running into the  
hotel. "Supper immediately for my lord of  
Guise," cried the pages, as they hurried into  
the kitchen. In the meanwhile the cause of  
all the bustle alighted with great dignity  
from the splendid vehicle. The landlord  
and landlady bent obsequiously before him  
as he passed in, a slight smile on his half  
disdainful features.

Attracted by the beauty of the scenery,  
the rich perfumes arising from the gardens,  
and the delightful coolness of the evening,  
the Duke took a seat on the stone bench,  
under the vestibule formed of pillars and  
clustering vines. While in a pleasing reverie,  
the sounds of a violin touched by a light  
skilful hand struck his ear. Delighted with  
the sweetness and chasteness of the sounds,  
the prince looked for the musician. He saw  
a young boy reclining in an easy and grace-  
ful attitude and seeming to sport, though in  
a masterly manner, with his instrument.  
Seeing that he was observed he began to  
play in a marvellous manner.

"What are playing, my little boy follow?"  
asked the Duke of Guise.  
"Whatever comes into my head, your  
highness," answered the boy.  
"What is your name?"  
"Baptiste Lulli."  
"And your parents?"  
"Ah, your excellency, they are dead. I  
play at the houses to amuse the domestics.  
When they are pleased they give me some  
dinner—their leavings to be sure, but still it  
is very good. I was only strumming when  
you heard me."

The prince was pleased with the artless  
answers and the sweet and infantine counte-  
nance of the child. "He would make his  
fortune in Paris," said he, thinking aloud,  
so that the child heard him.  
Supper was now announced and the prince,  
throwing a louis d'or to the boy, went in.  
The thought of going to Paris now filled the  
boy's mind. On picking up the louis d'or he  
saw it was gold. In a moment he rushed  
into the hotel, thinking the prince had made  
a mistake. A waiter meeting him  
took him to be a page, threw a napkin over  
his arm and told him to take a certain dish  
to the dining-room.

The little Florentine put on a bold air and  
marched in. He saw the prince there in  
the company but found no opportunity to  
make himself known. At length supper  
was over. The duke would soon be gone.  
In despair the little musician applied to a  
valet, who called him an "Italian booby"  
for wanting to return the gold, and threat-  
ened to kick him out of the hotel.

"That wicked valet is like an evil angel to  
me," said Baptiste to himself. "My good  
angel whispers better things; I feel him in  
my heart." As he imagined what the duke  
would think of him, when he arrived in  
Paris and counted his money, he gasped in  
his grief.

The light of blazing torches now showed  
Baptiste that the gay equipage with all its  
retinue was on the point of starting. The  
postilion bestrides the leader. The whip  
trembles in his nervous hand. One, two,  
three, the carriage rolls on. Baptiste hesi-  
tated no longer but jumped up, unperceived  
upon the step of the carriage. He clung  
fast and, at first, enjoyed the novelty of  
riding, at full speed behind six good horses.  
But fear soon succeeded to pleasure, for the  
jolting of the carriage threatened to dash  
him to the ground. Sleep was impossible.  
When he saw that, with watchfulness he  
could maintain his post, his thoughts went  
back to Florence and what he had left there  
—his sweet violin, the only being that an-  
swered him with love when he spoke to it.  
It was so sweet, so gentle, so obedient to  
his hand, that the notes seemed to come out  
before the bow touched the strings. "When  
I had eaten nothing," said he, "I knew how  
to play so as to melt the hearts of all who  
passed by. I know it is impossible—I shall  
never be able to play on a strange violin, no  
more than I could say 'father' or 'mother'  
to a stranger. Ah! I have lost my violin! I  
have lost my all!"

In the midst of his grief came a shock  
which threw Baptiste to the ground where  
he lay, stunned.  
"What is the matter?" said the Duke in a  
sleepy tone. "The axle-tree is broken,"  
replied the postilion. I will ride off after a  
smith, if your grace will permit."  
"Go," said the prince impatiently.

In the mean time Baptiste had arisen and  
found himself all whole in spite of the fall.  
He now thought this was the best time to  
return the louis d'or, before the carriage  
started off again. So he walked boldly to  
the carriage door and began, in a faltering  
voice: "Your excellency," when the  
prince not recognizing him, threw him a  
piece of money, crying out: "Send away  
that little beggar and drive on."

"Oh no, I am not a beggar and I will  
prove it to you," said Baptiste, picking up  
the money and running after the carriage.  
A hill obliging the horses to slacken their  
pace Baptiste approached near enough to  
distinguish a large open basket and a little  
dog asleep in it. The sudden thought struck  
him, that he might ride in the basket with  
the dog, both of them so small. So he  
slipped and squeezed himself in beside the  
dog, who, far from disliking the intrusion,  
joyfully greeted his new companion by lick-  
ing his face and hands as if to say: "Wel-  
come, welcome! I was very lonely." Bap-  
tiste now rode on with his thoughts full of  
what the Duke would say of him when he  
arrived in France. But he soon fell asleep  
and awoke only at broad day. All was still.  
Putting out his head he saw that the horses  
had been taken from the carriage which was  
standing in an inn yard. Baptiste  
jumped out and ran up to the hotel where  
he recognized, in the throng of people, the  
Duke's valet who had treated him so rudely  
the night before. The man expressed sur-  
prise at his appearance and demanded how  
he came to Turin. But Baptiste baffled his  
inquiries and with such good humor, that  
the valet told him where to find the Duke.

"Go into the parlor, just beyond; and if  
he asks for breakfast tell him that it will  
soon be ready."  
Baptiste hurried on, with the money, both  
gold and silver, in his hand. Through an  
open door he saw the Duke of Guise writ-  
ing at a table. He advanced softly, but hit  
a chair on the way so as to arouse the Duke.  
"Who is there," cried he, turning around.  
"I am little Baptiste Lulli, your high-  
ness," said the boy, saluting him as he ap-  
proached. "Yesterday evening you cer-  
tainly made a mistake, in giving me this gold  
piece; you were still more mistaken when  
you took me for a beggar and threw me this  
piece of silver. I have brought you both."

"Yesterday? I have forgotten. I do not  
even know who you are," said the astonished  
Duke, looking attentively at the little Flo-  
rentine's countenance, at once so serious and  
so artless.

"Your excellency does not recollect the  
little violin player? My poor violin," sighed  
Baptiste, with the tears in his fine blue eyes.  
"Now I remember you perfectly. But  
what do you want?"  
Baptiste told his story again.

"This is charming, exquisite," said the  
Duke, taking the little amateur by the hand.  
"Now, my dear, honest little fellow, tell me  
how you followed me hither."  
Baptiste described his perilous ride, and  
told his great grief at losing his violin.

"Well, here is something to buy another,"  
said the Duke, laying several pieces of gold  
on the table.

"All?" cried Baptiste, with a stare of as-  
tonishment.  
"All," replied the Duke, laughing.  
"Your grace, breakfast is ready," said a  
servant. As the Duke was leaving, he saw  
the little musician gazing after him wistfully.  
"Do you want anything more from me,"  
said the Duke. "Speak."

"Yes," said Baptiste, with his whole  
heart in his eyes; "I should like to stay  
with you always."  
"Well, arrange it with my people, and  
follow me to Paris if you like it."  
"Thanks, thanks, your excellency," said  
Baptiste kissing the hand which the duke  
held out to him.

Baptiste was no longer content with the  
step of the carriage. He now had a seat on  
the horse of the same valet who had treated  
him so roughly before.  
Our story now shifts to Paris.

In October of the same year, a coach-  
and-six, bearing the Duchess of Montpen-  
sier, was crossing the square of the Palais  
Royal, when a cry of terror from the titled  
occupant made the coachman pull up.  
"You are going to run over some one.  
Pray see what it is," cried the Duchess.

One of the footmen discovered, by the  
light of his torch, a ragged child, asleep,  
and giving him a kick he ordered him to be  
off.  
"No one has pity," said the child in a  
plaintive voice; when rising quickly he lay  
down again at a little distance, apparently  
shivering with cold.

The passive submission and the silvery  
tones deeply moved the young lady, and she  
called the boy.  
"Who are you, and why are you here at  
this late hour?" asked the princess, gazing  
with pity on the delicate and noble features  
of the ragged little fellow.  
"I am from Florence, and I came here in  
the Duke of Guise's suite."

"And does the Duke allow his attendants  
to sleep in the street?"  
"The cook turned me out because I took  
all his stew pans."

"And why did you take all his stew  
pans?" said Mademoiselle, who could not  
restrain laughing at the simplicity of this  
answer.  
"I wanted them for music. You have  
only to arrange them in order, taking care  
to choose them of different depths and sizes;  
this forms the tones and notes; and then  
you are to tap the backs of them with a  
little stick."

"That must make a very fine clatter  
indeed," said the princess with a burst of  
laughter.  
"That is what the cook said," replied the  
child with an ashamed look; "but the booby  
had no ears, no soul for music; and after  
my finest pieces and most harmonious airs  
he always declared that he never heard any-  
thing but the clinking of stew pans."

The child's voice grew so low and faint  
that the princess inquired: "Are you not  
cold or hungry?"  
"I have eaten nothing to-day," said he,  
quietly, as if suffering were habitual to him.  
"My poor child!" exclaimed the princess;  
and turning to her footman she said: "Take  
this child to the palace, give him a supper  
and a bed, and in the morning let him be  
dressed and brought to me at the breakfast  
hour."

The next day, however, a treaty of mar-  
riage between Philip IV, King of Spain, and  
Mademoiselle de Montpensier being on hand,  
under the prime minister Mazarin's direc-  
tion the little protégée was forgotten.  
Many lords and ladies were assembled in  
the splendid drawing-room of the Duchess.  
"Little Michael is already an hour behind  
time, I fear he is not coming," said the Duke  
of Guise.

"I see you do not know him, my lord,"  
said Mademoiselle. "If, on his way hither,  
he saw a tavern, and any one at the door  
invited him to go in, he would forget, not  
only me and my invitation, but even the  
king, and his eminence the cardinal, and  
everything else."

"Until he comes, tell us about him,  
Monsieur de Baurou."  
Monsieur de Baurou told about the humble  
birth of Michael Lambert, and about his  
mother whose love for music was so great  
that she scarcely ever stirred from a church  
where some nuns used to sing to the organ;  
and how little Michael, when only ten years  
of age, sang so wonderfully in the choir that  
the people would flock from a great distance  
to hear. The leader of the choir at the  
royal chapel, hearing him sing by accident,  
was so charmed that he took him into his  
choir.

The narrator was now interrupted by cer-  
tain extraordinary sounds coming from the  
servant's hall.  
"Can Lambert be down there amongst  
the servants?" inquired the princess.  
"He is just the man to be drinking and  
singing with them," said a lord.  
"What a dreadful noise," said the Duke,  
listening.  
"It appears to me to be chiming,"  
said an angry voice was now heard crying,  
"My stew pans, your rascal, my stew pans!"  
"The princess started toward the grand  
staircase followed by the company. They  
beheld a curious spectacle. In the midst of  
a number of stew pans, ranged in regular  
order in the vestibule, was a boy dressed as  
a scullion, with a stick in his hand, capering  
about like one mad. He struck now one  
pan and now another, singing all the time.  
At a little distance, in the middle of a group  
of servants, stood the cook with a furious  
look and a clenched fist, crying out, "My  
stew pans, villain, my stew pans!" and  
vainly struggling to disengage himself from  
the grasp of a very ugly little man who was  
holding him back from Baptiste, saying in  
an undertone, "Silence, wretch, silence,  
let them get supper as they can, but do not  
disturb the boy. How true! what good

time!—these stew pans speak—they have a  
voice, they have a soul."  
"Let me go, sir; are you mad?" said the  
cook in a passion. "Instead of a voice and  
a soul, it would be much fitter for them to  
be preparing ragouts and fricassees. Music  
from stew pans! was such a thing ever  
heard of?"

"Since I have not my violin," said the  
little scullion, angrily, "I must get music  
out of anything I can find!"  
"Can you play the violin, my lad?" in-  
quired the little man, who was no other than  
the famous Michael Lambert.

"A little, signor,"



## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

## INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page	Col.	No.
C. E. Cooper, New York Sun,	3	2	6
W. W. Hill, First National Bank,	3	2	7
G. W. Grant, Woburn Gas Light Co.,	3	2	8
A. W. DeWolf, G. M. Champey,	3	2	9
G. M. Champey, A. Card-Winslow,	3	2	10
A. Card-Winslow, J. B. McDonald,	3	2	11
J. B. McDonald, J. B. McDonald & Co.,	3	2	12
Mortgagee's Sale, Guardian's Sale,	3	2	13
Superior Sales, and Smith & Son,	3	2	14
John P. Fernald,	3	2	15

## RAILROAD MATTERS.

Hon. Hiram Hoxford, of the B. & L. R. R., has been interviewed in regard to the connection of his road with the Nashua & Lowell. Mr. Hoxford says the Lowell proposed to lease the Nashua for 99 years, and purchase the latter's interest in the Mystic wharf property, the fuel and railroad supplies, the Peterboro notes, some \$131,000, assume the Stony Brook, Wilton, and Peterboro leases, pay an annual rental of \$52,000, and besides \$500 annually to pay the salaries of the Nashua officers. He claims that the Nashua demand for \$210,000, which they had paid toward the interest account of the Boston depot is no claim at all, but their just proportion of the use of the depot. The Middlesex Central will be extended from Concord center to a junction with the Nashua, Acton & Boston R. R., just as soon as the legal time required by law will admit of procuring the necessary papers from the commissioners. When that is obtained it will be put through in a very few weeks. The distance is but two and nine-tenths miles, and the route from Nashua to Boston will be but four miles longer than the present.

This action of the B. & L. necessitates some movement of the N. & L. looking to an outlet at tide water. There are two ways; one by a junction with the Boston & Maine at Lowell, and the other by an extension of the Nashua road from North Chelmsford to North Woburn. The Mystic Valley Railroad has advertised its intention to petition the Legislature for a charter to extend its line to North Chelmsford, and this will be the probable solution of the problem which at present engages the attention of the Nashua people.

Statements have appeared in recent issues of the Boston papers in regard to the Mystic Valley railroad, which have brought that corporation into considerable prominence. The Herald on Saturday had an article in which the affairs of the company were depicted in anything but rose colors. According to that paper the cost of the road to date is \$298,584.78. This sum represents a large amount of stock and bonds which had been paid to Mills & Co. on their contract. They having sold out their contract to the corporation, returned the stocks and bonds, thereby reducing the actual cost of construction nearly one-half. The Railroad Commissioners were said to be dissatisfied, and were about instituting an investigation. Mr. Heywood, formerly of the Fitchburg road, who had been looking into matters a little, with a view of taking an interest in the road, was said to have been disgusted, and concluded to have nothing to do with it. The construction was said to have been very poorly and superficially done, much of it located on the tow path of the old Middlesex canal, which was almost a roadbed ready-made. The Globe then comes out with the other side, gives the names of the Directors, the terms of the contract with Mills & Co., and other matters familiar to the readers of the Journal. The road was started for a narrow gauge, but soon changed to a standard. The maximum grades were to be 85 feet, and were built at 58, and the curves instead of being 30° were built at 6°, thereby largely increasing the expense. The road follows the course of the old Canal, but there is not a rod of it built on the old tow path. Mr. Heywood instead of forming the opinion that the road was poorly and superficially constructed, says: "In my judgment the road is built fully as well as the average roads in this State, and is in a more than fair condition, and is, on the whole, a great deal better built road than I expected to find." The outstanding bonds of the company are less than \$25,000, and instead of an unfunded debt, as is reported, the only liabilities of the road now are less than \$30,000, and the entire amount expended on the road is about \$200,000. Undoubtedly the interests of the Boston and Lowell Railroad will be so affected by the completion of the Boston and Mystic Valley Railroad, that they must from an instinct of self-preservation leave no stone unturned to prevent the completion of the latter.

The annual meeting of M. V. R. R. will occur on the first Wednesday in January. The Railroad Commissioners have returned the books of the company which had been submitted to them for examination, and express themselves entirely satisfied. There will be no work done until after the annual meeting. A temporary bridge, sufficiently strong to meet all the requirements of travel will be thrown across the cut, on Pond street, Winchester, immediately. Everett Avenue, in the same town has already been made passable. It is the intention of those most interested, to resume active operations immediately, after the annual meeting, when it is expected some changes will be made in the management. It is so common in Woburn to speak disparagingly of this enterprise, that a good word for it creates surprise. We are assured, however, that this is the common lot of new railroad enterprises, and the friends of the project need not be discouraged. The completion of the road cannot fail to be of advantage to Woburn. Probably no town in the State which contributes so much to the freight business of a large corporation receives so little consideration at its hands. The probabilities that the B. & L. will enclose its freight yard, provide a freight house, and instruct its

freight agent to notify owners of the arrival of their freight, seem just now to depend upon the success of the M. V. R. R. For that reason, among others, we feel like encouraging the latter enterprise.

**THE SAVINGS BANK.**—The following communication from the Trustees of the Savings Bank will be read with interest:—

A natural and proper desire in this community to know something officially of the condition of the Woburn Five Cent Savings Bank, prompts the following statement:

During the past week a careful and thorough examination of the securities and accounts of the Bank has been made by the Directors and everything found correct. A full detailed statement will be published with our semi-annual report in January.

To insure future safety and to reduce the minimum liability from loss from any cause that can be controlled, we have adopted such precautions as have been suggested or learned by consultation with officers and managers of similar institutions, as one safeguard. We have leased a lock box in the Boston Safe Deposit Company, where all bonds and certificates of stock are to be kept. It has been the wish of the Directors at the earliest possible moment to procure from the Court a removal of the injunction and the privilege allowed to pay such depositors as might want to avail themselves of the privilege a per cent of their deposits. A short time since in our judgment the time to make such a request had arrived and a Committee was chosen for that purpose. After a full statement of our condition to the Attorney General and the savings Bank Commissioners they satisfied us that the permanent good of all concerned required further delay. With the present income from our investments, and with considerable reduction in our running expenses, (never very large), we see no good reason why the Bank cannot during the coming year, be in a good condition to resume its former place in the confidence of the people, and continue in the future a benefit to our community. The following communication has been received from our Attorney.

Boston, Nov. 28, 1878.  
To the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cent Savings Bank, Gentlemen:—As counsel for your institution I have had several conferences with the Savings Bank Commissioners, as to the removal of the injunction from the Bank and the resumption of business under the so-called stay law, and the dividend to its depositors. The result of these conferences is that the Commissioners at present are unwilling to consent to the removal of the injunction but are willing to assent to the payment of a dividend to the depositors, if you under all circumstances advise it and the Court under your application so order. The Commissioners, however, strongly recommend the immediate investment of your idle funds in 4 per cent government bonds and the postponement of payment of any dividend for a few months as the wisest and best course for you to pursue. And with this counsel I concur without any reservation whatever. I am respectfully yours,  
EDWARD A. KELLEY.

**PARKER L. CONVERSE,**  
**JOHN D. TIDD,**  
**NATHAN WYMAN,**  
**W. T. GRAMMAR,**  
Committee of the Trustees.  
Woburn, Dec. 11, 1878.

**STAR COURSE.**—The Star Course came to a brilliant end on Wednesday, with a very fine concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette, and the child vocalist, Mattie Colby. The playing of the Quintette was exquisite. The pleasure of hearing Miss Colby who is only eight years old, was somewhat marred by the reflection that what was enjoyed by the audience afforded no pleasure to the precocious little singer who is evidently put forward by friends who care more for present gain than the future welfare of the child.

**THREE HUNDRED ENOUGH.**—When Caleb Cushing, B. R. Curtis, Robert Ramtoul, Sidney Bartlett, and Leverett Saltonstall were members of the Legislature, their pay was but two dollars a day. They never complained of the pay, and the State never had better legislators. When the compensation was fixed at \$300 for the session, it was fixed about right, and we hope to see our representatives taking that view of the matter two weeks from next Wednesday.

**PERSONAL.**—In the interpretation of the "Courtship of Miles Standish," at Bumstead Hall, Boston, last Saturday afternoon, Mr. Elmore Pierce, of this town, who is a pupil at the New England Conservatory of Education, gave an excellent conception of the doughty Captain and received hearty applause. Mr. Pierce gives promise of taking no inferior rank among the best readers of the day. Quite a member of people from Woburn were present.

**OMITTED.**—In our account last week of the fire at Mr. Winslow's, we unintentionally omitted to mention that Hose 1 and Hook and Ladder 1 were present. All of our towns people know that both of these organizations are second to none in their promptness in responding to all alarms, and will readily understand that the omission of mentioning that they were present at the above fire, was purely an oversight.

**STREET RAILWAY.**—On Monday evening a one-horse car freshly painted and in excellent order arrived in town from Salem. The North Woburn Street Railway have given the Salem company, in exchange, a double-horse car, which stood in need of repair, and some extra cash. The new arrival will be used with one horse in the summer season and with two horses in the winter.

**POLICE COURT.**—Timothy Sheehan, illegal keeping of liquor, \$50 and costs. John Keating, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. Thomas Doyle, vagabond, sent to state work house for one year. Robert J. Grantfield, truancy, placed on probation.

**BAPTIST CHURCH.**—Rev. E. Mills will deliver the second lecture on "Bunyan's Pilgrim" next Sabbath afternoon; subject, "From the City of Destruction to the slough of despond."

**SELECTMEN.**—A request for a horse carriage to be stationed at Central Square, has been presented. The Board of Engineers has the matter under consideration.

**SOCIABLE.**—The Young Ladies' Society of the Unitarian church, held a pleasant musical and literary entertainment in the church parlor, on Monday evening.

**THE MEETINGS OF THE Woburn High School Graduates Association, to which we referred last week, have been postponed for the present.**

**BOOKS.**—Mr. G. M. Champey will open a full line of Holiday books at the new library building, where the best books may be bought at the lowest city prices.

**CHRISTMAS.**—Cooper has a fine lot of toys, suitable for presents for the little ones, which he offers at low prices.

**FIRE.**—A fire broke out very suddenly on Thursday evening in the cigar manufactory of Mrs. Ellen Crehan, over Haynes' harness shop, corner of Main and Everett streets. Mrs. Crehan and Miss Kenny, one of her employees, left the factory just after the clock had struck ten, putting out the lights except the one in the passage way on Everett street, and leaving a good fire burning in the stove in the middle room, where the cigars are made. About twenty minutes after Mrs. Crehan had reached her home on Union street the alarm was given from the central gong. Mr. Haynes and others were in the harness shop until about 10.20, and left without suspicion of anything wrong. The middle room of the three on the second story was used for the cigar manufactory. The rear room, the one over Estabrook's bakery and the third story attic were all used for storing tobacco. The front room was unoccupied. The fire companies were promptly on hand, and Hose 1 put two streams from the hydrant in front of the bakery, into the second story where the smoke and flames were pouring out in great volumes. The prospect of saving the block along Everett street seemed small, but the firemen, aided by the stillness of the air, soon subdued the fire. Several hundred dollars worth of cigars were rendered worthless by water and the walls were pretty thoroughly charred. Mrs. Crehan's stock was insured for \$300 in the Shawmut Company of Boston and the building for \$1,000, by the heirs of Winthrop Wyman, in the Franklin of Boston. Mr. Haynes who occupies the first floor had an insurance of \$500 in the American Company of St. Louis. Mr. Haynes sustained some loss by the removal of his stock which was removed to the Central house. The origin of the fire is not known. One conjecture is that a spark dropped from the stove flue.

**FAIR.**—Trinity Church held a fair in Grand Army Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The attendance was large and the enjoyment general. The ladies and misses made an attractive display of fancy articles. The refreshment tables were supplied with some very choice chicken-pie, oysters &c. A cake to be given to the minister receiving the largest number of votes, was voted upon.

**ILLEGAL WEIGHING.**—George S. Delano, coal dealer at Medford, having an account against a Winchester man, sued to recover the amount due. The person sued then complained of Delano for selling coal in Winchester, not weighed by a sworn weigher of that town. Mr. Delano was examined before Justice Littlefield, and held in \$200 to await the action of the Grand Jury.

**CAUTION.**—This disagreeable and painful disease is not incurable, and the wonder is that so many continue to suffer from it when relief is so available. Dr. F. B. Campbell & Co., physicians and druggists at No. 125, advertise on our first page a specific which they guarantee shall prove all that is claimed for it.

**CAVED IN.**—The high bank wall which stood on the side of Mr. L. L. Whitney's yard, on Fairmount street, next to the sidewalk, fell down on Tuesday night. The wall was about twelve feet in height and composed of very large, heavy stones.

**RUNAWAY.**—On Tuesday, L. A. Sweetser's horse with provision wagon attached, ran from Highland to Main street, and was secured by William Carter, of Burlington, who was passing. Fortunately no damage was done to either team or horse.

**SANTA CLAUS.**—Amos Cummings has an attractive transparency of Santa Claus and his team of reindeer, suggestive of Christmas presents, of which Cummings has a fine display. He proposes to keep his store open all day on Christmas.

**A son of Patrick Flaherty** aged six years, who has been about the streets poorly clothed and neglected, has been placed in Father Cullen's Home in Boston, where he will have kind treatment.

**COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' VOTE.**—The official vote for County Commissioners is as follows: J. Henry Read, 26,615; Thomas H. Hill, 16,365; Hosea Day, 2905; Franklin Cheney, 404.

**SEWING MACHINES.**—Grant, the tailor, makes the suggestion that a good Domestic Sewing Machine would be a good Christmas present. We advise our readers to think of it.

**THREE YEARS IN PRISON.**—James McCool pleaded guilty to burglary in Suffolk County, on Saturday, and was sentenced to three years in the State Prison.

**SACRILEGE.**—Some night last week, the Swedenborgian Chapel at East Woburn, was broken open, and between six and seven dollars in coppers stolen.

**SNOW.**—There was one heroic sleigher on the street, last Monday, who was bound to say that he had had no more ride this year.

**North Woburn.**

**ACCIDENT.**—Monday morning as Willie Severens was turning the corner by Dearborn Bros', store, his horse slipped and fell, throwing him upon the ground and cutting a severe gash in one of his knees. At last accounts he was doing well.

**PARALYSIS.**—Mr. B. F. Jones was stricken with paralysis Tuesday morning. He has been confined to the house for a long time with the Rheumatism and is now confined to his bed. If he lives until the twenty-fifth of this month he will be eighty-five (85) years old.

**SMASH-UP.**—Last Wednesday evening a horse car going down New Bridge Hill, broke an axle and received other injuries of a serious nature. Fortunately no persons were hurt.

**Winchester.**

**Hon. F. O. Prince** was re-elected Mayor of Boston, on Tuesday.

**FAIR.**—The Seek and Save society of the Congregational church held a fair on Thursday.

**THE death of Commodore William P. Spicer** promotes Captain Samuel P. Carter, at present member of the Light House Board in Washington to be Commodore in the navy.

**MASONIC.**—Wm. Parkman Lodge of Masons, re-elected on Tuesday, the following

**ANOTHER EDITOR GONE.**—Last Monday the community of Stoneham was saddened by the death of Mr. E. T. Whittier, editor of the Stoneham Independent. We have known Bro. Whittier for a good many years, and always held him in high esteem. He went to Stoneham as a teacher, afterwards opened a small store, which was subsequently enlarged, and he finally erected a fine business block. For many years he was postmaster of the town. Some fifteen years ago he commenced printing in a small way, and gradually increased his facilities, until the Independent crowned the work. He was highly respected as a man of strict integrity and a worthy citizen. His sons who have been associated with him in business will probably carry on the work so well begun by their honored father.

**Y. M. C. A.**—A prayer meeting was held by this association on Monday evening at the Baptist Church. The general participation of those present showed that the interest in the success of the association is strong. After the devotional exercises the Directors held a meeting. They authorized the President, Secretary and chairman to procure suitable bulletin boards, for the announcement of meetings. The use, for the present, of Gospel Hymns No. 2, was recommended. The secretary, chairman and Mr. Pollock were appointed a committee to procure suitable record books and to transfer to them the Constitution so that members can sign. The Directors meeting was then adjourned for two weeks.

**DROWNED IN THE POTOMAC.**—Many of our readers will remember Benjamin Chaloner, who was formerly a resident of Winchester. Latterly he has been living in Accotink, Fairfax Co., Va., on the Potomac river, where he lived by himself, and carried on a small farm. He was accustomed to cross the river in a sail boat once a week to visit the Post Office, at Glymont, Md., and make purchases for his house. He had been over as usual, on Wednesday, of last week, and had nearly reached the Virginia shore on his return, when a squall struck the boat and capsized it, and Mr. Chaloner was drowned. His body has not yet been recovered.

**Wilmington.**

**F. & M. CLUB.**—The Farmer's and Mechanics Club met on the 7th inst. The usual fifteen minutes question and discussion were omitted in order to allow sufficient time for the readings of Rev. Mr. Noyes on the relation of "Capital to Labor." The readings, interspersed with Mr. Noyes' own remarks, were very interesting and proved that machinery is not a drawback to the interests of labor, but a benefit. The President and Secretary were appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Murdoch, of Jamaica Plain, in regard to lecturing before the Club. The next meeting will take place on the 21st inst., and it is hoped that it will be well attended, as the annual election of officers for the ensuing year will take place.

**The Union Ice Company** should receive the credit of raising the heaviest porkers in this town. They raised two this year, the weight of one being 519 lbs., and the other 528 lbs., which we consider is doing extraordinary for one year old pigs.

**It is rumored that a Wilmington lady, who is quite a practical farmer, will shortly give a lecture to the members of the Farmer's and Mechanics Club.**

**SINGING SCHOOL.**—A singing school has been organized in this town and is in successful operation. Mr. Morse, of Andover, who is a most efficient teacher, has been engaged to give twenty lessons this winter, and we hope that all those young or old who have not as yet joined the school, will do so, as this is an excellent opportunity. The price of ladies tickets is 50 cents, gentlemen's \$1.50.

**About twenty delegates** from various parts of the State, met at the Lowell depot in Boston, on the 10th inst., and after considerable discussion, appointed a committee of thirteen to consider the formation of a State Farmer's Club, and to report if they deemed such an organization desirable. H. Sheldon of this town was chosen one of the committee.

**Burlington.**

**Rev. Dr. Butler, of Boston,** will preach at the Congregational church, Sunday, at 10.30.

**CONCERT.**—The Congregational Sunday School gave a Christmas service, Sunday evening, in place of their regular concert.

**PORKERS.**—Mr. G. A. Bennett has succeeded in raising the largest hog in town, three of them tipping the scales at 1488. N. H. Marion killed three that dressed over 1200 lbs. Curtis White fatted one that dressed 501 lbs.

**SCHOOLS.**—The winter term of schools opened last week. Miss Ida L. Hutchinson of this town, graduate of the Woburn High School, Class of '77, is a debutante at the East School. Miss Hutchinson possesses qualities for an efficient teacher, and the prospects are flattering that the East district will be well governed. Miss Mattie E. Sewall has returned to the West district. Miss Nellie H. Parker, of Lexington, presides at the South. Miss Isabella H. Page, of Lexington, as tutress at the North. Mr. Chas. E. Estabrook, of Boston, a graduate of Harvard, is instructor at the Center or High school.

**CARPETS.**—The church so mysteriously divested of its carpets on Friday night, Nov. 23d, 1877, an account of which was portrayed in the "Trump's Dream," published in this paper, has been entirely new carpeted with neat and durable material. The money was raised by subscription and a lecture course.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

**Harper's Magazine** for January offers an unusual variety of interesting reading matter, with over thirty illustrations. The number opens with an effectively illustrated paper, by W. H. Ridgely, on Liverpool—"England's Great Seaport."—G. M. W. Benjamin contributes the first of two profusely illustrated papers, entitled "Hambles in the South of France." Besides these articles descriptive of places, there is, for readers interested in the curiosities of animal life, Mrs. Treat's illustrated paper, "A Chapter in the History of Ants"—a narrative of her own observations. Those interested in ceramic art will be especially pleased with Jennie J. Young's "Closeness Engraving," with eight beautiful engravings. Agricultural readers will find Colonel Waring's illustrated paper on the last meeting of

officers for 1879.—W. M. T. S. Spurr; S. W. N. F. Marble; J. W. G. S. Littlefield; Treasurer, George F. Parker; Secretary, Leone S. Quimby.

**MUSICAL.**—Many of the music lovers of Winchester, assembled informally at the residence of J. F. Stone, Esq., Wednesday evening, Dec. 11. They enjoyed the rare opportunity of listening to the distinguished pianist, Mr. John Orth, of Boston, and Mr. Edward B. Perry, of Medford, Mrs. Susie C. Bailey and Miss Mary C. Gale, of Winchester, vocalists, kindly contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion. We hope that Mr. Orth may be induced to favor the public of Winchester, this winter.

**PLEASANT SURPRISE.**—Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Bates were most agreeably surprised on Tuesday evening by their friends. The occasion was the fortieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Bates. The very unpleasant weather kept, doubtless, seventy-five or more from going who would otherwise have been present. A variety of presents in silver were presented by the firm and employees of the piano factory and by other friends. Mr. Bates expressed the thanks of himself and family and their high appreciation of the kindness manifested. Refreshments were provided. Mr. and Mrs. Bates did not celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary.

**DROWNED IN THE POTOMAC.**—Many of our readers will remember Benjamin Chaloner, who was formerly a resident of Winchester. Latterly he has been living in Accotink, Fairfax Co., Va., on the Potomac river, where he lived by himself, and carried on a small farm. He was accustomed to cross the river in a sail boat once a week to visit the Post Office, at Glymont, Md., and make purchases for his house. He had been over as usual, on Wednesday, of last week, and had nearly reached the Virginia shore on his return, when a squall struck the boat and capsized it, and Mr. Chaloner was drowned. His body has not yet been recovered.

**Wilmington.**

**F. & M. CLUB.**—The Farmer's and Mechanics Club met on the 7th inst. The usual fifteen minutes question and discussion were omitted in order to allow sufficient time for the readings of Rev. Mr. Noyes on the relation of "Capital to Labor." The readings, interspersed with Mr. Noyes' own remarks, were very interesting and proved that machinery is not a drawback to the interests of labor, but a benefit. The President and Secretary were appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Murdoch, of Jamaica Plain, in regard to lecturing before the Club. The next meeting will take place on the 21st inst., and it is hoped that it will be well attended, as the annual election of officers for the ensuing year will take place.

**The Union Ice Company** should receive the credit of raising the heaviest porkers in this town. They raised two this year, the weight of one being 519 lbs., and the other 528 lbs., which we consider is doing extraordinary for one year old pigs.

**It is rumored that a Wilmington lady, who is quite a practical farmer, will shortly give a lecture to the members of the Farmer's and Mechanics Club.**

**SINGING SCHOOL.**—A singing school has been organized in this town and is in successful operation. Mr. Morse, of Andover, who is a most efficient teacher, has been engaged to give twenty lessons this winter, and we hope that all those young or old who have not as yet joined the school, will do so, as this is an excellent opportunity. The price of ladies tickets is 50 cents, gentlemen's \$1.50.

**About twenty delegates** from various parts of the State, met at the Lowell depot in Boston, on the 10th inst., and after considerable discussion, appointed a committee of thirteen to consider the formation of a State Farmer's Club, and to report if they deemed such an organization desirable. H. Sheldon of this town was chosen one of the committee.

**Burlington.**

**Rev. Dr. Butler, of Boston,** will preach at the Congregational church, Sunday, at 10.30.

**CONCERT.**—The Congregational Sunday School gave a Christmas service, Sunday evening, in place of their regular concert.

**PORKERS.**—Mr. G. A. Bennett has succeeded in raising the largest hog in town, three of them tipping the scales at 1488. N. H. Marion killed three that dressed over 1200 lbs. Curtis White fatted one that dressed 501 lbs.

**SCHOOLS.**—The winter term of schools opened last week. Miss Ida L. Hutchinson of this town, graduate of the Woburn High School, Class of '77, is a debutante at the East School. Miss Hutchinson possesses qualities for an efficient teacher, and the prospects are flattering that the East district will be well governed. Miss Mattie E. Sewall has returned to the West district. Miss Nellie H. Parker, of Lexington, presides at the South. Miss Isabella H. Page, of Lexington, as tutress at the North. Mr. Chas. E. Estabrook, of Boston, a graduate of Harvard, is instructor at the Center or High school.

**CARPETS.**—The church so mysteriously divested of its carpets on Friday night, Nov. 23d, 1877, an account of which was portrayed in the "Trump's Dream," published in this paper, has been entirely new carpeted with neat and durable material. The money was raised by subscription and a lecture course.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

**Harper's Magazine** for January offers an unusual variety of interesting reading matter, with over thirty illustrations. The number opens with an effectively illustrated paper, by W. H. Ridgely, on Liverpool—"England's Great Seaport."—G. M. W. Benjamin contributes the first of two profusely illustrated papers, entitled "Hambles in the South of France." Besides these articles descriptive of places, there is, for readers interested in the curiosities of animal life, Mrs. Treat's illustrated paper, "A Chapter in the History of Ants"—a narrative of her own observations. Those interested in ceramic art will be especially pleased with Jennie J. Young's "Closeness Engraving," with eight beautiful engravings. Agricultural readers will find Colonel Waring's illustrated paper on the last meeting of

the "Royal Agricultural" show full of curious and instructive information. Those interested in our early American literature will rejoice to see an almost forgotten poetess—Mrs. Maria Brooks, or "Maria del Occidente"—recalled from oblivion by Mrs. Gustafson's delightful paper, diving, through a variety of letters (from Colonel Brooks, a son of the poetess, the Southey's, R. H. Home, and others), reminiscences of this remarkable author's brief career. Mrs. Brooks, the author of "Zophiel," a poem from which Mrs. Gustafson quotes largely, was pronounced by Southey, "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." Both literary and musical readers will be interested in the curious information given in the paper on Rousseau respecting his musical achievements. Forté Crayon contributes one of his characteristic articles, entitled "Home," with illustrations. Edward Everett Hale's fine poem, "The Great Harvest Year," appropriately closes the number. The Easy Chair discusses Choate, the magazine of to-day, the true story of Paul Revere's Ride, &c. The Literary Record is a comprehensive and critical summary of the important books of the month. The other editorial departments are well sustained.

**Peterson's Magazine** is already on our table for January, a triumph of art, literature, and fashion. Either of the two steel engravings "The Playmates," or "The Letter at the Gate," is worth the price of the number. Then the treble-sized colored pattern, "Persian Embroidery in Applique, &c.," the very newest thing out, would be cheap at fifty cents. As for the mammoth colored fashion-plate, it is simply unrivalled; and besides this, there some thirty other fashion illustrations. Then, too, there is a Supplement, with a full-size pattern for a Winter Mantilla, the very latest style. To praise the stories in "Peterson" is unnecessary; they are always original, and always the best. Two powerful novelets are begun, one by Ann S. Stevens, another by Jane G. Austin; and in addition there are stories by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Rebecca Harding Davis, Frank Lee Benedict, "Josiah Allen's Wife," &c., &c. Now is the time to subscribe. "Peterson" is unquestionably the cheapest and best of the ladies' books. The price is only two dollars a year. To clubs it is cheaper still, viz: 4 copies for \$6.50, with an extra copy gratis to the person getting up the club, or 5 copies for \$8.00, and an extra copy gratis to a superior premium engraving, "Christ Blessing Little Children." Specimens of the magazine sent gratis to persons wishing to get up clubs. Address Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature.**—Brief biographies of all noted British or American authors, from earliest times to the present, with specimens from their writings, making a work not only thoroughly entertaining and useful to all intelligent readers, but nearly indispensable to people of culture. This newly revised and beautiful edition contains over 3,000 pages, and the entire work, in eight handy volumes, is furnished, free of express or mail charges, for \$2.00 in paper, \$3. in cloth, or \$4.50 in half morocco. The publishers sell only to subscribers direct, instead of giving dealers and agents 50 or 60 per cent discount to sell for them, which accounts for the remarkable low prices. Special inducements are offered to those sending early orders. Specimen pages with full particulars, sent on request by postal card to the publishers, the American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman street, New York.

**Choice grades of coal** now on hand at J. I. Munroe & Co.'s. Please give them a trial before purchasing. Also, all kinds of builders' materials in stock.

**Look out for counterfeit five-dollar bills** on the Trader's National Bank of Chicago.

**Several new publications** will be noticed next week.

**Grant is going to stay away another year, in order to travel in Asia.**

**O'Leary has accomplished the feat** of walking 400 miles in 124 hours.

**Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.**

**Reflect that in every century** of the silent tent, are the victims of neglected coughs & colds; and if you are thus afflicted, avoid their fate by resorting at once to *Pike's Honey of Marshmallows* and *Tenax*—an immediate, agreeable, and certain means of cure. Sold by Druggists. Pike's Toothache drops cure in 1 minute.

## Special Notices.

**WOBURN GAS LIGHT CO.—NOTICE.**  
After January 1st, 1879, the price of Gas will be reduced to \$2.00 per thousand cubic feet, and a discount of 20 cents on a thousand will be allowed on all bills paid within ten days after they are due. Monthly bills are due on the second day of each month. Quarterly bills are due on the fifth days of January, April, July and October. Office hours from 9 till 5 o'clock, P. M., on Wednesdays.  
By order of the Directors,  
AARON THOMPSON, Clerk.  
Woburn, Dec. 6th, 1878.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF W







## The Story of Caroline Herschel.

Caroline Herschel is one of the most remarkable persons that ever appeared in the world of biography. Her humility and her ability were alike preternatural. With royal societies paying compliments and royal personages paying court to her, she never ceased to regret that she had been hindered from perfecting herself in any branch of knowledge by which she could earn her own bread. She ever maintained that she was only a tool, which her brother had the trouble of sharpening, to adapt to his uses for want of a better; and, in the light of her declaration that she never could remember the multiplication table, but was obliged always to carry a copy of it about with her, we are almost ready to grant it. She was a blockhead; only the block was diamond. Without giving one sign of the temper of genius—giving, indeed, many signs of a merely commonplace organization—Caroline Herschel was nevertheless compact of genius. Wherever the pick struck it revealed a placer. Her father wished to give her a polished education; but her mother determined that it should be rough. She believed, good soul, that her son William, the great astronomer, would never have abandoned his Hanover home, to follow his time among the stars, in England, if he had had less learning; and she was resolved not to lose Caroline in the same way. Therefore, she would not permit her to learn French or dancing, though the entrance fee had been paid; and the father could only indulge himself with giving her a short lesson on the violin, when the mother was out of the way! Yet, when her brother summoned her to England, to assist him in music, by which he was earning money to cultivate astronomy, she went into his concerts and sang with instant success. It is characteristic of her, that when the proprietor of the theater pronounced her to be an ornament to the stage, she plegmatically took it as a sign that she had not made a bad choice of the gown which her brother had given her ten guineas to buy. That there could be anything ornamental in her own fresh youth seems not to have entered her stupid head. When her brother relinquished music for astronomy, she followed him with the same canine fidelity and the same self-sufficiency. Any greatness or difficulty in the work appointed never appeared to her in the light of an obstacle. Whatever he ordered, she did. Here was a little uneducated German girl, who had spent her life knitting in the chimney-corner; but her brother wanted her for assistant astronomer, and immediately she was modeling tubes for telescopes, making catalogues, sweeping for stars, recording observations, measuring the ground with poles, and the double stars with glasses, registering nebulae, discovering comets, and all as simply as she stirred the fire, and just as reverently as she scanned the heavens did she stir the fire and make coffee, in the long winter nights, and put food, bit by bit, into her brother's mouth (when for sixteen hours together he did not take his hands from the seven foot mirror he was polishing), and pound and sift the loam in which the great mirror was to be cast. Astronomy or drudgery, music or mincement, Heaven or earth, was all one to her, so she had her brother. She laments relinquishing her one ambition—her desire to earn her living; but she must help her brother, and she has not spirit enough to appear in public concerts without him. It irked her as it would any other woman to stand out-doors alone in frosty nights, beyond human call, to watch the heavens; but as soon as her brother was at home watching with her the nights ceased to be frosty and the wastes were populous. In her eagerness to execute her brother's command, and having to run in the dark over ground a foot deep in melting snow, she slipped and fell upon an iron hook. It entered her right leg above the knee, and, though her brother and the workman could not lift her without leaving two ounces of her flesh behind, she congratulated herself that her brother was no loser by it, as the remainder of the night was cloudy. She wrote letters to learned men in the astronomical dialect as unconsciously as another woman would have written an order to the butcher. As other women mind the house, she minded the heavens. Her little domestic distresses are such as she has found a comet in her brother's absence; and does not know what to do with it, because she has broken the handle of the perpendicular motion. All her love of abstract science and all her personal ambition found their utmost gratification when she could say, "I had the comfort to see that my brother was satisfied with my endeavors in assisting him."—*N. Y. Independent.*

**ROADS IN BADEN.**—In the Grand Duchy of Baden, in Germany, the government has built magnificent macadamized roads, as smooth as Central Park rides. These are lined on both sides by fruit trees—pears, apples, cherries, plums—and it is asserted that the fruit alone pays the full cost of repairs. All the droppings of the road are carefully and constantly scraped around these trees. The rain water of the road beds is led to them, and they bear most bountifully choice and valuable fruit. The beauty of such roads, nicely shaded, well kept, and in a picturesque country, is a thing never forgotten.

**MENTAL VISIONS.**—Dickens used to say that he sometimes heard the characters of his novels speak to him. A French novelist declared that while writing the description of the poisoning of one of his characters, he had the taste of arsenic as distinctly in his mouth as if he himself had been poisoned. Artists sometimes have this power of making a mental representation seem real; but it is a dangerous power to use. The mental vision may haunt the man until he becomes insane. Dr. Wigan tells of a skillful painter whom he knew who assured him that he once painted three hundred portraits in one year. The secret of his rapidity and success was that he required but one sitting, and painted with wonderful facility.

**NEVER.**—Never fail to offer the easiest and best seat in the room to an invalid, an elderly person, or a lady.

Never be guilty of the contemptible meanness of opening a private letter addressed to another.

Never enter a room filled with people without a slight bow to the general company when first going in.

Never accept of favors or hospitalities without rendering an exchange of civilities when opportunity offers.

Never write to another asking for information or a favor of any kind, without inclosing a postage stamp for the reply.

Never fail to say a kind and encouraging word to those whom you meet in distress. Your kindness may lift them out of their despair.

The reckless man courts danger. The brave man marries a pretty girl.

**HAMPTON INSTITUTE** evidently means to do its best toward making its "Indian Experiment" a success. The forty-nine new Dacotahs are to have a dormitory built especially for themselves, at the expense of the Institute, which will contain sixty rooms and a large workshop, with a suitable outfit for instruction in trade and the useful arts. Mr. George H. Corliss, of Providence, whose immense engines furnished the motive power at the Philadelphia Exhibition, has offered to place in the workshop a new and improved sixty-horse-power Corliss engine, without expense to the institution. This magnificent and valuable gift is in process of construction and will soon be waiting for its work. Our readers will recall that some months ago nineteen young Cheyenne and Kiowa Indians, who had been confined at St. Augustine, Florida, were placed in the school, and their instruction attended with so much success that the Government authorized Capt. R. H. Pratt, of the Tenth Cavalry, to visit the friendly tribes of the Sioux and select the friendly band of young Indians to join those already at the school. The Captain fulfilled his mission, and the new pupils are now well established in the course at Hampton. There they will learn English, the elementary branches, and be instructed in mechanical trades, and especially agriculture. Their ages vary from ten to twenty-five years. Most of them are young. There are many good faces, and some interesting histories, as well as some peculiar names. To the roll of Hampton will now be added Frank Yellow-bird, Walking Cloud, Man That Looks Around, Man That Hoots When He Walks, Laughing Face, White Breast, Many Kettle, Lizzie Spider, Getting On, and One Who Comes Flying. One of the women is a mother, who could not let her little girl come without her, Zie-wie, or Yellow-hand, is the daughter of a chief, who brought her herself to Captain Pratt. A few can speak a little English. Two of the boys can talk it very well, especially Johnny Robb, who acts as interpreter and will be employed in the printing office. The Government has stipulated to pay the Institute \$167 apiece for their care and instruction for one year. The "experiment" is as interesting and important as it is novel, and may go far toward helping us out with the general Indian problem.

**THE STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.**—The Cathedral is a very imposing structure, and its tower—is to have two if the edifice is ever finished—is at present the highest in the world. It reaches to an altitude of 465 feet, but the towers of the Cologne Cathedral will exceed it by nearly if not quite, 35 feet. An ascent of the Strassburg tower is a laborious undertaking, inasmuch as the stairs in the tower itself, which does not fairly begin until a height of 216 feet is reached, are very steep and in places exceedingly narrow. Added to these discomforts, there had just been a furious shower, and as the open work spire admits the rain very freely, the steps were wet and slippery. In many places there are no supports for the hands except the bare stones, or the lightning rod may sometimes be grasped through the wide openings through which the climber might be precipitated by a misstep. In one place where the steps actually go outside the spire, the balustrade was shot away during the siege, and there is literally nothing to grasp except the spire itself. The view from the tower is grand indeed. It encompasses the quaint old city, with its great field of pointed roofs and gables, a long stretch of the valley of the Rhine, and a considerable portion of the Black Forest. One of the peculiarities of Strassburg is the great number of storks' nests upon the house-tops and chimneys. The birds are protected by the citizens, and it is considered a favorable omen for them to establish their homes upon any particular house-top.

**ROADS IN BADEN.**—In the Grand Duchy of Baden, in Germany, the government has built magnificent macadamized roads, as smooth as Central Park rides. These are lined on both sides by fruit trees—pears, apples, cherries, plums—and it is asserted that the fruit alone pays the full cost of repairs. All the droppings of the road are carefully and constantly scraped around these trees. The rain water of the road beds is led to them, and they bear most bountifully choice and valuable fruit. The beauty of such roads, nicely shaded, well kept, and in a picturesque country, is a thing never forgotten.

**MENTAL VISIONS.**—Dickens used to say that he sometimes heard the characters of his novels speak to him. A French novelist declared that while writing the description of the poisoning of one of his characters, he had the taste of arsenic as distinctly in his mouth as if he himself had been poisoned. Artists sometimes have this power of making a mental representation seem real; but it is a dangerous power to use. The mental vision may haunt the man until he becomes insane. Dr. Wigan tells of a skillful painter whom he knew who assured him that he once painted three hundred portraits in one year. The secret of his rapidity and success was that he required but one sitting, and painted with wonderful facility.

**NEVER.**—Never fail to offer the easiest and best seat in the room to an invalid, an elderly person, or a lady.

Never be guilty of the contemptible meanness of opening a private letter addressed to another.

Never enter a room filled with people without a slight bow to the general company when first going in.

Never accept of favors or hospitalities without rendering an exchange of civilities when opportunity offers.

Never write to another asking for information or a favor of any kind, without inclosing a postage stamp for the reply.

Never fail to say a kind and encouraging word to those whom you meet in distress. Your kindness may lift them out of their despair.

The reckless man courts danger. The brave man marries a pretty girl.

A clergyman's wife had impressed upon her little boy the necessity of ejecting the skins of grapes, and a few days afterward she told him the story of Jonah and the whale. "The whale is a very large monster," said the mother, "and he swallowed Jonah." "Did he swallow other men, too?" asked the little boy. "Well, I suppose he did," continued the mother, who was somewhat in doubt—and while she was hesitating about the continuation of the story the boy interrupted, "And mamma, did he spit the skins out, too?"

Which are the lightest men, Irishmen, Scotchmen or Englishmen? In Ireland there are men of Cork; in Scotland there are men of Ayr (air), but on the Thames are lighter-men.

Which are the lightest men, Irishmen, Scotchmen or Englishmen? In Ireland there are men of Cork; in Scotland there are men of Ayr (air), but on the Thames are lighter-men.

Which are the lightest men, Irishmen, Scotchmen or Englishmen? In Ireland there are men of Cork; in Scotland there are men of Ayr (air), but on the Thames are lighter-men.

Which are the lightest men, Irishmen, Scotchmen or Englishmen? In Ireland there are men of Cork; in Scotland there are men of Ayr (air), but on the Thames are lighter-men.

Which are the lightest men, Irishmen, Scotchmen or Englishmen? In Ireland there are men of Cork; in Scotland there are men of Ayr (air), but on the Thames are lighter-men.

Which are the lightest men, Irishmen, Scotchmen or Englishmen? In Ireland there are men of Cork; in Scotland there are men of Ayr (air), but on the Thames are lighter-men.

Which are the lightest men, Irishmen, Scotchmen or Englishmen? In Ireland there are men of Cork; in Scotland there are men of Ayr (air), but on the Thames are lighter-men.

**ORIGIN OF CARPETS.**—Carpets come from the East, and their manufacture dates far back into antiquity. The Babylonians made them; they formed a noted branch of manufacture in Turkey and Persia before they were known in England. They belonged to the Oriental luxury of taste which was the exact opposite of the Saxon. The Mohammedan who prostrates himself many times a day upon the ground found it convenient to have something on which to kneel and which he could easily carry with him, while a like habit of sitting cross-legged upon the floor made the same material find a comfort then an ornament to his house. To these uses we may probably trace the custom in Oriental countries, copied largely by France, of having carpets in one piece, and then to only partially cover the floor, or of the use of rugs merely before the principal pieces of furniture. It is only in the United States, England and Germany at the present day that carpets are universally used covering the entire floor, and where the plan of waxing floors, as in France, is almost entirely unknown. Those who have painfully walked through some of the palaces in Europe, shuffling along in felt slippers, or endeavoring to stand upright without them, realize the comforts of a well-covered floor, as well as the great addition to the beauty of a well-furnished house.

It is somewhat singular that the English should have been so late as they were in discovering the utility of carpets, for while they did not need them for the act of worship, the climate would naturally suggest such an addition to warmth. Yet we learn from history that as late as the reigns of Queens Mary and Elizabeth rushes were used, even in the palaces, though carpets had been imported to some extent from the East. Shakespeare occasionally refers to them, and Bacon, who was contemporary with him, describes a reception thus: "Against the wall, in the middle of the hall, is a chair placed before him with a table and carpet before it;" from which it will be seen that the first carpets in use then were the same as we find in the East now—mere squares or rugs.—*Newark Ad.*

**HE DIDN'T FORGET.**—A veteran, who had been wounded at Waterloo, was under discussion one evening at dinner between the Duke and Lord Angelsea, when the subject of the discourse entered with the measured step of the parade-ground, carrying a huge pie. "Now," said Angelsea, "let us try if the old boy remembers his facings;" and turning suddenly round, he cried sharply: "Attention!" The old soldier instinctively dropped his hands, and with them the pie likewise, which exploded like a bombshell over the rich carpet in a shower of steaming gravy. The poor fellow's look of dismay at this catastrophe, drew a smile from the Duke and himself; but the jester hastened to console his victim with the assurance that no English soldier could be blamed for knowing his drill.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

**THE YOUNG STUDENTS** of the East-hampton Seminary, who succeeded in compelling their last principal to resign, have found a strong arm over them in Mr. Fairbanks, their new head. After several attempts on their part to outwit the faculty, in all of which they have been met fairly and beaten, without equivocation or by-play, the boys acknowledge themselves mastered.

## CATARRH

Of Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by

**SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.** Messrs. Weeks & Potter: Gentlemen—I feel compelled to acknowledge to you the great benefit that has resulted from the use of your great benefit. I have been afflicted with this loathsome disease, and especially in the winter time has it been most severe. The discharges have been thick and bloody, emitting a foul odor so bad that my presence in a room with others was very offensive to them. One week after commencing the use of your Sanford's Radical Cure I was not troubled with it at all. My senses of smell and taste, which were wholly gone, have now fully returned, and my general health is much improved. I am, Sir, Very truly, your obedient servant, MELBOURNE, H. FORD, 307, Grand Street, New York.

**SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE** Not only promptly arrests the corroding discharges in Catarrh, but, by sympathetic action, it restores to sound health all the organs of the head that have become affected by it, and exhibit any of the following symptoms: Defective Vision, Inflamed and Watery Eyes, Loss of Hearing, Earache, Neuralgia of the Ear, Discharges from the Ear, Ringing Noises in the Head, Dizziness, Nervous Headache, Pains in the Temples, Loss of the Senses of Taste and Smell, Elongation of the Uvula, Inflammation of the Throat, Putrid Sore Throat, Tickling or Hacking Cough, Bronchitis, and Bleeding of the Lungs.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhalant Tube, with full and carefully prepared directions for use in all cases. Price, 50¢. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Write to J. C. POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

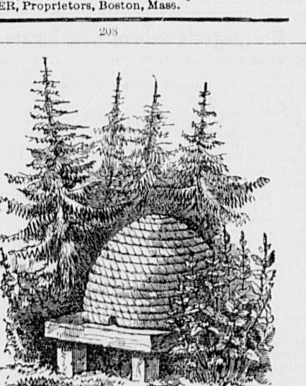
## COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS

A N Electro-Galvanic Battery, combined with a highly medicated Plaster, forming the most powerful and effective remedy for all rheumatic and other Plasters heretofore used. It is a new and original discovery, and the old Plaster in a whole year. They do not pain, irritate, or burn.

Relieve Affections of the Chest. Relieve Affections of the Lungs. Relieve Affections of the Heart. Relieve Affections of the Liver. Relieve Affections of the Spleen. Relieve Affections of the Kidneys. Relieve Affections of the Bladder. Relieve Affections of the Muscles. Relieve Affections of the Nerves. Relieve Affections of the Bones. Relieve Affections of the Skin.

No matter what may be the extent of your suffering, from one of these Plasters. Relief is instantaneous. A fact supported by hundreds of testimonials in our possession. Bear in mind that the most important discovery in pharmacy date back less than ten years. The Collins' Voltaic Plaster is a new and original discovery, and the old Plaster in a whole year. They do not pain, irritate, or burn.

Price, 25 Cents. Be careful to call for COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER. You get no cheap imitations. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada. Write to W. L. COLLINS, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.



**HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR** FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR-BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest tree ABIES BALAMEA, or Balm of Gilead. The Honey of Horehound soothes and SCATTERS all irritations and inflammations, and the Tar-Balm CLEANSSES and HEALS the throat and air-passages leading to the lungs. Try additional ingredients keep the organs cool, moist, and in healthful action. Let no prejudice keep you from trying this great medicine of a famous Doctor, who has saved thousands of lives by it in his large private practice.

N.B.—The Tar Balm has NO BAD TASTE or smell. PRICES 50 CENTS AND \$1 PER BOTTLE. Great saving to buy large size. "Pike's Toothache Drops" Cure in 1 Minute. Sold by all Druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop., N.Y.

**Markets**

**CENTRAL MARKET**

151 Main St., Woburn.

**B. F. WYER**

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of

Beef, Pork and Mutton,

AND ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

GEO. P. SIMMONS,

Woburn Fish Market,

190 Main Street, Woburn.

Mr. Simmons having had a large experience in the fish business, is fully capable of supplying the wants of the public with satisfaction.

**VEGETINE**

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

## DR. HALE'S CHAMPION STEAM COOKER.

COOKS EVERY VARIETY OF FOOD WITHOUT MINGLING THE FLAVORS. Economy of Food, Economy of Fuel, Economy of Space, Economy of Time & Temper.

Sold after trial. No chance for deception. Highly recommended by every one who uses it, and pronounced by Miss Parlor to be the only common sense cooker she ever saw.

MR. C. F. ESTABROOK will call upon the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, and afford them an opportunity to test the merit of the Cooker.

**DR. HALE,** No. 243 Tremont Street, BOSTON. Manufacturer.

It may be examined at the store of

**C. M. STROUT, Agent,** 203 Main St., Woburn, DEALER IN

Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces, Tin, Plated and Britannia Ware, And KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

**PAULDING'S SPANISH CHOLERA REMEDY.** Woburn, Mass.

We, the undersigned, most cheerfully bear witness to the efficacy of the Cholera Remedy, put up and sold by Mr. R. S. Paulding. We have experienced the greatest benefit from it, when other remedies have failed to afford us relief. It is our firm conviction that the mixture is fully able to cope with any case of Diarrhea, Dysentery, or Bowel Complaint.

C. M. STROUT, High Street. JAMES H. SKELTON, Mt. Pleasant Street. T. E. STEARNS, Main Street. SEWALL, TAYLOR, Willow Street. R. W. PARKS, Willow Street. G. E. WATERS, Foster Street. W. E. CLARK, Weymouth Court. GEORGE REYNOLDS, Summer Street. Mrs. MARY ANN REYNOLDS, Summer St. Mrs. BRIDGET JOHNSON, Summer Street. The Spanish Cholera Remedy can be obtained at the Woburn Drug Stores, ALEX. ELLIS' Railroad Station, FOURTH'S COGNAC STORE, and of G. F. BROWN, Winchester. Try it.

**W. F. ESTABROOK,** MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Bread, Cake, Pastry,

AND FANCY CRACKERS

OF ALL KINDS.

219 Main Street, Woburn.

**NEW BOOK** IN NOW PRESS

**AGENTS WANTED!**

**THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES**

Being a complete history of all the important industries of America, including Agriculture, Mechanical Manufacturing, Mining, Commercial and other Enterprises. 300 Fine Engravings. No work like it ever published. Will sell at sight. Agents, this is the book for you to introduce. Address Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn.

**DON'T BUY**

Gent's White Shirts, WORKING SHIRTS, Underwear or Hosiery.

Without INSPECTING our stock in that line. The Prices Will Astonish You.

Also bargains in

**BLACK DRESS GOODS,** Red, White, and Blue Flannels, and Table Linens.

**J. D. DECELLE,** 140 Main street, Woburn





VOL. XXVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

NO. 51.

1879. 1879.

## Boston Weekly Journal

THE POPULAR HOME NEWSPAPER

New England for Forty Years.

THE CHEAPEST PAPER FOR FAMILY READING.

More News, More Correspondence, and More Good Reading of All Sorts than in Any Other New England Weekly.

A New Volume Begins with the New Year.

Subscription Price only \$1.50 per Annum;

To Clubs \$1.20,

With Liberal Cash Commissions.

A CHANCE FOR MORE THAN DAY WAGES TO AGENTS AND POSTMASTERS.

The rates for 1879 will be the same as those fixed upon for 1878, viz:—

One Copy by mail, including Postage, \$1.50  
Five Copies (all to one address) 6 00  
Ten Copies (all to one address) 12 00  
And a Copy FREE to get-up of Club of Ten.Twenty Copies (all to one address) \$24.00  
And TWO COPIES FREE, or one Copy of Semi-Weekly.Fifty Copies (all to one address) \$60.00  
And FIVE COPIES FREE, or one Copy of Daily one year FREE.

For larger Clubs \$1.25 per Copy, and one Copy FREE for every TEN subscribers, or a commission of 10 per cent.

Single Copies 4 cents; \$2.50 per hundred.

The Publishers of THE WEEKLY JOURNAL desire to call attention to the following announcements for 1879:—

## GENERAL FEATURES.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL will contain every week thirty-six long columns.

It will be, in the best sense, a WEEKLY NEWS-PAPER, containing the latest and freshest news, brought down to within an hour of its publication.

It will not be a hasty reprint of the Boston Daily Journal, but the matter which it contains will be compiled with care, and will be arranged, selected and classified with special reference to the needs of the readers of a weekly paper, and in such a way as to leave no topic of importance untouched.

In its columns of New England intelligence, and in the letters and dispatches of its special agents and correspondents, as well as by the news gathered through the agency of the Associated Press, it will present a comprehensive review of all local happenings of interest throughout New England.

All the current intelligence, social, personal, general and political, at home and abroad, will be given place in its columns.

Its Editorial Articles will discuss with fairness topics of practical interest, as they present themselves.

The Markets will continue to be reported for its columns with sufficient fulness to enable those interested to know the cost of products in the leading business marts.

In addition to the above-mentioned points relating to the general character of the paper, the publishers take pleasure in making the following

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In the first number for 1879 we shall begin the publication of

## A NEW STORY BY EDWARD KING,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR OUR COLUMNS. The story is entitled

## "FROST AND FLOWER,"

A Story of New England and the South.

The scene of this new story is laid in New England and in the Southern States. The action begins among the New England hills, introducing types drawn from life; and in the second part is changed to Florida. Mr. King is familiar with the strange, lowland tropical scenery of our American Italy, and has drawn with careful hand. Among the characters in the story, "Lettie Frohisher," "Tom Floss," "Cynthia Brown, M. D.," and "Reconstruction Jim" are likely to be popular. We feel sure that the thousands who read of "Helen's Battle" will look forward with interest to the initial chapters of "FROST AND FLOWER."

## The Kennebec in Ireland.

The "Kennebec," whose very fresh and readable letters have been a popular feature of *The Journal* in previous years, has reached Ireland in his wanderings, and will contribute to *The Weekly Journal* during the coming year a series of entertaining letters from that picturesque and interesting island.

## The Young Farmer.

Whose friendly and helpful hints have made his signature one of the "household words" among New England farmers, will continue to discuss the practical aspects of farm-life and work, in his "Every Day Thoughts."

## Burling.

Whose letters are, perhaps, as widely quoted as those of any American correspondent, will open frequent budgets of news and gossip from New York.

## Waifs from Washington.

"Perley," one of the most popular and best informed of Washington correspondents, in addition to the news forwarded by telegraph, will contribute weekly "Waifs from Washington," presenting an interesting summary of social and political events in the National capital.

## OTHER FEATURES.

The plans for which are not now sufficiently advanced to permit their detailed announcement, will be introduced during the year.

Send in Subscriptions and Renewals Promptly in order to make sure of the opening chapters of Mr. King's Story.

Specimen copies sent on application to any address.

All Remittances should be by Post Office Order, Registered Letter or Bank Check.

ADDRESS,

Publishers Boston Weekly Journal,

BOSTON, MASS.

No. 264 Washington St.

We cordially invite the public to inspect our line of Christmas Goods, as seeing the beauty and variety of them will pay for the time spent, even if parties do not wish to purchase.

To those who having many to contribute their gifts among, cannot well make each gift costly, yet wish to give something the best of its kind, we can show articles not expensive yet very nice and showy.

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist.  
Opposite the Common.

## Florist.

S. W. Twombly & Sons,  
FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
ANTIQUE POTTERY,  
101 Tremont street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

## Professional Cards.

J. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.,  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.  
Woburn, - - - - - MASS.

JOHN G. JAGUIRE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, - - - - - MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 P. M.

George H. Conn,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, - - - - - MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.  
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.  
Office (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

A. B. COFFIN,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 3d School Street.

D. O. P. ROGERS,  
DENTIST,  
139 1/2 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.  
HENRY HILLER, M. D.,  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON, 12

Auctioneers.  
WILLIAM WINN,  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, - - - - - MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on Commission. Orders left at the JOURNAL Office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, - - - Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention. 14

## Musical.

Miss J. A. Campbell,  
desires a few pupils on the  
PIANO FORTE,  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, 16 Proprietor.

J. ELLIS & Co.,  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.

E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, - - - Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practice Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. 53

HALL TO LET.  
Post 32, G. A. R. having recently leased the Hall No. 124 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building), it being the second hall in size in town, and fitted up with the same with two large ante rooms and all modern conveniences, will let it to responsible parties on reasonable terms. Inquire of Trustees, GEO. P. SIMMONS, S. E. TAYLOR, J. L. PARKER.

DRESSMAKING.  
The undersigned are prepared to do Dressmaking, Machine Sewing and Pressing.  
At Mrs. B. A. Stearns, corner of Pleasant and North Warren Sts., Woburn, Mass. We intend to give good work at moderate terms. C. G. KLEIN, Agents for Andrews' Bazaar Patterns. 190

HEADS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, Note and Letter Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at this office.

## Original Poetry.

Written for the Journal.  
NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEADS.  
BY GEORGE S. DORR.

Others may sing of the south-land warm  
Where never the cold winds blow,  
Where never is felt the chilling storm,  
Or is seen the drifts of snow.  
Where the soft breeze sweeps with its breath of  
balm,  
Through the groves of Orange, and stately Palm.

The land may be fair, and warm its skies,  
Each breeze with sweet smells laden,  
And bright the glance from the midnight eyes  
Of dark-haired southern maidens;  
But New England's homes are dearer to me  
Than this southern brightness ever could be.

And far away in the sunset land,  
They say, the rivers that flow  
Leaveth gold on their glittering sands,  
As down to the sea they go;  
And whoever may reach that golden shore,  
Shall search not in vain for the shining ore.

O, wealth may be there for those who reach  
Those valleys by hills unrolled,  
But who would leave his New England home,  
For a headstone of yellow gold;  
And thousands who go to that sunset land,  
Find only a grave 'mid its golden sand.

There is wealth amid New England's hills  
For those who earnestly strive,  
And who seek land owns a sweeter perfume,  
Than comes from New England's flowers in bloom.  
Is one who will surely thrive;  
The man with a farm 'mid New England's shade,  
Has a crown of wealth which never will fade.

The sunshine falls with a loving light  
On the homestead old and brown,  
And breezes sweet with the dew of night,  
From the mountains sweepeth down;  
And a soul and land owns a sweeter perfume,  
Than comes from New England's flowers in bloom.

'Tis no sunny south-land now I sing,  
Nor prairie land whose acres bring  
Their wealth of golden grain;  
But New England homesteads made bright and fair,  
By the rose-cheeked maiden dwelling there.

Though no orange trees our valleys fill,  
And we see no stately palms,  
There are groves of pine upon their hills,  
That can boast a thousand charms;  
Though our rivers wash up no sands of gold,  
They're the means of bringing us wealth untold.

Stay in the homestead, though old it seems,  
And stick to New England now,  
There is wealth in her valleys and streams,  
And health on her mountains brow;  
And hearts that are warm 'mid the snow and rim  
As any that beats in a southern clime.

## Selected Story.

## A WOMAN'S SECRET.

"Gurney, I want to tell you a story," said my friend Mallam to me one day. "I've been the most confounded fool and villain, without knowing it, and have injured another even more than myself. The sooner I get away the better; but I'd like you to hear about it first."

"It is about six years since I parted from Cecil Langton. I had only known her a fortnight, but I loved her with my whole heart from the first day we met. She was like a new revelation to me, and I believed in her. I know I'm different to most men. I don't believe the generality care what a woman is in herself, so they are in love with her and she with them. Passions cover everything, with a beautiful face to back it; but, unluckily, it wasn't so with me. I suppose I'm insanely jealous by nature. I wanted my wife to be all my own, with no memories even to come between her heart and mine. I think if I could have chosen I would have had her locked up in a glass case till the moment I saw her."

"There, laugh if you like! It was an idiotic craze, but I own it; but the worst of it was that, not content with having this ideal in my mind, I applied it to Cecil, and I believed she came up to it."

"One thing I know, that though every one was going wild about her beauty, it didn't seem to make any impression on her. She never showed a grain of favor to any of her numerous admirers; and one of the greatest charms to me was the sort of glad, free, heart-wholeness which she carried about with her. Even I, who loved her so well, couldn't tell if she knew it or cared for me. Sometimes I thought she did a little; but I think great love makes one humble; and often I feared I was mistaken. I have never known in reality."

"The day before I was going to ask her the question, we were in the public drawing-room at the Rashleigh Hotel. She and her friends were staying there; and we had all come in together from the Bodleian. We were talking of a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, there—yours know it—and she said something about sympathizing with the sorrows of a woman of many loves. It was like my ideal of her, and I said so ob-servingly."

"I don't think you would change easily if you cared for any one." And she answered: "No, once ought to be enough for any real woman. Not," she added, "that I can speak from experience."

"Of changing?" I said, "or caring?" "I was looking into her eyes, and I was glad to see them so soft and a lovely blush came into her face; yet she tried to keep her careless look, and answered: "People cannot change if they have never cared."

"But they might care!" I said. Her friends were leaving the room to put their things away. I saw she wanted to follow them, and I had only time to add, "May I come again to-morrow? I want to ask you—"

"She was gone before I said what; but though she hurried up stairs, there was no denial in her eyes, and she had not snatched her hand from me. I think I should have held her by it and asked my question then; but a waiter passed the door at that moment and glanced in at us, and I let her go. I might expose her to some remark. I was careful enough of her name. If only others had been as much so!

"At last I could bear it no longer, and went back to the hotel. A waiter told me she was in; and as she and her friends had a private sitting-room, I ran up to it, hoping I might find her, and alone. She was not there, however; the room was empty, and her little desk stood open on the table, and near it a letter addressed in a large, bold hand, which I once told her I could read a mile off, to Captain Lucas, Royal Artillery Barracks, some where. I did not wait for a second glance, but turned and went out from the room and the hotel. I had learned all I wanted to know. I never saw or spoke to her again. She left Oxford a day or two afterwards; and when the other fellows used to chaff me about her, next term, most of them assuming that I had proposed to the beautiful Miss Langton and been refused, and some of them making rather merry at my expense, I never denied it; and, besides, I could not have spoken of her existence, and that was a vain one. Heaven only knows how she has haunted my memory, and now—now!"

"You find out that you were utterly unjust to her, that the Captain Lucas was her step brother, and that she sent for him to the Rashleigh in the hope of effecting a reconciliation between him and her father, who had not met him since her mother's death. Well, Hugh, you've certainly made a sad blunder of it; and it isn't your fault if you have not broken outright as true a heart as ever beat?"

"Go away," he said hoarsely; "that I mayn't insult her by a second sight of me. No wonder she looked at me with such aversion to-day. And to think that she might once have cared for me! Well, well, I am punished quite enough."

And upon my word, when I saw him sitting with his head bowed upon his hands, and his face as drawn and haggard as if years of pain had swept over it since the morning, I almost felt the same and began to soften in the anger I felt toward Cecil. He, however, would listen to no excuse for his conduct, and laughed to scorn my suggestion that she might yet forgive him.

"Would you have me insult her worse?" he asked me bitterly. "No, no, tell me, if some day, if you like, that I left her because I was utterly unworthy of her, but that I loved her with my whole heart, and that I never faithless to her even for a day. Tell her that, if you will, and then never mention me again. She will not care that you should."

And it was altogether against his will that I insisted on giving his message in my own way, and before he left Oxford. In my heart I believed that Cecil still cared for him, and would never suffer him to go; but he checked me sternly when I even tried to hint at such an idea, and I left him packing his portmanteau when I started.

Mrs. Prior, Cecil's cousin, received me less cordially than usual when I visited her. She looked worried and fretful, and told me she could not have seen any stranger, had I brought one with me.

"So I am glad you did not bring your friend with you," she said. "Is he a great friend? for to tell the truth I did not take a fancy to him. He has the same name as a person who—whom I would not receive on any account; and—did not care for his manner. Is he going to stay long with you?"

Cecil got up and laid her hand on her cousin's shoulder. Her beautiful face was looking very white this morning, but calm as wax.

"Cousin Emily is not well," she said, gently. "You are not to mind her, Mr. Gurney. It is a way of hers to take unreasonable likes and dislikes; and we have not been seeing many strangers of late. She would like your friend very well on one of her good days. Come out into the garden and look at my Japanese anemones." And I rose and went out with her gladly; but when we got to the flowers I turned my back on them and said:

"Thank you for taking Mallam's part, Miss Langton. He is a man I love dearly, and all the more that he has had a great trouble in his life—perhaps the greatest any man can have. It is very heavy on him now."

Her face turned paler yet, her hands clasped each other in a tight hold, but she did not speak. I went on quietly:

"He was unfortunate enough once to love a woman very dearly, and wrong her cruelly. Its quite a proper story, so you needn't mind my mentioning it. Lately, only last night, he found out his error. He saw the lady again—and—"

Cecil interrupted scornfully, "and even that he might have done worse than have been faithful to her. Is that your friend's trouble, Mr. Gurney? I compassionate with him; although I don't see a remedy for it."

"No," I said coolly, "for as it happens he never was faithless to her; only to his belief in her. And great as that fault was, Miss Langton, I have told him that if she ever cared for him she would forgive him, even though it were greater yet. He will not hear me; and declares that the very sight of him must be an offence to her. I wish you would let me tell the story. A woman's opinion is sometimes worth having on these matters, and I should like to hear yours."

And then I told it to her without any glossing over or extenuating; she standing before me with the white anemones waving in the breeze about her feet, and the morning sunshine on her fair head, and the changing color in her face. It was a very changing color during my tale, shifting from hot crimson to pale more than once; but before the end the crimson had faded into a settled pallor, and when I was silent she lifted up two proud eyes to mine and said, quite calmly and coldly:

"I think your friend is right, Mr. Gurney. He has insulted the lady—grossly, and his presence must be an offence to her. As to his love," and there was a small, hard quiver of a smile about her mouth, "no man who loved a woman would be coward enough to desert her on so unworthy a suspicion. She is better without such love as his; and you may be sure she has long ago put away any she might ever have for him."

"You really think so?" I asked, looking at her.

"I am sure of it," she said firmly, and there was so little sign of weakness in her face that I saw further words were useless, and went back to Mallam with a heavy heart. Poor fellow; he never asked me a question; but the look with which he met me, and the beaten-down expression which came over his face when I told him the result of my visit, showed me there had been more hope in his heart than he had owned. He left Oxford half an hour later, and his last words to me were:

"God bless you, dear old fellow. Try and be of any service to her that you can, and—let me know if she marries. I hope she will; and a better man than I."

It was nine months before I heard from him again. All that time he had not written to me, and now his letter was to say that he had accepted an appointment in India. He was weary of this country, and—end, in fact, he found he could not live down the memory of his folly while he remained here.

I could not go to London to bid him good-bye, or should he run down to me? It was the long vacation again, I was detained in Oxford by business which required my constant presence; so I asked him to come down to me for a couple of days, adding that he need not be afraid of meeting Cecil, as she was away. To tell the truth, I was not sorry she was, for I was little vexed with her. She had looked very pale and ill for a few days after Mallam's departure last autumn, but after that she brightened up, got quite rosy, and went about with a younger and happier air than I had ever noticed in her. I thought her rather hard-hearted and unfeeling, but I couldn't help liking her all the same. It is not easy to dislike beautiful woman who is persistently kind and gracious to you, and meets even your surlyness—and I was rather surly to her for a little while—with extra sweetness and gentleness. One would almost have thought that she liked me the better for being angry with her.

It very pleasant seeing Mallam again, though I thought him looking ill and aged, and I did not like the idea of his going off to India. You see I loved the fellow, and it seemed like losing him for good. Besides, though he talked enough of it himself, it was with the lightness of a man who, having lost everything, has nothing more to risk.

We were out walking on the following day, strolling about arm-in-arm for a last look, as Hugh said, at the dear old place, when we met Prior. He and his wife were just going off for a little tour on the Continent, and nothing would satisfy him but that we should walk round to Worcester with him and see her. Indeed, he was so cordial and pleasant to Mallam—having heard of his approaching exile—that it would have been churlish to refuse; and Hugh himself made no difficulty. I had told him Cecil was away, and perhaps he thought he would like to look again at his own college and the

room where he had seen her. It was too late to draw back when, just as we were going up to the house, Prior said:

"Ah, there's Cecil at the window. I forgot to tell you, Gurney; she came back this morning. She's looking very seedy, too, poor girl—very; but she'll be glad to see you. Gurney is a prime favorite with womankind, you must know, Mr. Hallam."

Hugh made no answer, did not even seem to hear, and we went in. Mrs. Prior was on the sofa, but there was no sign of Cecil at the window or elsewhere. If she had been there, she must have seen us and made good her escape. Tom asked for her, of course, with masculine stupidity, but his wife snubbed him at once, with a decision which even he could not fail to understand. Millam did, too. I could see by the extra shadow on his handsome face; and I wasn't surprised when, after a few minutes, he got up and said "Good-by," adding that he would not take me alone, so I let him go.

He went out across the old college quad, and was just passing out through the entrance-porch, when he saw that the chapel was open, and something made him turn back and go into it. If any Worcester man reads this, he won't wonder perhaps. There are not many more beautiful chapels in England than this dimly lit edifice of ours, with its floor of mosaic, its richly-stained windows, and gorgeous blending of gold and color on the walls and roof. There is one window particularly lovely, representing the three Marys at the tomb. An angel, with radiant wings of purple and ruby, is sending them away with the words, "He is not here; He has risen"—and Magdalen, in her white gown and with a flood of yellow hair rolling down her back, leans in the sickness of disappointment on one of her companions. The sun was shining through this window in a broad, rainbow-colored stream, and smote upon the dark oak carving of the opposite stalls with a gold and crimson lustre; smote, too, upon the brow of a woman standing by her eyes than any pictured Magdalen. The amber glory fell upon her head and on the pearl-like outline of her cheek. All the rest of her was in shadow—a dim, white figure, a bunch of yellow roses in her hand, against a dim background of gilding and color and costly marbles, melted into harmony by the obscurity. Then, all of a sudden she moved her head round, and saw Mallam standing looking at her.

He had been there five minutes at least, so had had time to get over his surprise, yet his face was as pale as marble. She had not a moment to collect herself; and hers was just as usual, calm and grave—even the sadness in her eyes exchanged for their old look of resolute, defiant pride; but Hugh had a purpose in his mind and was not to be baffled by that.

"Miss Langton," he said, coming up to her, "I did not mean to intrude on you; but since I have done so by accident, you will let me speak to you? I am leaving England this month, and I will not keep you five minutes at the most."

Cecil looked at him. Perhaps, the kind of repressed desperation in his voice showed her he would have his say, whether she said yes or no. Anyhow, she just bowed her head in acquiescence, and stood still, one hand resting on the silver lectern, the other grasping her roses. He came a little nearer, and said very quietly:

"I am going to India, because I cannot forget you here. I don't know if I shall ever return, and I don't care; but before I go I want to ask of you one favor. I want you to forgive me, Miss Langton."

He could not see her face; she had turned it a little from him; but he saw her start, and one yellow rose fell with a little rustle on the marble pavement, snapped off in the unconscious clenching of her fingers. He then went on quietly:

"Please do not mistake me. I only mean what I say. I wronged you shamefully and unjustly seven years ago, and I make no excuse for it. You were right to listen to none for me; right in every word you said. No man who ever really loved you could have done as I did. I thought I loved you, but I was wrong in that too, and deserve your scorn for my mistake. All the same, I ask you to forgive me to-day—and I don't think you will refuse me—not because I love you now, little as I may have done so before, but because you are a generous-hearted woman, and I do not believe you would refuse your pardon to any one, even your worst enemy, if he came together, and asked it of you as I do now. When I leave here I shall be dead—to you. Will you give it me before I go?"

He was standing by her side trying to read an answer in her downcast face; but she did not turn to speak. After a minute he said, with a quiver in his strong voice:

"Am I wrong to expect it? If I am, I won't plague you any more; but—you will shake hands with me, at least, won't you, Cecil?"

He put out his hand and touched hers for a moment; still she did not move. Then—she lifted her head so suddenly, that their faces were quite close together, and her eyes were full of tears—tears which rolled down her cheeks as she put up her lips to his, and said his name. Only that! but before it was uttered, he had put his arms round her, and held her to him, his face pressed upon hers. I don't think the forgiveness was even spoken after all—neither was it needed—but before they left the chapel, she said to him:

"If you must go, you will take me with you. I have loved you so long, I cannot lose you now. Promise me, Hugh." And he answered:

"I will never leave you again as long as I live. Heaven bless you, my love."

They were married three weeks later, and I was best man, and went down to Bourneampton to see them sail; but how it all came about even I did not know till long afterwards. All the same, Hugh never wrote to me but he says:

"I am the happiest man in the world, and I owe it all to you."

And, upon my word, I fancy he is right!—All the Year Round.



## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

## INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page.	Col.	No.
A. E. Thompson,	3	1	3
Highland Quartette,	3	1	3
F. B. Dodge,	3	1	3
G. H. Dickinson,	3	1	3
A. Card—Burlington,	2	7	2
A. V. Haynes,	2	7	2
Woburn Brass Band,	2	7	2
Guardian's Sale,	2	7	2
Cushing & Buck,	2	7	2
H. Fickering,	2	7	2
G. S. Dodge,	2	7	2
T. S. Curtis,	2	7	2
S. Horton,	2	7	2
Bank Report,	2	7	2
Store for sale,	2	7	2
Tenement to let,	2	7	2
Miss H. L. Rurbeck,	2	7	2
Insolvency Notice,	2	7	2
W. W. Hill,	2	7	2
F. B. Campbell & Co.,	2	7	2
H. F. Smith,	2	7	2

## READ THE SUPPLEMENT

which we present with to-day's paper. It contains the Woburn Roll of Honor, and reviews of valuable publications, all of which will be found interesting.

## THE DAY OF ALL THE YEAR.

Christmas Bells! What a tale of merriment their melody foretells! A few days more and the merriest day of all the year will be with us. In fancy, if not in fact, we light the yule log on the hearth in sympathy with our English cousins. We hear the bells wildly and merrily ringing out once more the glad news: "Christ is born, and joy has come to every home." The church tower seems to be filled with noisy sprites, evoked by the ringing of the bells, who whirl and dance and sing, keeping time to music. Other spirits, more quiet and useful, we are sure are at the Christmas fireside in glad sympathy with the festivities and the reunions, and giving their unnoticed but necessary sanction to all innocent observance of the day.

Many good people in our country who hold to the severely pure doctrines of the Puritans discountenance the sacred observance of Christmas, while generally observing the time as a holiday. But we see more good than harm in recalling, on some one day of the year, whichever is fixed upon, the birth of Christ, and in celebrating the day with innocent festivity, as a festival whose origin brought joy to the world and to every creature. Thanksgiving day is a merely national festival. The Fourth of July we might possibly part with, as a noisy and useless display of patriotism, which better proves its strength in other ways. But let us cherish sacredly the annual Christmas festival—the *Weihnachten* of the Germans, the *Noël* of the French,—which binds together people of different languages and customs in a common sympathy. The happy American boys and girls who gather around a Christmas tree, in the Sunday School or at home, in bright expectation, would see the little German boys and girls doing just the same thing away across the water and beyond England, if they could see so far. And the "Willkommen" which greets those little foreigners, from over the entrance to the festive hall, means as much to them as "Welcome" does to us. One such international festival, so popular and enjoyable, in the year, is a precious bond of union between the nations. Let us make the most of the day, here at home, and it will do as much good as a dose of the best medicine in the world. The first chapter of Luke, and Dickens' "Christmas Chimes," are excellent reading for exciting the proper Christmas spirit.

Let us smooth out the wrinkles in our foreheads once more, and dip our long faces in Christmas sunshine. Let us settle all quarrels with old friends, if any action of ours will do it; and let us make new friends, and in so large a town as Woburn, this will be an easy matter for most of us.

We heard, this week, of some action on the part of a few young men, which will make Christmas day brighter than to others. They united purses and bought coal and other things for a family who were in need of help and sympathy. "Mercy is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that receives." Benevolence toward our poorer brothers is, and should be, indispensable to our highest enjoyment of Christmas day.

Last Tuesday evening the Central House was the scene of an entertainment, which we cannot more than allude to on account of its private nature, although the occasion of it was no less an event than the late gubernatorial election. One gentleman whose judgment of the success of a candidate, proved faulty, called in a few friends and paid for the supper like a man. The company was a genial one, and although the post prandial speeches flavored somewhat of the bucolic, the affair passed off nicely, and the exercises wound up with the singing of the beautiful hymn "We are seven." The praises of the *menu*, furnished by mine host Hammond, are loudly proclaimed by all present, and the only regret is that the guests were not more numerous.

Moved up.—The granite cross walk, which for so many years has been established near the corner of R. C. Hayward's store, was taken up last Saturday, moved up street a few rods, and put down again near John I. Munroe & Co.'s hay scales. We are informed that the cost of the removal was about \$50.

Bayard Taylor, Minister of the United States, at Berlin, died in that city on Thursday. The fatal symptoms came on suddenly. He had been out of bed and was transacting business with the officials of the American Legation the previous day. His death was peaceful and painless.

At Last.—The *Adversary* now admits that the editor of the *Journal* is a patriot. We thought it would come to that.

Medford has a "Cummings School," as well as Woburn.

## THE PAPER DOLLAR AT PAR.

At last, after seventeen years of exclusion from our pockets, the gold dollar comes forward again, for us all to handle and possess as freely as paper money. On Tuesday last the premium on gold disappeared. It has been so slight for some time that we have had time to resume gradually and safely. Two weeks hence, when the resumption act goes into operation it will be simply giving legal sanction to what is already in practical operation. The action of the Government however with regard to its own notes will be especially calculated to insure the stability of those notes. Paper money will be received in payment of all duties, and in payment for United States bonds. The banks of New York City will receive bank notes where heretofore they have demanded gold. The interest on the Government bonds, Secretary Sherman announces will be paid in paper money unless coin is desired. When the Government buys gold hereafter, instead of giving gold certificates as formerly paper notes, which are just as good now, will be given. What stronger action than this on the part of the Government could be desired? It will now acknowledge its own notes fully, freely. Two weeks hence all duties can be paid in paper money. If you have a hundred dollars which you wish to invest in a government bond, a roll of bank notes will be accepted as readily as coin. Formerly the investor had to exchange the paper money for gold before he could buy the bond. On the other hand, if the bond holder is dissatisfied with receiving his interest in paper, he can have gold by expressing his preference. The moral effect on the business of the country of such energetic action on the part of Secretary Sherman, following the actual rise of the paper dollar to an equality with the gold dollar, will be excellent. We shall all feel that the gold premium has fallen never to rise again, unless we have another war. We shall feel that the two dollars—the soft and hard—are bound together in a way to insure stability of values; and that the dollar of the poor man will always buy as much as any other dollar in the whole country. Hard money men have given a stability and value to soft money which it would never have received under the Greenbackers' manipulation.

THE DAVIS MURDER.—We are glad to see that the *Bunker Hill Times* is taking an interest in discovering the murderer of Frank E. Davis. It even intimates that it could if it would, publish facts in regard to the murder as yet unknown. We agree with the *Times* that such a publication would defeat the ends of justice, but why does not our enterprising neighbor put its facts where they will do good? The paper speaks disparagingly of the Boston Police, and says that if any one outside the police desires to lend a helping hand in discovering the Davis murderer, they can have the opportunity by calling at the office of the *Times*. We shall gladly co-operate with the *Times* in any way, for we hold, with the editor of that paper, the belief that "our community is in danger, our children, our wives and dearest friends on earth are liable to be thus murdered, if such atrocities when committed are not followed up and the wicked perpetrators brought to punishment."

Y. M. C. A.—At the meeting held on Tuesday evening a mock Town meeting was the feature of the literary exercises. Mr. Henry B. Wood was chosen Moderator and Mr. W. Scott Ward, clerk. Some of the Articles discussed were: the construction of a horse railroad on Montvale Avenue; the placing of settees on the curb stones and along the sidewalks for the use of loungers; moving the Public Library up to Powder House Hill. On the last article it was voted to move Powder House Hill under the Public Library. After an unimportant business meeting the association adjourned.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Next Sabbath morning, Dec. 22d, Rev. E. Mills will preach on the "Advent of Christ," in connection with which appropriate "Christmas Anthems" will be rendered by the choir. In the afternoon the pastor will continue his lecture on *Banyan's Pilgrim*. Subject—"From the Slough of Despond to the house of the Interpreter." On Christmas night, Dec. 25th, the usual Christmas Festival of the Sabbath School will be held; the exercises consisting of carols, recitations, &c., &c.

Mr. James Corrie, Dentist, in Baltimore, writes: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup personally and in my family for two or three years, and I am prepared to say that there is nothing to compare to it as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, &c."

RUNAWAY.—Last week Friday afternoon a horse belonging to Mrs. J. P. Converse had just been taken out of the carriage for shoeing, at Ellis's shop when it took fright and ran up to the Central House stables. No damage was done.

A slip of the types last week made us refer to Miss Ida L. Hutchinson as a graduate of the High School in '77, when it is well known that Miss Hutchinson was the Valedictorian of the Class of '78.

PARISH MEETING.—A warrant has been posted up, calling for a meeting of the legal voters of the Unitarian parish, on next Thursday, to take action on the resignation of Rev. W. S. Barnes.

SELECTMEN.—A special meeting was held on Saturday, and adjourned until Monday without transacting any business. On Monday the only business attended to was the approving of a bill.

PHALANX BALL.—The Phalanx will give, as usual, a very nice ball this season, and the appropriate committees are busily engaged in working it up.

Choice grades of coal now on hand at J. I. Munroe & Co.'s. Please give them a trial before purchasing. Also, all kinds of builders' materials in stock.

We understand that scarlet fever has again made its appearance in Woburn.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

UNITARIAN SALE.—The Sale and Supper at the Unitarian Church, on Tuesday evening, must have fully come up to the expectations of the projectors. The attendance was large and the proceeds \$125.00. The popular feature of the evening was probably, the fan drill under Mr. Richards' direction. A dozen young ladies, wearing white muslin sashes brought over the shoulders and crossed in front, and carrying fans, went through a variety of manoeuvres with military precision. Such orders were given as: "Present fans!" "Furl fans!" "Gossip with fans." The fair soldiers had fastened their sashes on the shoulders and at the ends, with miniature fans, and their hair, which was powdered and frizzled in a wondrous manner, in the same way. There was a home-made confectionery table, conducted by Misses Carwell, Hammond and Jenkins. Mrs. J. T. Trull and Miss Mary D. Converse presided over the table of fancy articles with great success. The Ladies' Society had charge of the supper which was excellent in variety and quality. The Young Ladies' Society presented Mrs. W. S. Barnes with a comforter. The Christmas Festival of the Unitarian Sabbath School, occurs on Christmas eve. Mrs. Jarley's works will be exhibited, the children taking the parts. Punch and Judy will also be on hand.

AN ANCIENT HOUSE.—Most of our readers know the long established firm of A. Williams & Co., corner of Washington and School streets, Boston, whose reputation for dealing in valuable and standard books, is unsurpassed; but few, perhaps, know the history of the building they occupy. This building was probably erected about 1712, and its history from that time to the present is very interesting. Few of the thousands who pass this noted structure daily, stop to consider how much of the old history of New England has been enacted as well as published in the immediate vicinity of this interesting spot. The structure has undergone several alterations and changes since it was built, but some portions of it remains nearly as built, and great interest is felt in regard to the preservation of this old specimen of the first re-construction of the building of the ancient Cornhill, and it is to be hoped that what is known to Bostonians as the old Brimmer Mansion, will be allowed to remain, with its quaint appearance and the well-known designation, "The Old Corner Bookstore."

ACCIDENTS.—On Monday, Martin Malia was bitten severely in the left arm by a dog belonging to Mr. John H. Cummings.

At Waldmeyer's shop, in Winchester, on Wednesday, Patrick Doherty was hit in the eye and badly cut with a pair of brass knuckles.

Cyrus Fretledge while "pulling fingers" with a companion, had one of his fingers dislocated.

On Thursday of last week, Frederic A. Ordway cut himself with an axe, on the calf of the right leg, making a wound several inches long. He has suffered from inflammation but is now doing well.

William McCaffery, who lives on Elijah street, fell, on Wednesday, badly cutting his head.

While Robert Lamb was putting in the steam box at Norris' planing mill, on Wednesday, a piece of iron flew into his right eye.

The new Drying Process invented by Geo. Woods, the ingenious Organ and Piano maker, of Cambridgeport, Mass., is proving of much advantage to all who dry materials of any kind, (particularly lumber), and has lately been introduced into cotton factories with great success. It is very simple and inexpensive; can be used in any form of dry-room, and not only accomplishes the work in one-fourth the time, but greatly improves the quality of the material. The tendency to fires in the dry-rooms is also very much lessened.

"MUST PUT IT UP BETTER."—There was a desperate attempt in New York, on Monday, to rescue a notorious thief named Leary, from Detective Pinkerton, who had undertaken to bring him to Massachusetts. A large and reckless mob were pitted against three officers, and the latter were victorious through their pluck and coolness. Pinkerton told the mob "Next time you put up a job to beat me out of a prisoner, put it up better. I'll take him with me, dead or alive," and he did.

SALE AND SUPPER.—The Sale and Supper at the Baptist church, on Thursday and Friday evenings last week, succeeded admirably, both socially and financially, about \$200 will be cleared, after paying expenses. The Ladies' Industrial Society, Mrs. Deacon Cook, and Mrs. E. Mills had charge of tables of fancy articles. Mrs. Mills presided at a nice table. The confectionary table was in charge of Mr. W. W. Hill. A concert was given each evening under the direction of Mr. Bancroft. The suppers were excellent as they always are at the Baptist Church.

WOBURN ASSOCIATION.—The Woburn Association of Congregational ministers, met yesterday at the Equitable Building, in Boston. There was the usual critical exercise in the Greek Testament, and an address by Rev. Dr. March.

ANOTHER BAND CONCERT.—The Woburn Brass Band, encouraged by their previous success, announce another promenade concert and ball for the first of January. The music will be fine, and we hope the attendance will be large.

LADIES AUXILIARY.—The next meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary Society of the Grand Army, will be held at Grand Army Hall next Monday evening. It is an important meeting, and a full attendance is very desirable.

At Horton's you can get almost any kind of Christmas goods, for young or for old, at an expense ranging all the way from one cent to as high as you want to go. A call at Horton's is like a visit to a museum; don't forget it.

F. B. Dodge exhibits a good line of holiday jewelry &c., well suited to the season.

When the swallows homeward fly—

at Christmas dinner.

RE-APPOINTED.—The nomination of Nathan Wyman, Esq., to be Postmaster at Woburn, was sent to the Senate by President Hayes, on Tuesday. Mr. Wyman was first appointed May 27, 1861, and commenced June 26th of that year, his papers bearing the signature of Montgomery Blair, at that time Postmaster-General. He entered upon the discharge of his duties July 1, 1861. He was re-appointed March 22, 1875, and but for the assassination of the President his second commission would have borne the signature of Abraham Lincoln. As it was, Andrew Johnson signed it, April 22, 1865. During the changes under President Johnson, although Mr. Wyman declined to adopt "my policy," he was not disturbed, and even held the office a year and a half after the expiration of his term, receiving his third appointment from President Grant, Oct. 4, 1870, which was confirmed Dec. 15, 1874, and the fifth has just occurred. Mr. Wyman applied for a re-appointment a few weeks since, and his application was endorsed by the chairman of the Republican Town Committee, the secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman, Governor Talbot, and Senator Hoar. There were no contestants, and the nomination was made as above, and its confirmation by the Senate followed as a matter of course. Mr. Wyman proposes to secure some additional mail facilities which will be very welcome to our business men. We congratulate him on his appointment, and the exemplification in him of the true Civil Service idea.

Y. M. C. A.—The Association meet on Monday evening in the vestry of the Methodist church. A devotional meeting was held, over which Mr. C. W. Nute presided. A business meeting followed. President Palmer distributed printed cards which bear on one side, the name of the association, a scripture text, and an invitation to meetings, and on the other side, the list of officers and committees. Copies of "Gospel Hymns No. 2," were also distributed. The appointment of ten delegates to the District Convention, of which we give an account elsewhere, then came up. The following persons were appointed delegates: Messrs. A. W. Palmer, J. G. Pollard, C. M. Strout, J. E. Given, F. A. Flint, W. W. Hill, H. C. Nason, A. W. Fish, C. A. March, J. H. Simonds. After signing the constitution and paying annual dues the meeting adjourned.

CHURCHES.—Rev. Mr. Pomfret exchanged with Rev. J. F. Mears, of Reading, on Sunday last. Dr. March preached in Rev. E. G. Porter's church, Lexington. Rev. William Adams, who has been taking Mr. Porter's place during the latter's absence in Europe occupied the Congregational pulpit. Mr. Adams had charge of a church in Charleston, S. C. for ten years. The Christmas concert of the Congregational Sunday School, was postponed on account of the weather, until next Sabbath. The lecture room will be decorated and the orchestra will furnish a part of the music.

FRATERNAL.—Ever since the union flag day of Posts 33 and 75, the former have been indebted to the latter for a gold badge, won by Past Commander Perrin of 75, by his superior marksmanship. It being impossible to get a gold Grand Army badge, at last it was agreed to accept a gold copy badge, and one was accordingly procured. Last Monday, a delegation of Post 33 went over to Stoneham, and presented the badge with appropriate services.

HIGHLAND QUARTETTE.—The Highland Quartette, composed of Messrs. E. V. Pinkham, 1st tenor; F. D. Merrill, 2d tenor; George F. Luce, 1st base; Charles C. Shaw, 2d base; announce a complimentary concert on the 1st of January. They offer an excellent array of talent and a fine programme. This quartette has been very generous of its services, and we trust an appreciative public will reciprocate with a full house.

SELECTMEN.—Second regular meeting, Mr. Cummings absent. Permission from Mystic Valley Railroad Company to enter on their land to maintain the ditches made by them, received and ordered on file. Numbering of Montvale Avenue, in accordance with the directions of Town Meeting, adopted as reported by committee.

He stood up on his bare tiptoes last Christmas morning to peep into his stocking and he found—the whole year's rent in it. He was a Woburn bachelor and had no one to do his mending for him. Let him set that matter right before next Wednesday.

The Newton Republican thinks Levi C. Wade, of that city is the coming man for Speaker of the House of Representatives. There is considerable *Noyes* from the direction of South Boston in opposition to Mr. Wade's prospects.

Y. M. C. A.—The meeting of the District Convention in Boston on Wednesday was very interesting and profitable to the Woburn people who were present. The convention will meet in Woburn next March.

POLICE COURT.—Thos. Foley, vagabond; six months in State Work House; James Kelley, vagabond, committed to State Work House for four months, Wm. P. Strafford, drunk; \$5 and costs.

Don't!—Don't go to Boston for your clothing, when you can get such bargains in Woburn, at the stores of Gage & Co., A. Grant, J. W. Hammond, Woburn Clothing Store, and Cushing & Buck.

MAGAZINES.—Horton keeps a full line of magazines, and now is the time to subscribe for them. We have received *Harper's* for January, which is one of the best numbers of that popular magazine.

Those handsome perfume bottles which Hill offers at such low prices will make good presents. The purchaser can have a name ground on the bottle without extra charge.

When the swallows homeward fly—

G. A. R. ENTERTAINMENT.—The usual monthly entertainment of Post 33, was given Thursday evening. The programme consisted of a shadow pantomime, by Commodore Ayer, Conn, and A. S. Leslie; piano solo, "Flowers of Spring," by Mr. Fred. E. Green; recitation, "Spartacus," by the Envoy at Etruria, by Mr. Edward Cummings; Song, "Magic of Music," by Mr. John L. Parker; Selections on the Organette, by Major A. L. Richardson; Song "Hearest Thou," by Miss S. L. Thompson; address, by Chaplain J. H. Mason; reading, "Schneider's Nose," by Mr. T. M. Parker; singing, Keller's American Hymn, by the audience. These entertainments are given every month, and are quite popular.

THROWN OUT.—As Mr. N. J. Simonds and Mr. Austin G. French, were on their way to Arlington in a top buggy, last week Thursday evening, when about half a mile beyond Winchester the horse, for some unknown reason, jumped one side into the gutter overturning the carriage and throwing out the occupants. Mr. French had two ribs on the left side broken, and he was scratched about the face. Mr. Simonds escaped with face scratches. Mr. Simonds returned to Winchester with the horse and obtained another carriage. Mr. French is not yet able to be about much.

K. O. H.—At a meeting of Rumford Lodge No. 618, K. O. H., held at Woburn, last Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected:—Dietator, E. W. Gray; Vice Dictator, O. M. Brooks; Assistant Dictator, E. N. Cummings; Chaplain, S. H. Cochran; Reporter, H. H. Leathe; Financial Reporter, T. B. Evans; Treasurer, S. Henry Dow; Guide, George J. Pindar; Guardian, D. G. Alexander; Sentinel, Henry C. Trowan.

THAT FIRE.—The bright light of a fire was observed in the northwest on Wednesday evening, and various surmises as to its origin were given. It appears that it was caused by the burning of the dwelling-house and large new barn of Frederick Davis, in Bedford, on the Billerica road. Loss \$8,000, insured for \$4,500. One valuable horse, 50 tons of hay, and four hogs were burned. The barn was one of the finest in the section.

SKATING PARK.—Some of the boys improvised a dam on the brook which flows through the low land near Converse's lumber yard, with a view to having a skating park on the meadow. They were partially successful and enjoyed the fruit of their labor with their accustomed zest.

A. E. Thompson, at whose store you can buy anything from a button to a barrel, from a toy to a tub of butter, and so on, has a fine display of Christmas goods. Don't forget the old store when you are looking for presents.

That papeterie at Dodges' Drug Store looks well, and the young ladies, to whom it will be presented by the purchasers, will be happy as they pen the charming notes acknowledging the acceptance of the gift.

The little red store on the corner of Mann street looks as if it had come to stay, and the teas and coffees which one can buy there are good enough for a mandarin or a pasha.

DRESS CUTTING.—Miss H. Burbeck advises the Taylor system of dress cutting, which received the highest award at the Mechanics Fair. See advertisement.

Don't forget to call into Smith's dry good store sometime between now and Wednesday; you will surely see something there that you will want.

Dickson has a good display of goods suitable for holiday presents. Examine his stock before concluding your Christmas purchases.

Fernald has a very large and various stock from which Santa Claus might select presents for a whole town. Drop in and see him.

EDITOR.—An advertisement that appeared in your last week's issue, has attracted considerable attention. In the advertisement in question, a gentleman informs the public that he has placed on sale a line of holiday goods, in the Public Library Building, in other words he has opened a store there. While disclaiming any hostility to the gentleman alluded to, your correspondent believes that the idea of converting the Library building into a trading place, is one repugnant to the community. It is scarcely conceivable, that those having the matter in charge would entertain for a moment, a proposition to rent that building for trade, even for so short a time as the Holiday season. Is it not as much out of taste and to be condemned, that one should make use of it for the same purpose, through his official position?

Woburn, Dec. 19, 1878.

## Winchester.

ALARM OF FIRE.—The alarm of fire which was given in Winchester, on Tuesday evening, was caused by the burning of two large barns at Arlington Heights, one owned by Thomas Pierce, and the other by the Arlington Heights Land Company. Mr. Pierce's barn contained five tons of hay which was consumed. Loss about \$400; no insurance. The barn of the Land Company contained only a small amount of hay and a calf, which were consumed. Loss, estimated at \$300; insured. The Arlington fire department promptly responded, but as there was a lack of water their services availed but little, except in removing the property from the burning buildings. The Winchester Hook and Ladder Hose 1 went to the line only, on Tuesday evening, on occasion of the fire in Arlington.

SURPRISED AGAIN.—Mr. Harrison Bates and family, were more surprised Tuesday night by the troop of friends who filled the house, than they were a week ago, when the weather prevented a good attendance. The friends, including many Woburn people, met at a neighboring house, and from there went in a body, escorted by Mr. Joseph Johnson, to Mr. Bates' house. There were

many hand shakings and congratulations, and wishes that forty more anniversaries might be added to those already past. The guests were their own host, bringing an abundance of eatables with them. Rev. Dr. March being called upon, made an appropriate speech. The company adjourned at a late hour, well pleased with the second "surprise."

DRAMATIC.—The dramatic entertainment at the Unitarian vestry, on Wednesday evening, was excellent. Two comedies, "Always intended," and "Who speaks first," each in one act, were given. About \$40 were realized, which will be used in diminishing the church debt.

SEIZURE.—Officers Richardson and Doten seized two gallons of whiskey at Michael Quill's, last Friday.

FROM DARK TO DAWN. By Rev. Daniel March, D. D. Published by J. C. McCarthy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wherever the name of Dr. March is known—and we might ask where is it not?—his reputation as an unequalled writer is questioned by none. Ten years have passed since the first series of Night Scenes in the Bible was sent forth to gladden the hearts of thousands, and now, fresh from the accumulated gains of his deep and ever searching study comes the second series, which, it may be truly said, is unsurpassed. Wherever the former works of Dr. March are known, no word need be said in his praise as a writer. In all his published works will be found that clear, plain, and yet most winning style, which is sure to arrest the attention and gain the fullest confidence of the reader, and numbers, at first perhaps, having no real sympathy with the doctrines advanced, will, by the irresistible magnetism of the illustrations used, be drawn into hearty accord with the sentiments of the author. Great as was the success of his former works, this last and best surpasses them, and has received unbounded testimony from the most distinguished scholars and divines, regardless of sect or creed. While all join in according to it the highest literary merit, the work is also a splendid specimen of perfection in paper, printing, and binding, and the large number of full-page superior steel plate engravings, add much to its beauty and value. The work is finely illustrated, with twelve mezzotint engravings, and is furnished in different styles of binding, and sold only by subscription. Miss Clara M. Carter, the successful canvasser for Dr. March's other works, and Mrs. Mary E. Plannet, are soliciting subscriptions for this, and we hope none will fail to improve this opportunity to add it to their collection.

The Nursery.—The January number of this special favorite with the children is received and fully sustains its former reputation as one of the best juveniles published. The frontispiece, Grandma and Grandpa, shows two youths busily engaged in reading and knitting and the following conversation representing them to have reached the age of nearly one hundred years will amuse all. An interesting description of Charles's visit to a caravan, shows how his courage held out, and, coasting, prairie dogs, a Christmas day in the South, Music, and other attractions which make it one of the best numbers yet issued.

New Music.—We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., a few of their new pieces, and among them three from Sullivan's comic Opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore." People generally go to an entertainment to be entertained, and it is undeniable that a performance one can laugh at is the most resting of any. This clever burlesque has good music, is very amusing, and its morals are unexceptionable. Mrs. Cripp's song "I'm called Little Butterfly," is the gay ballad of the woman who brings pies and cakes to sell to the returning mariner. A Galop, by Warren, and a Waltz, by the same author include favorite melodies. Besides these Opera airs, we have in the package a beautiful sacred Quartet by J. H. Howe, "Softly now the Light of Day," a good, wholesome ballad called "Grandfather's Chair," by Neale; and a very merry "Christmas Eve Waltz," by W. A. Severance. There is also with the music, a copy of the "Musical Record" with the weekly news and plenty of fine music.

Wide Awake for January, 1879. Pictorially, the Holiday *Wide Awake*, of which one hundred and twenty thousand copies are now being read and enjoyed, is delightful, while its three or four "star" articles make it a publication worthy to be preserved in the family library. It opens with a Christmas poem and frontispiece entitled "The Christ-Cradle," by Margaret J. Preston, followed by "My Mother Put It On," one of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's most characteristic stories. "Boston Rosebuds" is a rose article with five exquisite illustrations by Miss Humphrey. The same artist has a funny drawing, "A Christmas Tragedy: In three acts," "Lady Betty's Cooking School," by Mrs. Little, now in English, gives an entertaining account of one of the many schools which are springing up all over England, off-shoots of the South Kensington school, whose object is to teach the children of the poorer classes how to prepare common articles of food more wholesomely and palatably. Perhaps, however, the most valuable article in the number is the Poets' Homes paper on "Ralph Waldo Emerson," prepared by his young townsmen, G. B. Bartlett. It gives a masterly reproduction in crayon, by Robert Lewis, of Milmore's bust of Emerson (owned by T. G. Appleton); also a portrait from photograph, and six beautiful Concord views drawn by Miss Humphrey. The two jolly stories of the number are "Queer Church" by Rev. S. W. Duffield, and "Tressey's Christmas" by Margaret Sidney, while the jolliest of all is the rhyme of "The Mince Pie Prince" by Kirk Monroe, with two full-page illustrations by Hopkins. Ten exquisite fairy-like snow-pictures by "Box," in a new style of drawing, illustrate S. C. Stone's fine poem "Snowflakes." This number also gives the opening chapters of two new illustrated serials, "The Dogberry Bunch" by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and "Royal Lowrie's Last Year at St. Olave's," by Magnus Merweather. A funny serial, "Don Quixote, Jr.," for the Little Boys of America, is promised to begin in the February number. We learn that the far-famed "Miltiades Peterkin Paul" will be the hero of only \$2.00 a year. Ella Farman, Editor, D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston. Now is the time to subscribe!

*St. Nicholas* for January. Mr. John G. Whittier opens the Christmas number of *St. Nicholas* with a long and beautiful poem entitled "The Voyage of the Jettie," which describes a charming incident of his later days, with tender skill and wise suggestion. A picture of the "Jettie" adrift on Bear-camp River accompanies the poem.

The frontispiece is from a wood engraving after William Page's portrait picture, "The Three Sisters,"—one of whom, by the way, is the editor of *St. Nicholas*, as she was in early childhood. Mrs. Dodge contributes a fairy-story, "Wondering Tom," the original charm of which is further set forth by Frederick Dieleman's lovely pictures; and to the Very Little Folk she gives a story of "The Little Girl who Wanted to Go to the Moon," tuned to their own key of thinking and doing, and illustrated with novel silhouettes. Besides these stories, Mrs. Dodge gives a Christmas page, filled up with original verses, old-time carols, and pictures by Addie Ledyard. Charles Dudley Warner asks the youngsters "What he shall do with Bert?"—a taleless cat whose queer ways, as he narrates them, must keep her human neighbors in fits of laughter. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," contributes a Christmas tale, "Behind the White Brick," which proves that she knows the wants and attractions of hearts as well as of grown-up people. The long-promised fairy story by Julian Hawthorne, "Rumpy-Dudger's Tower," begins in this number; and the six pictures, by Alfred Fredericks, which accompany the story, are a very fine set of engravings. Sarah J. Fitch tells "How Wister Elspeth's Ship went into the Church,"—a graphic tale of child-fisher-life upon the romantic island of Heligoland in the German Ocean. There is a very funny and lively verified story, "Pete's Christmas Tree," which describes the woes of a boy who wanted to have Santa Claus come more than once a year. Several pictures by Sol Eytinge add much to the festive fun. "Children's Day at St. Paul's"—one of the most telling things in the number—is a story by N. D'Anvers which describes incidentally the anniversary of a Charity-school children in the great church of London, and it is accompanied with ten admirable illustrations, by Kate Greenaway, of London, picturing the boys and girls in their quaint modest old-time costumes. The quiet and tender poems are: "Cold-locks and Silver-locks," by Celia Thaxter, with a fine illustration by Dieleman; and "The Old Stone Basin," by Susan Coolidge, with a picture by Alfred Kappes. The Department, this month, are extra-good, and there is a capital acting-play



# HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

## OF THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

NO. 51.

### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

The following alphabetical list contains the names of residents of Woburn who served in the army and navy during the War of the Rebellion. It is compiled from records kept by Nathan Wyman, Esq., and is published for information, and also that any inaccuracies may be corrected while the matter is still fresh. The list does not contain the names of all who served in the army or navy now residing in town, but only those who were here during 1861-5. A large number of non-residents who served on the Woburn quota, are also not included. The figures annexed to the names denote the number of the Massachusetts infantry regiment in which the person served; N stands for navy, T for regular army, C for cavalry, A for Artillery, HA for heavy artillery. When other State regiments are given, their initials follow the figures. A star prefixed denotes the death of the person. Two figures or letters separated by a dash, denote two enlistments, although a re-enlistment in the same regiment is not shown, the purpose being only to show who served, and in what branch of the service. Any reader detecting an error will confer a favor by pointing it out.

Abbott, S. W. N-C  
Addington, James W. 6  
Allen, Montross T. 39  
Alley, William 5  
Ames, Jacob 5  
Armstrong, William 16  
Avery, Michael 39  
Bacon, Jonas 39  
Badger, James C. HA  
Baldwin, Michael B. 39  
Bancroft, Albert 39  
Bancroft, George 5  
Bancroft, William H. 16  
Barker, Alexander 22  
Barker, Stephen 22  
Barnum, S. C. N  
Barrett, Albert P. 39  
Barrett, William T. 39  
Barry, John 10NH  
Bennett, William R. 22-11  
Bennett, William S. 6  
Blaisdell, Charles S. 17  
Blaisdell, C. Irving 5  
Boutwell, Asa 39  
Bowen, George 39  
Bowen, William S. 5  
Bowers, Charles R. 5  
Bradley, Patrick A. HA  
Bradley, Thomas H. 39  
Brannagan, John 39  
Brannagan, Michael 39  
Brannagan, Patrick 39  
Briggs, Charles 59  
Briggs, William P. 32  
Brigham, Joseph L. HA  
Brigham, Le Grand N  
Brigham, Salem T. 5  
Brown, A. G. 39  
Brown, George L. C  
Brown, John S. 5  
Brown, Josiah 5  
Brown, William P. 5-39  
Bryant, Francis L. 22  
Bryant, Roscoe L. 22-39  
Buck, Joseph H. 6  
Buckman, Bowen, 2d 5  
Buckman, Henry 13  
Buckman, W. M. 13  
Bulfinch, Charles 6-5  
Bulfinch, Edward 6-5  
Bulfinch, Henry 5  
Burbank, Elisha M. 12  
Burke, William N  
Burns, John 5  
Burns, Peter HA  
Bush, Charles 39  
Butler, Aaron 2  
Butler, Moses T. 39  
Butler, Richard N  
Butters, George S. 39  
Buxton, Marcus M. 5  
Buxton, Marshall F. 5  
Cady, David W. 39  
Cahill, George H. A  
Caldwell, Samuel S. 22  
Carling, Charles P. 22  
Carpenter, Alonzo D. 39  
Carroll, Charles E. 5  
Carroll, Jerome C. 1  
Carter, Charles W. 5  
Carton, James H. 6  
Carton, Richard 5  
Chadbourne, Humphrey 5  
Champany, Edwin G. 5  
Chapman, George W. 5  
Chase, John 39  
Childs, Prentiss S. 22  
Childs, William H. 1-11  
Choate, Hiram S. 22  
Choate, William M. 39  
Christy, Andrew R  
Claffy, James N  
Claffy, Michael 9  
Clark, Albert N  
Clark, Samuel N  
Clement, Charles H. 22-C  
Cobbett, G. W. 22  
Coffey, Patrick 22  
Coffin, Eben M. 5  
Cogan, James 33  
Cogan, Patrick 17  
Colby, Freeman E. 39  
Colby, Newton G. 39  
Colcord, George F. 1  
Colcord, J. Webster 13  
Colegate, John S. 39  
Colegate, John S. 29Mc  
Colegate, William A. 5  
Colegate, W. C. C. 5  
Collins, Patrick F. R  
Conn, Charles K. 39  
Connolly, Cornelius 22  
Connolly, Hugh 39  
Connolly, Thomas 22  
Connors, James 16  
Converse, Charles S. 5  
Converse, Cyrus L. 22  
Converse, Edward M. 6  
Corcoran, Timothy, Jr. 11A  
Cornick, Peter 5  
Cornick, William B. 11  
Covey, William 33  
Cottle, Edmund C. 5  
Crane, John P. 22  
Crocker, Orlando 59  
Cronan, Jeremiah 39  
Crowley, Cornelius 22  
Cummings, Charles 6  
Cummings, Everett 5  
Cummings, Francis 5  
Cummings, William Henry 5  
Cummings, William F. 70NY  
Curry, John 39  
Curry, Robert 39  
Cutter, Amos E. 16  
Cutter, Albert C. 16  
Cutter, Benjamin S. 16  
Cutter, Samuel B. 16  
Cutter, Stephen H. 16  
Daley, Patrick C. 13  
Dale, Charles R. 13  
Danforth, Daniel W. 5  
Danforth, Edwin S. 16

Danforth, R. Kimball 1  
Darnody, James N  
Davis, Edward 5  
Davis, John B. 16  
Day, John H. 22  
Day, Charles H. 22  
Dean, Charles S. 22  
Dean, George W. 22  
Dean, Henry U. 5  
Dean, Joseph G. 39  
Dean, J. Horace 39  
Dean, Samuel 59  
Dean, William L. 16  
Dearborn, George W. 5  
Dempey, William HA  
Denny, Alexander 39  
Dennett, Robert M. 22-39  
Dever, Thomas 11  
Devlin, John 19-C  
Doherty, Charles N  
Doherty, Patrick C  
Doherty, Peter 39  
Doherty, Philip 39  
Dolliver, S. R. 5  
Dougherty, Dennis N  
Downing, Hugh HA  
Downing, Jonathan P. 61O  
Drew, S. Watson 9  
Drown, Samuel H. 9  
Dun, Alexander HA  
Dudley, Edward M. A  
Duffy, James N-HA  
Duren, George W. 5  
Eastman, Edward G. C  
Eaton, Adams J. 39  
Eaton, Cyrus A. 39  
Eaton, Parker L. HA  
Edgcomb, George H. HA  
Edgcomb, Noah 5  
Ellis, James K. 5  
Elms, Charles 22  
Eustace, George W. N  
Ferguson, Charles T. N  
Ferguson, John N  
Ferguson, Thomas T. 13  
Field, Thomas C. 13  
Finn, Michael 19  
Fitzgerald, John 19  
Flagg, Charles 5  
Flagg, George A. 5  
Flagg, Rodney W. 22  
Flaherty, William 22  
Fletcher, Bernard 11  
Flint, Kendall L. 22  
Flint, Thomas W. 39  
Flynn, John 39  
Foley, Bartholomew 16  
Foley, Michael Jr. 16  
Foley, Thomas 16-N  
Foss, Charles H. 5  
Foster, Irving 22  
Fowle, Clifford B. 39  
Fowle, George E. 39  
Fowle, William R. 39  
French, Caleb S. 5  
French, Samuel R. 5  
Frye, Timothy 17  
Fuller, Charles E. 5  
Fullerton, John S. C  
Gallagher, Bernard 39  
Garrison, William W. HA  
Garrigan, John 39  
Gates, Samuel 16  
Gifford, Albert D. 5-50  
Gilestie, John 39  
Gill, Philip M. HA  
Gillespie, William 22  
Gleason, Albert Jr. 5-39  
Glynn, Thomas 5-11  
Goodell, Henry A. 16  
Goodwin, James W. 22  
Gorham, Princes W. 22-39  
Grammer, W. T. 6  
Grant, Peter 5  
Green, Frank 54  
Green, Reuben 11  
Griffin, Lerley M. A  
Haber, Charles 22  
Hackett, Ephraim 22  
Hadley, Ephraim W. 4  
Hadley, Henry 4  
Haggins, Edmund H. 5  
Hall, Abieher M. 5  
Hall, John H. 5  
Hall, Thomas J. 32  
Ham, Mark W. 5  
Harriman, John 5  
Harris, Andrew J. 22  
Harris, Otis S. 39  
Harris, Thomas W. 59  
Hastings, Horace N. 5-11  
Hart, Henry F. 5  
Hayden, Edward D. N  
Hayes, Charles 5  
Healey, George H. 25  
Heathly, John 5  
Heath, Benjamin 5  
Hickey, Thomas 5  
Hines, Stephen 5  
Hood, Samuel S. 13  
Hooper, George E. 5-39  
Hooper, Samuel T. 5  
Hooper, Thomas M. 5  
Hopkins, Leonard F. 13-5  
Horn, George K. 39  
Horn, John B. 39  
Hoskins, Edward 39  
Hoskins, William H. 39  
Hosmer, Alvan 39  
Hosmer, Oren S. 39  
Houghton, Edward J. N-39  
Houghton, Richard N  
Hovey, James C. 22  
Hovey, Mason M. 22  
Howard, Henry 39-N-59  
Hunt, George L. 32  
Hunting, William H. 32  
Hurd, James W. HA  
Hurd, William 5  
Ingerson, George L. 32  
Ingerson, Nathaniel 32  
James, George R. 32  
James, Henry B. 32  
Jameson, Andrew 5  
Jameson, R. E. 11  
Jeffards, Jonathan F. 39  
Johnson, Charles H. 39  
Johnson, John H. 5  
Johnson, Joseph 32  
Johnson, Robert E. 32  
Jones, John A. HA  
Jones, Luther F. 5  
Jones, C. Sumner 19  
Jones, William H. 39  
Joyce, Martin 22  
Judkins, Samuel E. 16  
Kelley, George A. 5  
Kelley, John HA  
Kelley, Michael 61  
Kelley, Patrick 22  
Kelley, Patrick, 2d 22  
Kemnick, William 6  
Kendall, Jacob 11  
Kendall, William T. 39  
Kennedy, Daniel 12  
Kernon, James 12  
Keyes, Ira W. 59  
Kilborn, Walter A. 59  
Kilpatrick, Joseph O. 59  
Kimball, Charles M. 5  
Kimball, George W. 5  
Kingsbury, Charles H. 39  
Knott, William 20-N  
Knowlton, James H. 5  
Knox, Joseph J. 5  
Lamon, George W. 5  
Lawrence, Eber H. 5  
LeBaron, John S. 5-11  
LeBaron, Joseph F. S. 5  
LeBaron, William H. 5-32  
Leath, Josiah 5-32  
Leslie, Albert S. 39  
Leslie, James F. 39  
Leslie, Edward A. 13  
Lewis, Marshall P. 22

Libbey, James C. 39  
Lindsey, William H. 35  
Linnell, Joseph 5  
Linscott, A. Roscoe 39  
Linscott, Charles F. 39  
Linscott, George W. 39  
Linscott, Jacob P. 39  
Linscott, John H. N  
Little, James 5  
Littlefield, Clarence 5  
Livingstone, Benjamin T. 5-45  
Lombard, Richard 39  
Lord, Henry T. 16  
Lovejoy, Albert B. 5  
Mahoney, Timothy 39  
Mann, Elisha J. 39  
Marcy, Henry P. 61  
Marden, David 5  
Martin, Charles 11  
Martin, John HA  
Martin, Thomas 5  
Matthews, Michael 13  
Matthews, William H. 16  
Maxwell, Henry F. 11  
Maxfield, John M. 39  
Maxfield, Levi 39  
McCall, John 61O  
McCall, Peter 5  
McCarroll, James 16  
McCarthy, John 39  
McCarthy, Thomas 37  
McDermott, Larry 59  
McDevitt, William 39  
McDonald, Charles A. 2-11  
McDonald, James W. 11  
McDonald, Rodrick 18  
McDonough, Martin HA  
McFeeley, Samuel A. 39  
McGaffigan, Michael 11  
McGoff, James 39  
McGoff, Peter 39  
McGovern, John 5  
McIntosh, Duncan R. 11  
McKee, R. F. 5  
McKee, Warren E. HA  
McKenna, Patrick A  
McKenna, William 39  
McLaughlin, Owen HA  
McNulty, Michael 56  
McSwaney, John 39  
Mead, John A. 22  
Mehan, Michael 22  
Mehan, Patrick 11  
Melendy, Nathan E. C  
Merriam, Charles 39  
Merriam, Frank E. 5  
Merriam, Joseph H. 22  
Merritt, John 59  
Miles, William P. 12  
Moody, D. W. 12  
Moore, William A. 22  
Moore, Thomas 39  
Moran, Thomas 39  
Morse, S. R. 5  
Morse, George T. 13-59  
Mosher, Henry 11  
Morton, Andrew W. 16  
Moulton, Caleb S. N  
Mullen, William H. 39  
Mullikin, Charles F. 5-22  
Murdoch, Alexander R. 5-11  
Murphy, Daniel J. 19  
Murphy, Dennis 22  
Murphy, James H. C  
Murphy, Michael 22  
Murphy, Michael K. 22  
Murray, Dennis N  
Murray, George 5  
Murray, John F. 16  
Murray, Peter N  
Murray, Sylvester 22  
Murray, Thomas 22  
Nason, Dudley 22  
Neal, Charles W. HA  
Neil, Samuel C  
Nelson, Alonzo R. HA  
Newbury, Augustus W. HA  
Newcomb, James T. 22  
Newhall, Alfred A. Jr. 5  
Noble, George H. 11  
Norris, Fred L. 5  
Norris, Henry L. HA  
O'Brien, William 5  
O'Connell, Daniel N  
O'Connor, Cornelius N-39  
O'Connor, Thomas 28  
O'Donnell, Edward 39  
O'Donnell, Michael 39  
O'Leary, John C. 70NY  
O'Leary, Timothy 62  
Osgood, Samuel A. 5  
Osgood, Warren W. 26  
Page, Alvin 5  
Page, John A. 5  
Page, Theophilus F. 2-29  
Parker, Charles 5  
Parker, Charles S. 11  
Parker, George 5  
Parker, J. Addison 5  
Parker, John L. 22-11  
Parker, Joseph Henry 5  
Parker, T. Marvin 5  
Parker, T. Morton 39  
Parker, F. Warren 5  
Parks, Charles T. HA  
Parks, Granville HA  
Parks, Peter T. C  
Pearsons, Alonzo W. C  
Pearsons, Herbert J. 5  
Pearsons, Oscar 5-39  
Pearson, William A. 5-32  
Penney, Ephraim 22  
Penney, Preston W. 11  
Perkins, Benjamin W. 59  
Perkins, George A. 5  
Perkins, Uriah 59  
Perry, Charles H. 16  
Perry, Emory B. 5  
Pettingill, Samuel S. 1  
Phillips, J. Mason 1  
Phillips, Frederick B. 1  
Pierce, Elbridge W. 6  
Pierce, Warren T. 6  
Planet, Adam 12  
Plummer, John W. 39  
Plympton, Augustus 32  
Pollard, George F. 39  
Poole, Parker T. 39  
Porter, Daniel C. 22  
Porter, James C. 39  
Powell, John J. 40NY  
Rafferty, Hugh 5  
Rafferty, Patrick N  
Ramsdell, Julius F. 39  
Reddy, Daniel 16  
Reddy, George H. 39  
Reed, James 32  
Reed, Moses D. 39  
Richardson, Albert H. 39  
Richardson, Alonzo L. 39  
Richardson, Calvin W. 5  
Richardson, Charles E. 5  
Richardson, Charles S. 6  
Richardson, Clark T. 5  
Richardson, Cyrus C  
Richardson, Cyrus B. 4  
Richardson, George W. 39  
Richardson, John I. 39  
Richardson, John K. 22  
Richardson, Johnson 5  
Richardson, S. Everett 19  
Richardson, Samuel, Jr. 13  
Ring, Patrick 39  
Riley, John 39  
Rinn, Samuel 12  
Ritchie, James 12  
Robbins, John 32  
Rogers, Oliver W. 5  
Roland, Miles 39  
Rundle, Joshua 22

Russell, John HA  
Ryan, Edward 4Conn  
Ryan, Thomas HA  
Ryan, Thomas 2DC  
Sanborn, Herschel A. 13  
Sanborn, Oren 39  
Sawyer, Augustus T. 39  
Sawyer, George W. 6  
Scott, Charles 39  
Scribner, Charles J. 22  
Shedd, L. J. C  
Shedd, William H. 22  
Sheehan, James 22  
Sheehan, John H. 39  
Shepard, Nelson H. 39  
Shute, James G. 40NY  
Smith, Charles H. 16  
Smith, Dawson 11  
Smith, Fred M. 39  
Smith, George F. 6  
Smith, J. Leonard 5-19  
Smith, John W. 5-N  
Smith, Michael W. N  
Smith, William B. 22  
Soulé, F. F. HA  
Soulé, Omer H. HA  
Spahr, William H. 5  
Spencer, Ebenezer R. 5  
Spin, Patrick 11  
Spokesfield, Ferdinand 18  
Sprague, George A. 39  
Stacey, Joseph 11A  
Staggles, William E. 39  
Starkweather, J. T. 5-11  
Steele, Frank N  
Stevens, John P. 5  
Stevens, Oren W. 39-32  
Stevens, William C. 13  
Stewart, Lucius M. 13  
Stewart, James F. HA  
Stiles, Warren E. 11  
Stimpson, Edward A. 13  
Stone, Horace P. 5  
Stowers, Thomas P. 5  
Stowers, William C. 39  
Sullivan, Patrick 22  
Sullivan, Thomas V. 22  
Swan, Charles F. C  
Swaney, William 9  
Tabor, Newell Z. 5-39  
Tay, Cyrus 32  
Tay, George M. HA  
Tay, J. B. Jr. 5  
Taylor, Dennis 5  
Taylor, Warren F. 5-32  
Teale, Alonzo 22  
Tenney, Warren E. 11  
Thayer, John E. 22  
Thompson, Abijah 2d. 39  
Thompson, Francis W. 22  
Thompson, Samuel I. 22  
Thompson, Walter C. 13  
Tidd, Horatio C. C  
Tidd, John E. 5-32  
Tidd, Luke R. 39  
Tidd, Squires S. 1  
Tilston, James E. 17  
Tomey, Patrick 39  
True, Franklin B. 59  
Tuck, Benjamin F. 16  
Tufts, W. Chester 5  
Tupper, Edward 12  
Valencourt, Jules 32  
Vanstone, Thomas N  
Vose, Edwin A. 59  
Wade, Martin V. B. 5  
Wade, Oliver M. 22-C  
Walt, Silas 39  
Walker, James 5  
Walker, J. H. Jr. 39  
Walker, Lewis M. 39  
Wall, John H. N  
Wallace, John N  
Warland, Owen S. 13  
Warland, T. Fred 5  
Warren, Benjamin F. 39  
Warren, William P. 39  
Watson, Gerardo J. 22-C  
Webb, Dennis 5  
Wellman, Charles W. 59  
Wendall, Henry 10NH  
Wertman, Jacob 28  
Westcott, Eugene 39  
Westcott, Robert W. C  
Weston, Henry G. 19  
Wheeler, John S. 5  
White, Charles F. 26  
Whitten, R. R. 5  
Willoughby, E. K. 13  
Wilson, Francis 2  
Wilson, Orville A. 39  
Winn, Abel Theodore A  
Winn, Charles B. 5  
Winn, Otis K. 5  
Wood, Charles T. 5-11  
Wright, Daniel 22  
Wright, Daniel Jr. 32  
Wyer, Charles 32  
Wyer, Edwin F. 59  
Wyman, Arthur B. 59  
Wyman, George D. 59  
Wyman, Henry N  
Wyman, Joseph S. 5-32  
Wyman, L. Flint 5-39  
Wyman, Samuel E. 5  
York, William S. 5

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Scribner for January.*—Without having much that bears directly upon the Christmas season, the January Scribner has a decided flavor of good cheer. The paper on "Old Maryland Manners," by P. B. Mayer, of Annapolis, is an interesting reproduction of the quaint and stately times of the "Maryland Gazette," and of the celebrated "Tuesday Club," to the whims and oddities of which considerable space is devoted. Scribner also introduces a new artist in Mr. Mayer, who makes his own drawings, depicting the most characteristic and unfamiliar of the old regime. "The Title Club at Work," by W. M. Laffan, describes the methods of an association of artists and others, whose work speaks for itself in the illustrations, which include drawings by E. A. Abbey (a tiled mantel-piece), W. M. Chase, Hopkinson Smith, Winslow Homer, Alden Weir, Reinhardt, Quarterly, Wimbrel, Laffan, and Paris, and a title in relief by O'Donovan, the sculptor. A companion paper, "The Title Club at Play," is to appear in the Midwinter number, with a large variety of illustrations. The serious side of holiday season is touched upon by the longest contribution in the number, a paper on "Leonardo da Vinci," by Clarence Cook, who considers his subject both as painter and as mechanical inventor. Among the cuts are the important blocks by Cole: the well known "Last Supper," and the "Head of Christ," supposed to be a study for its central figure. The "Mona Lisa," Henry Marsh, is considered to be one of the finest blocks. Detail drawings of the "Last Supper" are given for purposes of comparison with Raphael's "Last Supper" which

is also reproduced in whole and in detail. A number of other pictures, drawings of inventions, caricatures, etc., appear through the text. The paper is of a critical biographical character, and is the first of several by Mr. Cook on the Old Masters. There is also a Christmas ballad, "Born the Bold," by Constantine E. Brooks, with a large drawing by Mrs. Mary Hallock Fiske, which opens the number. Other illustrated papers are: "The Mountain Lakes of California," by John Muir, author of "The Wind Storm," "Douglas Squirrel," etc., with drawings by Thomas Moran; and "At the Old Bull's Head," by C. C. Buel, a picturesque description of the famous cattle and horse market of New York, with sketches by Kelley and Murhams. "Haworth's" contains a humorous scene from the Brinary family and the plot is rapidly carried on. Of the unillustrated matter there are two stories: "Century Plants," by Miss Isabella T. Hopkins, light and fanciful; and "Ninon," by Miss Annie Porter, a pathetic story of New Orleans. The sixth instalment of Boyesen's "Falconberg," in "College Hazing," by C. F. Thwing; and "The Amendment to the Patent Law," by the Secretary of the Western R. R. Association; and Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Epicdium," on the death of Bryant, are also given. Other poetry is by R. R. Bowker, Amanda T. Jones, the late Richard Realf, and R. W. Gilder. In his department, Dr. Holland discusses "Religion in these Days," "Art as a Steady Diet," and "Popular Despotisms." Mrs. Oakley's "Hints to Young Housekeepers" are continued in "Home and Society," the special topics being the engagement, treatment and duties of servants. "Culture and Progress" contains, besides the reviews, a paper on the Second Loan Exhibition, with suggestions of interest to those who may wish to organize similar projects in smaller cities. "The World's Work" department is especially interesting, and among the appliances described are a wonderful "Machine for Measuring Surface Surfaces," a "New Electric Lamp" (others to be described hereafter), "Hydraulic Fire-Escapes," "He insulated Telegraph Wire," etc., etc. "Bric-a-Brac" is fanciful, humorous and satirical.

This is the second volume in the popular series Heroes of History. Too much praise cannot be awarded to this bold and daring adventurer for the energy displayed in the pursuit of the end sought to be accomplished, and though he doubtless invaded and conquered Peru from motives of ambition and greed of gold, the fact that it was the custom of most nations in that warlike age, to make conquests of weaker powers for the sake of gain, may be taken as some palliation for some of his acts. At least he is credited with having laid the foundations of a higher and more permanent civilization than that which he replaced. The story will afford not only an insight to the character of the bold adventurer and his devoted followers, but the youthful reader may gather from it many lessons of the value of indomitable energy and perseverance under the most adverse circumstances and the strongest opposition. Men possessing the traits here shown, are a power in any community, when acting from right motives.

A live book that will interest the boys so much that work and study will be laid aside till it is read through. The wild and startling adventures of these two youths only fourteen years of age, in the vast regions of Texas, in conflict with wild animals and savage Indians, and later their successful visit to the Centennial and safe arrival at home, after having been captured by Indians, read more like romance than reality, but many of the scenes described may have occurred. As a sensational volume it will doubtless find a large number of readers.

*Young Folks Opera.* By Mrs. Elizabeth Parsons Goodrich. Lee & Shepard. pp. 77. \$1.00. An illustrated volume of original music and words so arranged that small children will readily understand it. Having in mind the kindly precept "Little children love one another," the author seems to understand freely the wants of children, and the simple home scenes and thoughts which crowd the mind in the gay sound of the holidays, are woven into pictures of child-life in song, in so pleasing manner that it cannot fail of being one of the most welcome gifts of the season.

*Uncle Tom's Cabin.* By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Houghton, Osgood & Co. pp. 329. \$2.50. Over twenty-five years have rolled away since this work, which has attained a circulation unknown to any other literary production, first went forth on its mission to proclaim to the world the deeds of wrong under the then existing curse of slavery, and to plead for the speedy coming of the day when it could be said in truth all men are equal. No other work on this subject, so engrossed the minds of all classes in this and foreign lands, and though the curse for whose extinction it aimed has been removed, it is to-day in the humblest cabin, and the palatial residence where refinement and luxury meet, alike welcome. Million after million copies have been published in English, and it has been translated and published in more than twenty foreign languages. A work of so absorbing interest will never be allowed to be numbered among the things that were, and the publishers have brought it out in a form corresponding to the demands of an appreciative public, that works of highest value shall be appropriately dressed. The introduction gives the circumstances under which it was written, and a Bibliographical account of it. The

unbounded popularity of the work will doubtless cause a large demand for it in the splendid form in which it is now issued.

*Principles of Perspective.* Arranged for the use of Art Students. By Albert Thompson. Boston; Frost & Adams, 1878.

This is an ample quarto of 16 pages letter press, and 33 illustrative figures, the object being to present in a simple and concise manner a method which will enable any careful student to meet the difficulties which are found in drawing ordinary objects. Technical terms are avoided, the diagrams are simple, and but one method is demonstrated, so that the student is neither confused by the drawing nor appalled by the difficulty of the undertaking. The work is intended for use with an instructor or without, but a person attempting alone the study of perspective will find in this work a key which will unlock to him even the more complex problems of the art. Mr. Thompson, is an artist whose pictures are every where favorably regarded, and his effort in this new line will prove a great help to those who are attempting to travel the road he has so successfully pointed out to them.

*Wonder World.*—This book of legends and fairy stories from twelve languages, translated by Marie Pabke and Mrs. Pitman (Margery Deane), is issued for the coming holidays in a larger and very attractive shape. The publishers announce that no book of its kind was ever better received both by critics and the lovers of folk lore, and the children put it with their Grimm and Anderson. The labor of these ladies in finding out originals, never before translated, and stories that would be eminently characteristic, must have been very great, and the book merits a permanent place among the fairy literature of young people; while the fancy and striking beauty of many of the legends will not fail to please the older reader. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers.

*The School Boy.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Houghton, Osgood & Co. pp. 79. \$4.00.

If we were sure every one of our readers would see this beautiful specimen of some of the choicest production of the renowned author, and the perfection which the art of book making has reached we should feel certain that none would fail of buying it who could possibly do so. No higher praise need be bestowed on it, than to say that competent critics rank it among the very best of the productions of Dr. Holmes and the work of artists and engravers, printers and binders, shows a new approach to a point beyond which they cannot excel. This is the poem read by the author at the Centennial celebration of Phillips Academy, Andover and its appropriateness to the occasion will be conceded by all.

*Story of a Cat.* A translation from the French of Emile de La Bedolliere. By T. B. Aldrich. Houghton, Osgood & Co. pp. 166. \$1.00.

To the translator and the artist, Mr. Hopkins, the little ones are indebted for this charming story of Mother Michel and her cat. The splendid silhouettes add much to the attractions of the story and the wonderful exploits of the cat in her display of superior intelligence, will awaken the deepest interest of children. So great was the fame of this specimen of the race said to have nine lives, that if history be true, poets wrote in his honor, and after the close of a long and glorious career his remains repose in an elegant marble mausoleum, and an inscription in Latin records his many virtues.

*Ike Partington, and His Friends.* By B. P. Shillaber. Lee & Shepard. pp. 225. \$1.25.

The former volumes from the pen of the versatile Ike, met a most favorable reception, and in this the thousand mishaps, hairbreadth escapes and boyish pranks of the inimitable Partington, are pictured in a way no other could do. We agree with him when he says Boys that think, and have no interest in the doings of boyhood, may be delighted aids to a quiet home, but the life, spirit, energy, and health of the active boy come with his activity. This is all true, but it is also true that while if as claims, he is only a fair representative of his class and no phenomenal or exceptional case, the class must be a very small one and he will always stand at the head. In the sixteen chapters of the book will be found variety enough to show almost every form of joys, failures, accidents and mishaps that even the fertile brain of the author could imagine. The illustrations are in perfect keeping with the text.

*Massachusetts Musical Hours.* It contains Hear the Bells so gaily ringing, (a new Christmas Carol)—I'm called Little Buttercup—When I was a Lad—and Things are seldom what they seem, (three favorite songs from H. M. S. Pinafore)—Blue Aslantan Mountains (by author of Nancy Lee)—Massa's sleeping in the Church-yard—Eyes so Blue. For instrumental—La Petit Carnaval Schottische (Duet)—Overland March—Jasmine—Greeting of Spring—Bum Bam Galop. This number is also embellished with a handsome cover in two colors, and is one of the best yet issued of this popular monthly. Terms \$1.50 per year; single copies, 20 cents. Published by Geo. W. Richardson & Co., 37 Temple Place, Boston.

*Irish World.*—The Irish World has added to its title the words and American Industrial Liberator. We find very little in this paper that we can agree with, but we like the vigor of its rhetoric, and the abandon of its style. If a paper believes a thing it ought to believe it with all its might, and that is the kind of paper the Irish World is. We enjoy reading what a determined opponent has to say, especially if he seems to believe it, and there is no doubt but what the World's theories on greenbacks, silver, and labor are honestly held.

1851. 1879.

## THE Woburn JOURNAL.

With the beginning of the new year the Journal will commence its 29th VOLUME.

For more than a quarter of a century it has been a welcome visitor to the homes of Woburn, and of those in other places to whom the memory of the old town is dear. It has in the past taken a lively interest in all

**LOCAL AFFAIRS,** and will in the future keep up with the times, by urging and encouraging progress in every direction that will add to the wealth, importance or influence of the town.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

**ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,** together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

**THE STORIES** which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor. Connected with the paper is an experienced book reviewer and his

**LITERARY NOTICES** have been highly commended, and they will be continued during the coming year. Our

**CORRESPONDENTS** are scattered all over the world, and contributions from their pens have added much to the interest of the Journal. Communications on any topic are invited, and

**ANY ONE** can secure the insertion of a letter in the Journal provided it is written in proper terms, and the writer's name given as a guarantee of good faith, on any subject, without regard to the position of the paper on that subject. Believing that there is nothing like discussion to bring out truth and that truth never fears the fullest scrutiny, it is the policy of the Journal to encourage discussion, and while it will continue to

**FEARLESSLY ADVOCATE** all such principles and measures as it deems important and essential to the public welfare, it will concede space upon its platform to any who see fit to differ, and admit that in argument as well as in other things too fitness shall survive. Believing that whatever helps the Town helps the individual citizen, the Journal will always be found jealously guarding the honor of the Town against assaults or defamers, and earnestly seconding any efforts for public improvement or growth. The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper, treating of

**LIVING ISSUES** with an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from **CURRENT LITERATURE** in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

**Popular Newspaper of the Town** and this fact should assure the business men that it is a best

**ADVERTISING MEDIUM** they can possibly have. There is no better way to reach the people than through the newspaper, which is welcomed and read by every member of every family to which the paper goes. **SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.** **JOHN L. PARKER, PUBLISHER,** 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.











### INTERPRETING A DREAM.

"Dreams! Now you've touched a tender spot. Madam, I expect I've had more dreams than any other bald-headed man in this U. S. A.," said Bijah.

"Well, I've had dreams," she continued, as she bent her eyes on the carpet. "I've had such dreams as I never heard tell of, and being as a woman told me that you could advise me, I've called to talk with you."

"Go right ahead on the starboard tack, madam."

"There's a man—there's a man coming to our house, sir," she said, as the party hid her face.

"Comes to read the gas meter, I suppose. Well, go on."

"He comes to see me," she said, giving her head an impatient toss. "I might as well own up that my face or form or conversational powers have attracted him. Judging from his actions he seems to love me."

"Does, eh? Has he ever brought you peppermint drops? Has he ever read poetry to you? Have you ever noticed him gazing at the moon?"

"I am satisfied that he loves me," she musingly replied, "and I confess—"

"That you love him?"

She blushed.

Which was very, very proper in her.

"Same as ever—old, old story—end in the usual way—no cards," he sighed as he solemnly shifted the cat.

"After he left me last night I had a dream," she said. "I dreamed that I was trying to draw a pair of socks with a doorkey for a needle and some telegraph wire for yarn. While I was trying to mend the holes I heard a horn blow and looking out of the window I saw—what?"

"A fish pedler, of course."

"No, sir! I saw a two-horse wagon loaded with coffins. The dream awoke me and I found myself sitting in bed. It has worried me ever since, and I want to know if you can interpret it."

"Madam," began Bijah, as he rose and smoothed down his head, "you have come to the right man and at the right time. I have never begged around any on my power to interpret dreams, but being that you will say that I can knock the spots off any other human being in this town on the dream business."

"And you can tell me the significance of this one?"

"Then you dreamed of a door key. That's the sign of an accident. Be careful, madam, and don't let the clothes line in splitting wood, and don't go up on a ladder over ten or fifteen feet."

"I never, never, climb a ladder, sir?"

"Don't you? So much the better. But be careful how you go down the cellar the next three weeks. Then you dreamed of telegraph wire, madam? That's another bad sign. Don't go around the back yard barefooted, or you may cut your heel on an old bottle and have a fatal case of lockjaw."

"I go barefooted!" she gasped.

"I hope not, madam; and if you eat any peanuts for a month, throw the shucks away. Even if they don't hurt you, there is only two per cent. of nourishment in 'em."

She looked at him in amazement and he kindly went on:

"You heard a horn blow, and that is a good sign. I've known women who had been troubled with cold feet for eighteen years to dream of a horn blowing, and be perfectly cured in five hours."

"Sir!"

"That's me, madam, and I rejoice from the bottom of my heart at your good luck. Then you dreamed of coffins. Did you see any figures on 'em?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, I suppose the undertaker will put enough of figures on 'em, for that matter. To dream of coffins, madam, signifies that you will shortly have an offer."

"Is that—so?" she softly replied, blushing again.

"It is, madam. Less than a month ago a woman came to me who had been dreaming of coffins, and within three days she had an offer."

"And she accepted him?"

"It was an offer, madam, to nurse a woman with the roomy—salary, \$3 per week and found."

"Mr. Joy," said the gentle dreamer, as she rose up and made a grab for her train. "I shan't go out as a nurse—not just yet."

"I wouldn't either; it's a very trying position, particularly where the patient is despondent and imagines you want to murder her."

"Mr. Joy, I am very much obliged."

"Tis well—till well. Good day."

She walked away, her face red as coal and her nose up, and he sat down and muttered to himself:

"She believed every word of it up to the 'offer,' and just 'cause I wouldn't lie about it she goes away feeling dispersed and put out. That's the way with 'em—consent, onhappy and ongrateful."

A GOOD YARN.—The latest story in town, and one from which might be drawn a moral, is that of one of the citizens living on the outskirts has recently missed several hens from his roost. While looking for a clue to enable him to detect the thief, he found not the depreder, but a pocketbook containing about \$70, with the owner's name on the inside. Query: How came the pocket book in the hen-yard?—Peabody Press.

Either the coinage must be limited to what the country can float without disturbing values, or the standard "dollar" must be made an honest dollar by putting more silver into it. The latter method seems to us the best. It would restore silver to its place as money on terms of equality and honesty. Has anybody the right to ask more? Can the government afford to do less?

"Maxims is what ails me," he said to the Police Justice. "Maxim burst me wide open." The Court said it would like an explanation before fixing the fine. "Well, your Honor," said the prisoner, "I drank rye whiskey, and I didn't get drunk. I remembered that maxim, 'Try, try again.' I tried rye again—"

"Here, that's enough of that!" thundered the Court, "this isn't no circus-ring. Ten dollars and costs."

CHINESE SKILL IN CARVING.—The skill displayed by the Chinese in carving ivory balls within each other has excited the wonder and admiration of Europeans. Nothing can afford a greater proof of the patience and perseverance, as well as of the taste of a Chinese handicraftsman, than one of these elegant baubles, each ball being exquisitely carved, and not two alike in pattern. Each of these balls rolls freely within that which closes it, and is visible through apertures, so that however many there be, the beauties of each can be examined, and the number of the whole counted. Much time is spent upon the carving of these toys, for the cleverest artist will employ a whole month in the execution of each separate ball; consequently the labor of two years is not infrequently bestowed on the production of a single toy, which is formed out of a solid globe of ivory, and has no junction in any part. The outside of this globe is first carved in some very open pattern, and is then carefully cut with a sharp fine instrument, through the openings, till a complete coating is detached from the solid part inside, as the peel of an orange might be loosened with a scoop from the fruit without being taken off. One hollow ball is thus formed with a solid one inside of it. The surface of the inner ball is then carved through the interstices of the outer one, and when finished is subjected to the same operation as the first; thus a second hollow ball is produced, still with a solid one of smaller dimensions inside. This process is repeated again and again, the difficulties increasing as the work proceeds, till at length only a small ball, of the size of a marble, is left in the centre, which is also ornamented with figures cut upon it, and then the ingenious but useless bauble is complete. This process is said to be performed under water.

DEAD-HEADING.—A railroad company suspecting deadheads put a detective on the track. One day he heard a passenger remark that it was very easy to go from B to D—without a ticket. He watched the speaker and was surprised to see him hand the conductor a ticket. Getting into conversation with the passenger he said: "I'd like to know your plan for travelling without a ticket, and don't mind giving you a couple of dollars for it." "Done," said the man pocketing the bill. "When I want to travel without a ticket I walk."

An old clergyman who never had in youth the advantages of a classical education, but who has plenty of common sense, takes this view of wine drinking: "I read my bible now as I did fifty years ago; never stop to inquire whether the wine was black or blue, milk or strong as brandy. I know what the wines of our day are, and it is with those I have to deal, and not with those drunk two or three thousand years ago."

NEW-COMERS.—I attend your church now, because when I came there first, your folks gave me a welcome. I concluded that they were a social people." Such was the reason given by a gentleman to a member of one of our churches, for identifying himself with the congregation. He had gone to several places of worship in search of Sabbath home without finding one adapted to his wants. He received no recognition either before or after the services, and retired feeling that he was a stranger if not an intruder. But the courtesy shown him by one of the ushers and the interest manifested in his presence by the cordial salutations he received from several who politely addressed him as he was leaving the place, impressed him with a sense of their kindness, made him feel that his presence was valued and gave him assurance that he would feel at home with it. It is not by simply suspending the word "Welcome" in the vestibules of our churches that this result is to be accomplished. There should be a polite, personal recognition of the stranger, and such a greeting as will not fail to convey the impression that sincere pleasure is felt in the presence of the newcomer. By taking pains to make the acquaintance of a stranger, and by giving him an introduction to one or two members of the church, ties will quickly be formed that will hold to a congregation not a few who are now strolling from place to place under a miserable feeling of isolation, and strong links in the chain of means and influences ordained to draw them to God and bind them to his service.

HOW TO IRON BOSOMS AND COLLARS.—Some time ago my husband used to complain that his linen collars did not set nicely in front. There was always a fulness, which in the case of standing collars, was particularly trying to a man who felt a good deal of pride in the dressing of his neck, as it spoiled the effect of his cravat, and often left a gap for the display of either the collar band of the shirt or a half inch of bare skin. While walking with a particular shirt maker one day he mentioned his annoyance, and inquired if there was any way of relieving it. "Yes," answered the man, "the fault is with your laundress. While doing up your collars she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable, and a good pull will alter a fourteen-inch into a fifteen-inch collar in the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch the crosswise and not lengthwise. Then in straightening out your shirt bosom she makes another mistake of the same sort. They also ought to be pulled crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull draws the front of the neckband somewhat under the chin, where it was meant to go, and of course that spoils the set of your collar. With the front of your neckband an inch too high, and your collar an inch too long, you have a most undesirable combination." The speaker was right. As soon as my husband ordered the necessary changes to be made in the method of our laundry, a wonderful difference manifested itself in the appearance of his most important part of his clad anatomy—his neck. Let me commend the shirtmaker's hint to other distressed men.—Evening Post.

SOLDIERS' GRAVES.—The number of known soldiers' graves in the National Military Cemetery is 165,102, and 145,841 unknown. All of these have been marked with marble or granite head stones, except a few in a New Jersey Cemetery, and the \$1,000,000 appropriated there remains unexpended \$191,988. The Secretary of War will ask authority from Congress to expend this in erecting head stones at the graves of Union soldiers interred in private and village cemeteries.

MONEY BLOWN AWAY IN SMOKE.—Tobacco, to the value of \$117,670, was furnished to the enlisted men of the army during the last fiscal year, and in addition there were sales to officers and enlisted men from the Quartermaster's Department amounting to \$78,843 more.

As Christmas approaches, there will be a great deal of that goodness among the children.—Whitehall Times.

What riles a country postmistress is to have a postal card come to the office written in French.

There is a German proverb which says that Take-It-Easy and Live-Long are brothers.

A lady, formerly a resident of our city, now living in Chicago, and warmly interested in a sort of ragged school conducted there, pupils being from the very poorest classes, contributes the following incident; there had been a series of object lessons, and teaching on common things, and one day the teacher spoke of that common household pet, the cockroach, and after a description of its characteristics, she said, "Now if we only had a real cockroach, we could examine it, and understand more about it," and asked, "Can any one bring a cockroach for the next session." There was no response for a minute when up went a tiny, begrimed hand at the rear of the room; "Well, Maggie, what is it?" "Please, ma'am, I can bring a bed bug, if that will do!"—Lawrence American.

DEAD-HEADING.—A railroad company suspecting deadheads put a detective on the track. One day he heard a passenger remark that it was very easy to go from B to D—without a ticket. He watched the speaker and was surprised to see him hand the conductor a ticket. Getting into conversation with the passenger he said: "I'd like to know your plan for travelling without a ticket, and don't mind giving you a couple of dollars for it." "Done," said the man pocketing the bill. "When I want to travel without a ticket I walk."

An old clergyman who never had in youth the advantages of a classical education, but who has plenty of common sense, takes this view of wine drinking: "I read my bible now as I did fifty years ago; never stop to inquire whether the wine was black or blue, milk or strong as brandy. I know what the wines of our day are, and it is with those I have to deal, and not with those drunk two or three thousand years ago."

NEW-COMERS.—I attend your church now, because when I came there first, your folks gave me a welcome. I concluded that they were a social people." Such was the reason given by a gentleman to a member of one of our churches, for identifying himself with the congregation. He had gone to several places of worship in search of Sabbath home without finding one adapted to his wants. He received no recognition either before or after the services, and retired feeling that he was a stranger if not an intruder. But the courtesy shown him by one of the ushers and the interest manifested in his presence by the cordial salutations he received from several who politely addressed him as he was leaving the place, impressed him with a sense of their kindness, made him feel that his presence was valued and gave him assurance that he would feel at home with it. It is not by simply suspending the word "Welcome" in the vestibules of our churches that this result is to be accomplished. There should be a polite, personal recognition of the stranger, and such a greeting as will not fail to convey the impression that sincere pleasure is felt in the presence of the newcomer. By taking pains to make the acquaintance of a stranger, and by giving him an introduction to one or two members of the church, ties will quickly be formed that will hold to a congregation not a few who are now strolling from place to place under a miserable feeling of isolation, and strong links in the chain of means and influences ordained to draw them to God and bind them to his service.

HOW TO IRON BOSOMS AND COLLARS.—Some time ago my husband used to complain that his linen collars did not set nicely in front. There was always a fulness, which in the case of standing collars, was particularly trying to a man who felt a good deal of pride in the dressing of his neck, as it spoiled the effect of his cravat, and often left a gap for the display of either the collar band of the shirt or a half inch of bare skin. While walking with a particular shirt maker one day he mentioned his annoyance, and inquired if there was any way of relieving it. "Yes," answered the man, "the fault is with your laundress. While doing up your collars she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable, and a good pull will alter a fourteen-inch into a fifteen-inch collar in the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch the crosswise and not lengthwise. Then in straightening out your shirt bosom she makes another mistake of the same sort. They also ought to be pulled crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull draws the front of the neckband somewhat under the chin, where it was meant to go, and of course that spoils the set of your collar. With the front of your neckband an inch too high, and your collar an inch too long, you have a most undesirable combination." The speaker was right. As soon as my husband ordered the necessary changes to be made in the method of our laundry, a wonderful difference manifested itself in the appearance of his most important part of his clad anatomy—his neck. Let me commend the shirtmaker's hint to other distressed men.—Evening Post.

SOLDIERS' GRAVES.—The number of known soldiers' graves in the National Military Cemetery is 165,102, and 145,841 unknown. All of these have been marked with marble or granite head stones, except a few in a New Jersey Cemetery, and the \$1,000,000 appropriated there remains unexpended \$191,988. The Secretary of War will ask authority from Congress to expend this in erecting head stones at the graves of Union soldiers interred in private and village cemeteries.

MONEY BLOWN AWAY IN SMOKE.—Tobacco, to the value of \$117,670, was furnished to the enlisted men of the army during the last fiscal year, and in addition there were sales to officers and enlisted men from the Quartermaster's Department amounting to \$78,843 more.

As Christmas approaches, there will be a great deal of that goodness among the children.—Whitehall Times.

What riles a country postmistress is to have a postal card come to the office written in French.

There is a German proverb which says that Take-It-Easy and Live-Long are brothers.

## CATARRH

Of Ten Years' Duration. The Discharge Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by

**SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.**

Menstrual and Puerperal. Gentlemen—I feel compelled to acknowledge to you the great benefit derived from your Catarrh Remedy. I have been afflicted with this disease for ten years, and especially in the winter time it has been most severe. The discharge has been thick and bloody, emitting a foul odor so bad that I could not remain in a room with others very long. I have tried every remedy known to me, but have not been able to recover my senses of smell and taste. I have now fully recovered, and my general health is much improved. Yours truly, H. B. FORD, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 8, 1878.

**LATER.**

Gentlemen: The package of SANFORD'S CURE arrived. I have tried it, and it has done everything I needed. I have been able to stop the offensive discharge, and I have recovered my senses of smell and taste. I have now fully recovered, and my general health is much improved. Yours truly, H. B. FORD, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 15, 1878.

**SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE**

Not only promptly arrests the corroding discharge in Catarrh, but, by a powerful action, it restores to sound health all the organs of the head that have been affected by it, and establishes the following affections:

Defective Eyesight, Inflamed and Watery Eyes, Painful and Watery Eyes, Loss of Hearing, Earache, Neuralgia of the Ear, Discharges from the Ear, Ringing Noises in the Head, Dizziness, Nervous Headache, Pains in the Temple, Loss of the Senses of Taste and Smell, Elevation of the Uvula, Inflammation of the Tonsils, Purulent Sore Throat, Thicketing or Blackening of the Throat, Cough, Bronchitis, and Bleeding of the Lungs.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhalant Tube, with a specially prepared direction for use in all cases. Price, \$1. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada. WEEKS & POTTS, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

## VOLTAIC PLASTERS

An Electro-Galvanic Battery, combined with a Powerful Medicated Plaster, forming the grandest curative agent in the world of medicine. It cures all kinds of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all other Plasters. It is used in one week that would require a year. They do not irritate, they cure. They

Relieve Affections of the Chest. Relieve Affections of the Heart. Relieve Affections of the Liver. Relieve Affections of the Spleen. Relieve Affections of the Kidneys. Relieve Affections of the Bladder. Relieve Affections of the Uterus. Relieve Affections of the Vagina. Relieve Affections of the Cervix. Relieve Affections of the Vagina.

No matter what may be the extent of your suffering, try one of these Plasters. You will find it supported by hundreds of testimonials in your possession. Bear in mind that it is not a plaster, but a powerful battery, and that it is used in one week that would require a year. They do not irritate, they cure. They

Price, 25 Cents.

Be careful to call for COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER. You get some worthless imitation. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada, and by WEEKS & POTTS, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.



**HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR**

FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR-BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest tree ABIES BALSAMICA, or Balm of Gilead.

The Honey of Horehound soothes and soothes all irritations and inflammations, and the Tar-BALM CLEANSES and HEALS the throat and air-passages leading to the lungs. Five additional ingredients keep the organs cool, moist, and in healthful action. Let no prejudicial keep you from trying this great medicine of a famous Doctor, who has saved thousands of lives by it in his large private practice.

N. B.—The Tar Balm has no BAD TASTE or smell.

PRICES 50 CENTS AND \$1 PER BOTTLE.

Great saving to buy large size.

"Pike's Toothache Drops" Cure in 1 Minute.

Sold by all Druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop., N.Y.

**Markets**

**CENTRAL MARKET**

151 Main St., Woburn.

**B. F. WYER**

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of

Beef, Pork and Mutton,

AND ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

and everything usually found in a

**Meat and Vegetable Market.**

GEO. P. SIMMONS,

Woburn Fish Market,

100 Main Street, Woburn.

Mr. Simmons having had a large experience in the fish business, is fully capable of supplying the wants of the public with satisfaction.

**JOSEPH BANCROFT,**

139 1/2 Main Street, Woburn.

(SOLE'S BLOCK.)

**SEWING MACHINES**

of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments. Liberal Price allowed Old Machines in exchange for new ones.

**NOTICE.**

The subscribers wish to give notice that they are prepared in connection with their Store and Furnace business, to do all kinds of Plumbing in a workmanlike manner and at short notice.

J. W. ADAMS & CO.

Winchester, May 19, 1878.

## DR. HALE'S CHAMPION STEAM COOKER.

COOKS EVERY VARIETY OF FOOD WITHOUT MINGLING THE FLAVORS.

Economy of Food, Economy of Fuel, Economy of Space, Economy of Time & Temper.

Sold after trial. No chance for deception. Highly recommended by every one who uses it, and pronounced by Miss Parlow to be the only common sense cooker she ever saw.

Ma. C. F. ESTABROOK

will call upon the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, and afford them an opportunity to test the merit of the Cooker.

**DR. HALE,**

No. 243 Tremont Street, BOSTON.

Manufacturer.

It may be examined at the store of

**C. M. STROUT, Agent,**

203 Main St., Woburn.

DEALER IN

Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces,

Tin, Plated and Britannia Ware,

And KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

**PAULDING'S SPANISH CHOLERA REMEDY.**

Woburn, Mass.

We, the undersigned, most cheerfully bear witness to the efficacy of the Cholera Remedy, put up and sold by Mr. R. S. Paulding. We have experienced the greatest benefit from it, when other remedies have failed to afford us relief. It is our firm conviction that the mixture is fully able to cope with any case of Cholera, Dysentery, or Bowel Complaint.

C. M. STROUT, High Street.

JAMES H. SKEELTON, Mt. Pleasant Street.

T. F. STEARNS, Main Street.

SEWALL TAYLOR, Willow Street.

R. W. PAIRS, Willow Street.

G. E. WATKINS, Foster Street.

W. E. CLARK, Weymouth Court.

GEORGE REYNOLDS, Summer Street.

Mrs. MARY ANN REYNOLDS, Summer St.

Mrs. BRIDGET JOHNSON, Summer Street.

The Spanish Cholera Remedy can be obtained at the Woburn Drug Store, ALEX. ELLIS, Main Street, Woburn, and at the Woburn Branch, and at G. P. BROWN, Winchester. Try it.

**W. F. ESTABROOK,**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Bread, Cake, Pastry,

AND

FANCY CRACKERS

OF ALL KINDS.

219 Main Street, Woburn.

**NEW BOOK IN PRESS**

**AGENTS WANTED!**

**THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES**

Being a complete history of all the important industries of America, including Agriculture, Mechanical, Manufacturing, Mining, Commercial and other Enterprises. 300 Fine Engravings. No work like it ever published. Will sell at sight. Agents, this is the book for you to introduce. Address Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn.

**For WINDOW GARDENING.**

Patent Flower Pot Brackets, Hooks and Chains for Hanging Pots, Bird Cage Hooks.

A Useful and Tasty

**Flower Stand for \$1.**

**HARDWARE STORE.**

KELLEY'S BLOCK.

**L. THOMPSON, Jr.**

**DON'T BUY**

Gent's White Shirts, WORKING SHIRTS, Underwear or Hosiery, Without INSPECTING our stock in that line.

Also bargains in

**BLACK DRESS GOODS,**

Red, White, and Blue Flannels, and Table Linens.

**J. D. DECILLE,**

140 Main street, Woburn

**New and Second-hand CARRIAGES**

In great variety and at Low Prices. Harness, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and the best Harness for the money in the World. Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, &c., at low prices for good goods.

INGALLS, WYER & CO.,

147 to 149 Friend St., 54 to 56 Canal St., BOSTON.

**Coal, Wood & Lumber**

**WILLIAM N. ARNOLD,**

Dealer in all kinds of

**LUMBER,**

WINCHESTER, MASS.

**LUMBER!**

**EASTERN, WESTERN, and Northern LUMBER,**

—AND—

**BUILDING MATERIAL**

of all widths, dimensions and qualities, constantly on hand, and delivered at shortest notice, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths, Cedar and Chestnut Posts.

Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities.

Lumber Yard on Prospect Street, opposite the Railroad Freight Yard.

**H. S. CONVERSE,**

Carpenter and Builder,

WOBURN, - MASS.

Shop and House corner of Mt. Pleasant and Prospect Streets, Woburn.

## Funeral Undertakers

**L. H. ALLEN,**

FUNERAL AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTVALE AVE., NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.

CASKETS AND COFFINS of various Styles and prices, in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article well adapted for the burial of the dead, furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public and the neighborhood is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without the direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns. I have with me one or two horses, and Carriages furnished at short notice.

Residence, East Street, near Green.

## Woburn and Boston EXPRESS.

On and after April 1, 1878, the subscriber will run an express between Woburn and Boston. Personal attention given to all packages entrusted to his care. A share of patronage is respectfully solicited.

**CHARLES E. TAYLOR.**

Office—34 Court St., Boston. Order Boxes—Boston, Box 34 Upper Brick Passageway, Faneuil Hall Market; Woburn, Post Office, Central House, T. Salmon, Boston Branch Grocery, and E. F. Cutler, West Woburn.

**ONE YEAR'S FILE OF THIS PAPER CAN BE FOUND AT**



Where favorable rates can be made for advertising in any section of the country. Estimates promptly furnished free of charge.

**RE-OPENED.**

**KELLEY'S**

Boot and Shoe Store,

209 Main Street,

WOBURN.

Opens again with a large and well assorted stock

—OF—

**WOMEN'S, MISSES' & CHILDREN'S GOODS.**

The New Bedford Stock,

Composed of Ladies', Misses' and Children's French Kid Side Lace and Button, and French Goat Button Boots, are

**Specialties**

of this establishment, which will be found well worthy of inspection.

There is also on hand a large assortment of

**Men's, Boys' and Youth's Goods,**

New and of the latest styles. Also a large supply of RUBBER GOODS. All of which will be

**Sold CHEAP for CASH.**

REPAIRING done with the usual promptness and catness.

**CARPETS.**

**JOEL GOLDTHWAIT & CO.,**

167 & 169 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON,

HAVE THROWN OPEN THEIR LARGE

**WHOLESALE ROOMS**

—TO THE—

**RETAIL TRADE,**

And for the next Thirty Days are going to offer at Retail their large stock of

**Brussels, Tapestries, Three-Plys, Superfines,**

And a large line of

**Extra Superfines**

and Union Carpets.

**WHOLESALE PRICES.**

In order to reduce their stock.

ALL DEPOT HORSE CARS pass the door.

**ESTEY ORGAN**

"The Best the world over."

"The Finest in the World."







## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.			
Page	Col.	No.	
A card—S. Call,	3	1	1
G. S. Dodge,	3	1	4
J. P. Fernald,	3	2	3
Mortgage Sale—Fennell,	3	1	13
Real Estate at Auction,	3	1	14
Wanted,	3	1	10

## CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCES.

Another bright and cold Christmas day has come and gone! Whited roads and merry sleigh bells tinkling through the frosty air were wanting this year, to make the day a typical Christmas. But the weather was cold and blustering enough in the morning to be up to the standard. In the afternoon the wind went down, but Jack Frost remained abroad tingling the cheeks of those who were hastening home after a merry time at some festive and hospitable board.

On Christmas eve the stores of the town were making their last and best efforts. Everybody knew what everybody else was after, who, trying to look innocent and ordinary, was out shopping on that evening, and when it was candy, nuts, raisins and fruit, with which they were laying the plan to celebrate on the morrow, was their purpose only too evident. The children were busy, no doubt, selecting their largest and strongest pairs of stockings to hang in the chimney place. We really cannot say how many children planned sudden and important changes in the house arrangements in order to give old Santa Claus no excuse for passing them by, on account of narrow or closed chimney places. Then we think that a few small boys and girls went off to bed by their prudent mamma's, had a reckless desire to sit up for once in the year and see whether Santa Claus really came down the chimney with his great fur coat and cap, and his huge frosty beard and with the familiar pack on his back overflowing with jumping jacks, dolls, and everything else a boy or girl wanted. When persuaded to go to bed they thought ten hours a very long time to wait for their presents. But sleep soon came like a Christmas angel to amuse them all night long with wonderful visions. Who can describe the barefoot hunt for the stockings in the morning, the scramble back to bed and shouts over great discoveries in those almost bottomless stockings?

On Christmas eve the Unitarians had a Sunday School festival in their church vestry. The room was filled with the expectant children and their parents and friends. The evergreen decorations were tastefully arranged. Across the western end of the lecture-room were stretched curtains which concealed a stage, and dressing-rooms. Foot light were arranged along the edge of the platform. The entertainment opened with a tableau, "Christmas Greeting." Mrs. Falk appeared standing on a green mound and offering written words of welcome. Mr. Murdoch, of Boston, next came forward with his "Punch and Judy" show. The children were highly pleased and we suspect, not a few older people. Old Punch and his wife were as talkative and quarrelsome as ever. Other characters, such as Chinamen, Negroes, Irishmen, and the Sea Serpent were also introduced. The exercise which now followed was, doubtless, the one indispensable portion of the programme—the distribution of the bags of candy which hung on the tree. This piece would doubtless have been encoined if the little folks had only had a little experience at encoining. Judge Converse and Mr. Fred Stevens gave an instrumental piece, which was followed by the exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's world-renowned wax works, by Miss Mary D. Converse — "impersonifications which are the envy of every mummy and statue in the British Museum." These wonderful moving statues were indeed most life like, and had it not been for the assurance of Mrs. Jarley herself we should have taken them for living personages rather than "wax figures." The maid of honor who worked on a Sunday and died from pricking her finger, was represented by Miss Lily Munroe. The old woman of dissipated memory, who died prematurely of dancing at the age of a hundred and thirty-two, still serves as a perpetually awful example to others by dancing vigorously in this show whenever the crank is turned. Miss Clara Barnes represented this figure. The heaven-reaching figure of the tall man was represented by Wallie Davis, and the short man by Daniel Jones. The "worst girl" represented one of the 937 unmarried ladies of this town who knit hoods for 124 cents a dozen. Space fails us to speak of Jack Sprat and his wife, and the man who was vanquished by a smile. The show closed with a general winding up of all the figures. Some tableaux followed: "I wish I was a man," "I wish I was a woman," "What are the wild waves saying?" and others. These tableaux closed the entertainment. The occasion was much enjoyed by the older people as well as by the children for whom it was especially designed.

At the St. Charles Catholic church, five masses were celebrated on Christmas morning at 7, 7.30, 8.30, 9.15, 10.30. The first and the last were high masses and the choir sang "Adeste, fideles." The mass at 8.30, was for the children. The St. Charles Temperance Society, the McClure Battalion and the Temperance Cadets were present at that hour. Mozart's 12th Mass was sung by the choir at the last mass, and Father Quady, after administering the Holy Communion, gave a few impressive words of advice as to the observance of Christmas day. He exhorted the people to show themselves true children of the church and true followers of him whose nativity they were celebrating on that day. They should so spend the day that they could on the morrow, look back upon it with pleasure, and with no fear that the finger of scorn would be pointed at them. The choir of this church consists of, soprano, Miss Kate McDonald; alto, Miss M. Murphy; tenors

Mr. Edmund E. Gendron, Mr. C. Halliday, Mr. M. Bergen, Mr. G. Halliday; bases, Mr. P. Calnan, Mr. C. Gendron, Mr. F. O'Neal. There is also a chorus of fifteen voices. Miss B. Marrinan is the organist.

At Trinity church a Sunday School festival was held on Christmas eve. Carols were sung entitled, "Midnight Star" and "Glad Hearts and Voices." Boxes of candy were given to the children. The rector was presented with a study gown (from the Christmas tree) and a roll of carpeting. Rev. Mr. Winckley made an address. He said that as Christ was found by shepherds in a manger, so we should now find Christ in our hearts. At 10 A. M. Christmas morning the regular service with Holy Communion were observed in Trinity. The rector spoke on the danger of letting these good memorial customs die out. The church was decorated with evergreen. "Honor the Lord with thy substance" was formed in green over the altar, and wreaths and other designs were displayed.

At the Swedenborgian church in East Woburn, an interesting entertainment was given on Christmas eve. A chorus greeting by the school opened the exercises. Master Arthur Perkins gave an admirable recitation entitled "Preparations for Christmas." Miss Annie Henshaw read a Christmas carol, "Voice of the Waves" as sung by Miss Mabel Whittemore, of the Boston Conservatory of Music, was much enjoyed. There was a Christmas dialogue by three little girls, and some appropriate selections, named "Bossie's Christmas Light" and "After Christmas." One of the best songs of the evening was "Christmas Bells," by Miss Stella Lincoln. Master Walter Mann made a pretty speech on "Give the Little Boys a Chance." The pleasant occasion closed with the distribution of presents by Messrs. George Perkins and Duncan Macfarlane.

The Baptist boys and girls were well cared for on Christmas night, and they must have had a very merry time. The arrangements for the festival were quite elaborate, and the result is most creditable to the worthy workers. The lecture room were quite a gay appearance. The pillars were wound spirally with evergreen and the green garlands were hung in festoons from pillar to pillar. In one corner a small stage had been erected. Three carols, "Ring out, ye bells," "Sweet Christmas Bells," and "Ring the Christmas Bells," were sung, among the opening pieces, by Misses Haggens, Stearns, DeLoria, Madison, and Brown. A select piece entitled "Jesus, Our Star" was represented by sixteen young ladies. A star about three feet in diameter, was suspended from the ceiling. On concluding this piece and raising the star to the ceiling, the Christians Christmas Tree" was disclosed, illuminated with candles. Thirteen young ladies came forward wearing white sashes on which could be read, in red letters the words "Christ is King." Miss Lizzie Hines gave a select reading in a very acceptable manner. The carol "Glory to God in the Highest," as sung by the choir in the church above, floated softly down into the charmed ears of the audience, enabling them easily to imagine that it was the heavenly host announcing the good tidings of peace. Some tableaux followed on the corner stage: "The Night before Christmas," and "Christmas Morning." In the first one some children are talking of the happy times they expect in the morning. As soon as they have said "good night" and gone, Santa Claus appears all robed in fur and with his pack of toys. He crowds a lot of good things into the stockings, makes a jolly speech and runs off. In the next scene the children are seated on the floor examining their gifts. After these beautiful representations, bags of good things were distributed to the children, some older people seemed to be not displeased because they were included with the children in this part of the programme.

The festival of the Congregational Sunday School took place on Christmas night. The orchestra was present and played with much spirit and effect. The exercises opened with the singing of "Precious Promise" and "Meek and Lowly," by the audience led by the orchestra. The old story of the wise men was read by the Superintendent, and Rev. Dr. March offered prayer. The piece which the orchestra then played was so enjoyed that the performers were called out again. An improvised quartette consisting of Miss Lily Thompson, Mrs. C. M. Strout, Mr. C. A. Smith, and Mr. J. L. Parker, sang a Christmas carol. Miss Morgan followed with a piano solo, which she rendered with fine effect. The quartette then sang "Hark, what mean those holy voices." A piano solo well executed by Miss Mary E. Porter, and a few appropriate words from the pastor, and a grand finale piece by the orchestra ended the first part of the entertainment. Then followed that always-to-be-expected piece in the Christmas programme—refreshments. About 200 children sat down to tables in the smaller vestry, their bright eyes brighter than ever with expectation. Ice cream and cake, cornucopias, &c., soon gave the little folks enough to do. In the mean time the older portion of the audience started a sociable in the church parlor and exchanged Christmas salutations.

The Methodist Sunday School children were highly favored on Christmas night. Santa Claus came down the chimney in person and gave them all presents. An old fashioned fire place had been arranged with such art as to recall the old times vividly to the older people. The old fashioned candlesticks and tables were there, and all together the illusion was quite complete. After some singing by the school and some quartette pieces there was a jingling of bells and the barking of the watch dog, and Santa Claus himself, in a great fur coat and the oddest cap, popped out of the chimney. The stockings were hanging there all ready, so he filled them and then distributed the presents which hung on the Christmas tree, delighting the little folks meanwhile with his quaint appearance and odd remarks.

At St. Joseph's Catholic church in East Woburn, mass was celebrated at 9.30 Christmas morning. Father O'Connor, of Winchester, officiating. Before the mass, Miss McGray, the organist, was presented in an appropriate speech by Miss Annie Porter, with a locket and chain; and also, by Miss Rose Garrity, with a shawl pin. The church is undergoing repairs, to pay for which, a fair will soon be held.

**DEAD BODY FOUND.**—While Dennis McMahon, John Kelley, Daniel Hennigan, John McCarthy and Frank Keating were out hunting, off the West side road on Christmas day, they found, about one o'clock, P. M., the dead body of a man, imbedded in the ice, in a swamp about a hundred yards west of the road and nearly opposite the Jacob Pierce house. The skull was in sight and the ends of the feet. The hunting party spread the story, and the same night officers McMahon and McHugh went and saw the body. On Thursday morning Medical Examiner Winsor and Chief of Police Tidd, went over and took charge of the body. Two pocket knives lay on the ground near the head. The body was brought up to Mr. L. H. Allen's rooms. It was hoped that a clue to the identity of the man would be found when the ice is removed from around the body. Dr. Winsor took charge of the skull for examination. The Chief of Police believed it to be the body of a Mr. Thynge, formerly of Exeter, N. H. who hired a barn, on the Pierce place, about a year and a half ago, and gathered smac. Soon after he disappeared and has not been heard from since.

In the house occupied by the smac gatherer a letter was found after his disappearance, written by his parents urging his return to Exeter, stating as a reason that his father was getting too old to run the farm.

Chief of Police Tidd telegraphed to the Chief of Police of Exeter, for information, and received in reply that there were several Thynge's floating about and he must have a fuller description. This, with the body securely frozen into a lump of mud and ice Capt. Tidd was unable to do, but remembering that Miss Elizabeth Lovering formerly lived on the Pierce place, and now resides in Exeter, asked the Chief to see her, and possibly she might aid the investigation. Capt. Tidd received the following unique reply:

EXETER, N. H., Dec. 28, 1878.  
Have seen Mrs. Lovering, but can learn nothing definite. Have seen all the Thynge's in the village. It must be an old gentleman's son, four miles from the village. Will you pay expenses to see him, or have me come to Woburn? Answer immediately.  
JOHN N. MALLON, Chief of Police.

We understand that it is the custom for police to aid each other without charge. Capt. Tidd having frequently to respond to calls from out of town officers, so that this prudent dispatch was regarded as a curiosity. Capt. Tidd concluded that it would be full as cheap, and likely to be more satisfactory as to results, for him to go to Exeter, and had made his arrangements to do so when the arrival in town of a party from Somerville, changed the programme.

It seems that Mrs. Joseph H. Pendleton, of Broadway, E. Somerville, read in the Boston papers an account of the finding of the body and with two knives, which she recognized as answering the description of the knives carried by her husband, who disappeared from home, Aug. 10, 1877. In company with Mr. Henry Hoyt, a neighbor, she visited Woburn and viewed the remains. The identification was not so complete as the Medical Examiner could have wished, but he thought there was a strong probability that the remains were those of Pendleton.

Mrs. Pendleton states that her husband was about 60 years of age, and sick with consumption. His mind, however, failed him more rapidly than his body, and he had been partially insane for some months. On the day of his departure he left home to visit a shoemaker's shop in the neighborhood. When his absence was noticed every effort was made to discover traces of him, and the woods and streams in the vicinity were thoroughly searched, but without results. He had had some difficulty with a tenant of his house, and being unable to secure his removal, remarked that either the tenant or he would go. It is probable that he wandered away aimlessly, and getting into the woods where he was found, laid down, and exhausted from fatigue and sickness, never rose again.

The Pendletons came from Maine a few years ago, where the carried on a farm. Since coming to Massachusetts, Pendleton has worked at odd jobs, and having a little property lived comfortably. He had a daughter, whose husband, Winslow W. Coffin, is a conductor on the Metropolitan Horse Railroad.

The remains will probably be turned over to the relatives tomorrow, and taken to Somerville for interment.

Woburn has of late acquired a rather unpleasant notoriety in the matter of tragic mysteries, and we are glad that the present one has met with so prompt a solution.

Since writing the above we have heard that Thynge has been seen by a citizen of Woburn since his disappearance from the Pierce farm.

**ACCIDENTS.**—On Monday, M. M. Bancroft, who lives on the Abel Wyman place, went on the left in his barn to throw down some hay, and slipped off to the floor, smashing a foot through in his descent, and receiving severe injuries.

Denis Fitzgerald jumped out of a window, while under the influence of liquor, last Sunday and sprained his left foot.

Patrick Doherty, living on Broad street, fell down stairs on Monday morning breaking two ribs and injuring his right thigh and left foot.

On Thursday a daughter of Patrick Connors, fell on the ice, cutting a gash in her forehead.

The ladies must not fail to notice Mrs. Stearn's advertisement. She received a bronze medal for improvement at the late Mechanics Fair, because she had previously received a silver medal for her system.

**WATCH MEETING.**—The Methodists will hold a watch meeting in the church on Tuesday night, commencing at 8 o'clock. Mr. Pomfret will preach a sermon, having reference to the close of the year.

**NEW TYPE.**—The Journal job office has been re-stocked with a fine selection of new job type, and we shall be able to execute fine job work in a style far superior to any previous efforts.

The 6000 lbs. of coffee sold by H. F. Smith this year, show that people appreciate good coffee and know where to get it.

**WHY SHOULDN'T WE?**—Gov. Rice told the following good story at the Congregational Club last Monday evening. He said that, once during his public career in Washington, he dined in company with some gentlemen whose habits are not altogether and in every particular so regular as our New England standard prescribes. One of them said to him across the table during the dinner:

"Some time when your mind is perfectly clear, there is a question that I would like to put to you."

The governor replied somewhat abashed, "My friend, if I know myself, my mind is now perfectly clear; put your question."

"Oh, well," said he, "truly your mind is clear enough, but then I won't put the question just now; but you remember, if you please, that some time there is a question that I should like to put to you."

"Well," said the governor, "my friend, I think my mind is perfectly clear now."

"Yes, on the whole I think it is, but then you know it is preoccupied."

"Nevertheless, I will take your question; what is it?"

"Yes," said he, "don't you think we have a pretty good time down here?"

"Yes, verily I think we do."

"Well, that's what I thought."

After sitting a moment or two, he repeated his inquiry and said, "On the whole don't you think we have a pretty good time down here?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

"Well, now," said he, "remember if you please, that some time when your mind is perfectly clear and not preoccupied, there is one question that I would like to put to you."

"My dear friend, according to the best of my knowledge and belief my mind is now perfectly clear and not sensibly preoccupied, and pray put your question."

"Well," said he, "if I remember rightly, you said a few minutes ago that you thought we had a pretty good time down here."

"Yes, I think I did make that remark."

"Well, now," said he, "if I put the next question, it will be upon your responsibility."

"Put it nevertheless."

"Well, then, the question I would like to put to you is this—Why shouldn't we?"

**URANINE.**—This is the most recently discovered, and perhaps the most remarkable, of all the coal tar or aniline group of coloring substances, now so extensively used for the adornment of the finest fabrics. Uranine is said, by chemists, to be the most highly fluorescent body known to science. Its coloring power is astonishing; a single grain will impart a marked color to nearly five hundred gallons of water. A most interesting experiment, which anybody may try, consists in sprinkling a few atoms of Uranine upon the surface of water in a glass tumbler. Each atom immediately sends down through the water what appears to be a bright green rootlet; and the tumbler soon looks as if it were crowded full of beautiful plants. The rootlets now begin to enlarge, spread and combine, until we have a mass of soft green-colored liquid. Viewed by transmitted light, the color changes to a bright golden or amber hue; while a combination of green and golden will be realized, according to the position in which the glass is held. For assay or evening experiment nothing can be prettier than these trials of Uranine, which are especially entertaining for the young folks. We are indebted for examples of the color to the editor of the *Scientific American*, who are sending out specimens, free of charge, to all their readers. The subscription to the paper is \$3.20 for a year, or \$1.60 half year; and a better investment for the money could hardly be named.

**KICKED TO DEATH.**—Last Saturday afternoon, George Winn, a well known resident of Woburn, was discovered by his son-in-law Frank M. Pushee, in his barn under a horse which was kicking in a furious manner. Mr. Pushee succeeded in pulling Mr. Winn out from under the infuriated animal, and medical aid was at once summoned. The base of the skull was found to be fractured, the right leg broken, and he was severely bruised and torn all over the body. Mr. Winn lingered, with only brief intervals of consciousness, until Thursday, when death ended his sufferings. In one of his lucid intervals he stated that he entered the stall, and heard the general exercise in the hall which occurs each month. Four are selected from each of the eight rooms to declaim or recite, and the exercise proves to be a very profitable one. Several of the scholars varied the entertainment with musical selections.

**CLEVELAND LEADER ALMANAC.**—We have received from Mr. H. A. Brown, formerly of Woburn, a copy of the almanac issued by the Cleveland, (Ohio) Leader, which is a perfect hand-book of useful information, containing not only a large amount of statistics concerning Ohio, but of the whole country. We understand that the *Leader* is the only Western paper that ever issued such a book, and its enterprise will no doubt meet its just reward.

**A PLEASANT EXERCISE.**—We dropped in at the Cummings School last Tuesday afternoon, and heard the general exercise in the hall which occurs each month. Four are selected from each of the eight rooms to declaim or recite, and the exercise proves to be a very profitable one. Several of the scholars varied the entertainment with musical selections.

**POLICE COURT.**—William Brannan, drunk, \$3 and costs. William Manning, drunk, committed for non-payment of fine. John Day and Charles Gormley, drunk, \$5 and costs each. John Day and Charles Gormley, assault on officers, each was ordered to recognize with two sureties in \$200 to appear at February term of the Superior Court.

**HEAVY FALL.**—Robert Fitz fell out of a wagon near the Post Office, early Tuesday evening, striking the top of his head on the ground. He was somewhat intoxicated, and the blow crazed him, and it was with difficulty that he was replaced in the wagon and sent along. Strange to say he was not hurt.

**CHRISTMAS CHIMES.**—Geo. H. Conn, the insurance agent, gave out a very neat Christmas present in the shape of a pamphlet entitled Christmas Chimes, on the back of which the numerous insurance companies of which he is agent are enumerated.

**NEAT PRINTING.**—We have received from the press of the *Arlington Advocate* a very neatly printed "Holiday Bulletin," published in the interest of the Universalist Society in that town. Few city printers could have made a neater job.

**DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup** should be kept in every family. A slight cough, if unchecked, is often the forerunner of Consumption, and a timely dose of this wonderful medicine has rescued many from an early grave.

It costs 90 cents to get a ton of coal from Mystic Wharf, over the B & L. R. R. to Woburn, and only \$1 to get it to Lowell. The question is, why should the price to Woburn be over 50 cents?

**TEA.**—The tea at the little red store up street, is all that is claimed for it. Christmas eve, Mrs. Leahy bought a pound of tea there, and was presented with a Christmas goose.

**CALENDAR FOR 1879.**—We offer our readers to-day a neat little calendar for 1879, which we hope they will find to be a convenience.

At this time of the year, when all are forming good resolutions, parents should not forget to add this one—We will for the coming year buy all our children's fine shoes with the A. S. T. Co.'s Black Tip upon them, and see if it is true that by so doing we can reduce our shoe bills more than one half.

There was good skating on Horn Pond, Christmas Day.

**FATAL FALL.**—Tuesday evening Benjamin C., son of John Taylor of Burlington, with two sisters and a brother, visited Cummingsville, to attend the Christmas eve ball at that place. About three o'clock Wednesday morning the party started from Sewall Taylor's house, where they had put up their horse, with the intention of going home, but had proceeded but a few rods when the wagon struck a post in the roadway and three of the occupants were thrown out upon the frozen ground. Benjamin, who was driving, struck upon the side of his head, and fractured his skull. The young ladies were on the seat with Benjamin, and one of them was severely injured, rendering her delirious; the other was only slightly hurt the wheels passing over her legs. The brother, who was sitting behind, on the floor of the wagon, escaped unhurt. The injured parties were taken to their uncle's house, and their parents sent for, but before their arrival young Taylor expired. He lived three hours, and was unconscious from the first. The post with which he collided, was thirteen inches in height, and set there to protect the corner. Its dangerous character had been remarked upon by neighbors and a serious accident prophesied.

**THE SNOW STORM.**—The rapid changes in the weather often remind us anew of the powerful though unseen forces which there are in the mere air. On Saturday morning the wind was northwest and the sky clouded over. At noon snow began to fall, and it continued falling steadily until about eight o'clock in the evening, when a south wind blowing, it turned to rain. Certainly either deep slush or ice could be expected on Sunday; and many persons cleared off their walks Saturday evening, fearing a general "freeze." What was our astonishment on looking out Sunday morning, to see bare ground everywhere, not a vestige of snow. Like the ghost of Hamlet's father, it had vanished ere the morning light. The walking was very muddy, a good drying wind was blowing, however, so that by night it was hard to realize as we walked over the dry hard ground that only twenty-four hours before the ground was covered with snow, an inch in depth. Our rising anticipations of Christmas sleigh rides over the Brighton and Medford roads sunk. The venturesome sleigh or two which showed themselves on Saturday, are again hushed, waiting perchance for a good New Year's storm. But every dog has his day, and that is true of every sleigh.

**LAWLESSNESS.**—John Day and Charles Gormley, both of Somerville, were in Woburn last Friday night, and celebrated at the Central House, eating and drinking very freely. They took four brandy punches apiece, according to their own statements, and became so noisy and quarrelsome that officers Welsh and Meriam arrested them. The men assaulted the officers, who used their batons with good effect, and the arrests were made with difficulty. Saturday morning they were brought before Judge Converse and fined \$5 and costs each for drunkenness, and also ordered that they recognize in the sum of \$200 each to appear at a February term of the Superior Court, for assault on the officers.

**CLEVELAND LEADER ALMANAC.**—We have received from Mr. H. A. Brown, formerly of Woburn, a copy of the almanac issued by the Cleveland, (Ohio) Leader, which is a perfect hand-book of useful information, containing not only a large amount of statistics concerning Ohio, but of the whole country. We understand that the *Leader* is the only Western paper that ever issued such a book, and its enterprise will no doubt meet its just reward.

**A PLEASANT EXERCISE.**—We dropped in at the Cummings School last Tuesday afternoon, and heard the general exercise in the hall which occurs each month. Four are selected from each of the eight rooms to declaim or recite, and the exercise proves to be a very profitable one. Several of the scholars varied the entertainment with musical selections.

**POLICE COURT.**—William Brannan, drunk, \$3 and costs. William Manning, drunk, committed for non-payment of fine. John Day and Charles Gormley, drunk, \$5 and costs each. John Day and Charles Gormley, assault on officers, each was ordered to recognize with two sureties in \$200 to appear at February term of the Superior Court.

**HEAVY FALL.**—Robert Fitz fell out of a wagon near the Post Office, early Tuesday evening, striking the top of his head on the ground. He was somewhat intoxicated, and the blow crazed him, and it was with difficulty that he was replaced in the wagon and sent along. Strange to say he was not hurt.

**CHRISTMAS CHIMES.**—Geo. H. Conn, the insurance agent, gave out a very neat Christmas present in the shape of a pamphlet entitled Christmas Chimes, on the back of which the numerous insurance companies of which he is agent are enumerated.

**NEAT PRINTING.**—We have received from the press of the *Arlington Advocate* a very neatly printed "Holiday Bulletin," published in the interest of the Universalist Society in that town. Few city printers could have made a neater job.

**DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup** should be kept in every family. A slight cough, if unchecked, is often the forerunner of Consumption, and a timely dose of this wonderful medicine has rescued many from an early grave.

It costs 90 cents to get a ton of coal from Mystic Wharf, over the B & L. R. R. to Woburn, and only \$1 to get it to Lowell. The question is, why should the price to Woburn be over 50 cents?

**TEA.**—The tea at the little red store up street, is all that is claimed for it. Christmas eve, Mrs. Leahy bought a pound of tea there, and was presented with a Christmas goose.

**CALENDAR FOR 1879.**—We offer our readers to-day a neat little calendar for 1879, which we hope they will find to be a convenience.

At this time of the year, when all are forming good resolutions, parents should not forget to add this one—We will for the coming year buy all our children's fine shoes with the A. S. T. Co.'s Black Tip upon them, and see if it is true that by so doing we can reduce our shoe bills more than one half.

There was good skating on Horn Pond, Christmas Day.

**VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.**—Of the many Guides and Seed and Plant Catalogues sent out by our Seedmen and Nurserymen, and that are doing so much to inform the people and beautify and enrich our country, none are so beautiful, none are so instructive as *Vick's Floral Guide*. Its paper is the choicest, its illustrations handsome, and given by the hundred, while its Colored Plate is a gem. This work, although costing but five cents, is handsome enough for a Gift Book, or a place on the parlor table. Published by JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

They have queer ways of doing things, these thrifty Pennsylvanians. The telegraph recently reported that a "Mrs. Jones, supposed to be about one hundred years old, who has been insane for several years, and who has been living by herself in an old log building on her son's farm, about two miles north of Homewood, was burned to death last night." That loving son who left his old mother in such a place must be one of the farmers who sold, but would not give, water to the Union soldiers in the Gettysburg campaign.

**HONOURED PARENTAGE.**—Some of our readers remember the Rev. Mr. Milligen, formerly of Constantinople, who preached in the Congregational church last spring. His father, Dr. Milligen, an English surgeon, died on the 1st of December, in Constantinople. Dr. Milligen attended Lord Byron in his last illness, at Missolonghi, and was one of the three medical attendants who having felt the great poet's failing pulse declared him finally at rest.

**CONCERT.**—Programme to be performed by the Woburn Brass Band, from 8 to 9 o'clock at their promenade concert next Wednesday evening. March, "Alexis," Overture, "The Fiddler of St. Waast," Ye Olden Time, "Grand Medley of Old Melodies," Polka, "Young America," Cornet Solo, "While the quiet moon is beaming," Waltz, "Artists Life," Galop, "Selegueff." Mr. Thomas Marrinan, Director.

Mr. M. M. Tidd, of Woburn, has just completed a system of water works at Lewiston, Me. The work began April 24th, and the first water was let on Christmas Eve. The Lewiston Journal says that Engineer Tidd deserves great credit for the part which he sustained in the great enterprise. The pumps used were made by Worthington.

**CATARH.**—This disagreeable and painful disease is not incurable, and the wonder is that so many continue to suffer from it when relief is so available. Dr. F. B. Campbell & Co., physicians and druggists at No. 125 Main street, advertise on our first page a specific which they guarantee shall prove all that is claimed for it.

We have seen a beautiful engraving of Landseer's painting, belonging to the Duke of Bedford, England, entitled "Deers in Woburn park." The engraving referred to adorns the hall of a private residence, and the public would not doubt like to see a copy in the gallery of the new Library.

**PARISH MEETING.**—At the Unitarian Parish meeting Thursday evening, A. E. Thompson, was chosen moderator. G. M. Chapman, P. L. Converse and John Johnson were chosen a committee on resolutions, and pending their report the meeting adjourned to next Tuesday evening.

**MODERN JERUSALEM.**—Rev. Daniel March, D. D., will deliver a lecture on "Modern Jerusalem" in the Baptist Church, on Monday Evening next, Dec. 30, at 7.30. The lecture will be beautifully illustrated by Davies Stereopticon. Admission 15 Cents.

The W. H. S. G. A. will hold a social meeting in High School Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 31st. The evening will be spent in table and home games, vocal and orchestral music, and close with a farewell to the old year.

The late train up from Boston on Wednesday was crowded and the jostling which is to be expected on such occasions aroused the fighting spirit in some drunken roughs who were on board the train.

Choice grades of coal now on hand at J. L. Munroe & Co.'s. Please give them a trial before purchasing. Also, all kinds of builders' materials in stock.

**ODD FELLOWS.**—The Odd Fellows had a dance at the Central House on Christmas night; about thirty-five couples participated.

"Discover not a secret to another."

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

Look out for snow.

**North Woburn.**

**CHRISTMAS CONCERTS.**—The North Congregational and Unitarian Societies held Christmas concerts at their respective places of worship, Sunday evening. The church and chapel were beautifully decorated with evergreen, and the recitations were interesting.

**CHRISTMAS EVE.**—Christmas eve there was a gathering of friends and neighbors at the chapel, and in the hall over Dearborn Bros' store, to exchange their kindly Christmas greetings, and many a heart was made happy as the presents were distributed to those who were so kindly remembered by their friends.







